

MUSEUM

OF

Foreign Literature, Science and Art.

FEBRUARY, 1838.

From the Edinburgh Review.

LORD MAHON'S WAR OF THE SUCCESSION.

History of the War of the Succession in Spain. By Lord Mahon. 8vo. London: 1832.

THE days when Miscellanies in Prose and Verse, by a Person of Honour, and Romances of M. Scuderi, done into English by a Person of Quality, were attractive to readers and profitable to booksellers, have long gone by. The literary privileges once enjoyed by lords are as obsolete as their right to kill the King's deer on their way to Parliament, or as their old remedy of *scandalum magnatum*. Yet we must acknowledge that, though our political opinions are by no means aristocratical, we always feel kindly disposed towards noble authors. Industry, and a taste for intellectual pleasures are peculiarly respectable in those who can afford to be idle, and who have every temptation to be dissipated. It is impossible not to wish success to a man who, finding himself placed without any exertion, or any merit on his part above the mass of society, voluntarily descends from his eminence in search of distinctions which he may justly call his own.

This is, we think, the second appearance of Lord Mahon in the character of an author. His first book was creditable to him, but was in every respect inferior to the work which now lies before us. He has undoubtedly some of the most valuable qualities of a historian,—great diligence in examining authorities—great judgment in weighing testimony—and great impartiality in estimating characters. We are not aware that he has in any instance forgotten the duties belonging to his literary functions in the feelings of a kinsman. He does no more than justice to his ancestor Stanhope; he does full justice to Stanhope's enemies and rivals. His narrative is very perspicuous, and is also entitled to the praise, seldom, we grieve to say, deserved by modern writers, of being very concise. It must be admitted, however, that, with many of the best qualities of a literary veteran, he has some of the faults of a literary novice. He has no great command of words. His style is seldom easy, and is sometimes unpleasantly stiff. He is so bigoted a purist, that he transforms the Abbé d'Estrées into an Abbot. We do not like to see French words

introduced into English composition; but, after all, the first law of writing, that law to which all other laws are subordinate, is this,—that the words employed shall be such as convey to the reader the meaning of the writer. Now an Abbot is the head of a religious house; an Abbé is quite a different sort of person. It is better undoubtedly to use an English word than a French word; but it is better to use a French word than to misuse an English word.

Lord Mahon is also a little too fond of uttering moral reflections, in a style too sententious and oracular. We will give one instance: "Strange as it seems, experience shows that we usually feel far more animosity against those whom we have injured than against those who injure us: and this remark holds good with every degree of intellect, with every class of fortune, with a prince or a peasant, a stripling or an elder, a hero or a prince." This remark might have seemed strange at the court of Nimrod or Chedorlaomer; but it has now been for many generations considered as a truism rather than a paradox. Every boy has written on the thesis "*Odisse quem læseris*." Scarcely any lines in English poetry are better known than that vigorous couplet—

"Forgiveness to the injured does belong;—
But they ne'er pardon who have done the wrong."

The historians and philosophers have quite done with this maxim, and have abandoned it, like other maxims which have lost their gloss, to bad novelists, by whom it will very soon be worn to rags.

It is no more than justice to say, that the faults of Lord Mahon's book are precisely those faults which time seldom fails to cure; and that the book, in spite of its faults, is a valuable addition to our historical literature.

Whoever wishes to be well acquainted with the morbid anatomy of governments—whenever wishes to know how great states may be made feeble and wretched, should study the history of Spain. The empire of Philip the Second was undoubtedly one of the most powerful and splendid that ever existed in the world. In Europe, he ruled Spain, Portugal, the Netherlands on both sides of the Rhine, Franche Comté, Roussillon, the Milanese, and the two Sicilies. Tuscany, Parma, and the other small states of Italy, were as completely dependent on him as the

Nizam and the Rajah of Berar now are on the East India Company. In Asia, the King of Spain was master of the Philippines, and of all those rich settlements which the Portuguese had made on the coasts of Malabar and Coromandel, in the Peninsula of Malacca, and in the Spice-islands of the Eastern Archipelago. In America, his dominions extended on each side of the equator into the temperate zone. There is reason to believe that his annual revenue amounted, in the season of his greatest power, to four millions sterling,—a sum eight times as large as that which England yielded to Elizabeth. He had a standing army of fifty thousand excellent troops, at a time when England had not a single battalion in constant pay. His ordinary naval force consisted of a hundred and forty galleys. He held, what no other prince in modern times has held, the dominion both of the land and of the sea. During the greater part of his reign he was supreme on both elements. His soldiers marched up to the capital of France; his ships menaced the shores of England.

It is no exaggeration to say, that during several years, his power over Europe was greater than even that of Napoleon. The influence of the French conqueror never extended beyond low-water mark. The narrowest strait was to his power what it was of old believed that a running stream was to the sorceries of a witch. While his army entered every metropolis, from Moscow to Lisbon, the English fleets blockaded every port, from Dantzic to Trieste. Sicily, Sardinia, Majorca, Guernsey, enjoyed security through the whole course of a war which endangered every throne on the continent. The victorious and imperial nation, which had filled its museums with the spoils of Antwerp, of Florence, and of Rome, was suffering painfully from the want of luxuries which use had rendered necessities. While pillars and arches were rising to commemorate the French conquests, the conquerors were trying to make coffee out of succory, and sugar out of beet-root. The influence of Philip on the continent was as great as that of Napoleon. The Emperor of Germany was his kinsman. France, torn by religious dissensions, was never a formidable opponent, and was sometimes a dependent ally. At the same time, Spain had what Napoleon desired in vain,—ships, colonies, and commerce. She long monopolized the trade of America, and of the Indian Ocean. All the gold of the West, and all the spices of the East, were received and distributed by her. During many years of war, her commerce was interrupted only by the predatory enterprises of a few roving privateers. Even after the defeat of the Armada, English statesmen continued to look with great dread on the maritime power of Philip. "The King of Spain," said the Lord Keeper to the two Houses in 1593, "since he hath usurped upon the kingdom of Portugal, hath thereby grown mighty by gaining the East Indies: so as, how great soever he was before, he is now thereby manifestly more great: . . . He keepeth a navy armed to impech all trade of merchandise from England to Gascoigne and Guienne, which he attempted to do this last vintage; so as he is now become as a frontier enemy to all the west of England, as well as all the south parts, as Sussex, Hampshire, and the Isle of Wight. Yea, by means of his interest in St. Maloes, a port full of shipping for the war, he is a dangerous neighbour to the Queen's isles of Jersey and Guernsey, ancient posses-

sions of this crown, and never conquered in the greatest wars with France."

"The ascendancy which Spain then had in Europe was, in one sense, well deserved. It was an ascendancy which had been gained by unquestioned superiority in all the arts of policy and of war. In the sixteenth century, Italy was not more decidedly the land of the fine arts, Germany was not more decidedly the land of bold theological speculation, than Spain was the land of statesmen and of soldiers. The character which Virgil has ascribed to his countrymen, might have been claimed by the grave and haughty chiefs who surrounded the throne of Ferdinand the Catholic, and of his immediate successors. That majestic art—"premere imperio populos"—was not better understood by the Romans in the proudest days of their republic, than by Gonsalvo and Ximenes, Cortes and Alva. The skill of the Spanish diplomatists was renowned throughout Europe. In England the name of Gondomar is still remembered. The sovereign nation was unrivalled both in regular and irregular warfare. The impetuous chivalry of France, the serried phalanx of Switzerland, were alike found wanting when brought face to face with the Spanish infantry. In the wars of the New World, where something different from ordinary strategy was required in the general, and something different from ordinary discipline in the soldier,—where it was every day necessary to meet by some new expedient the varying tactics of a barbarous enemy,—the Spanish adventurers, sprung from the common people, displayed a fertility of resource, and a talent for negotiation and command, to which history scarcely affords a parallel.

The Castilian of those times was to the Italian what the Roman, in the days of the greatness of Rome, was to the Greek. The conqueror had less ingenuity, less taste, less delicacy of perception than the conquered; but far more pride, firmness, and courage,—a more solemn demeanour, a stronger sense of honour. The one had more subtlety in speculation, the other more energy in action. The vices of the one were those of a coward,—the vices of the other were those of a tyrant. It may be added, that the Spaniard, like the Roman, did not disdain to study the arts and the language of those whom he oppressed. A revolution took place in the literature of Spain, not unlike that revolution which, as Horace tells us, took place in the poetry of Latium:—"Capta ferum victorem cepit." The slave took prisoner the enslaver. The old Castilian ballads gave place to sonnets in the style of Petrarch, and to heroic poems in the stanza of Ariosto; as the national songs of Rome were driven out by imitations of Theocritus, and translations from Menander.

In no modern society—not even in England during the reign of Elizabeth—has there been so great a number of men eminent at once in literature and in the pursuits of active life, as Spain produced during the sixteenth century. Almost every distinguished writer was also distinguished as a soldier and a politician. Boscán bore arms with high reputation. Garcilaso de Vega, the author of the sweetest and most graceful pastoral poem of modern times, after a short but splendid military career, fell sword in hand at the head of a storming party. Alonzo de Ercilla bore a conspicuous part in that war of Arauco, which he afterwards celebrated in the best heroic poem that Spain has produced. Hurtado de Mendoza, whose poems

have been compared to those of Horace, and whose charming little novel is evidently the model of *Gil Blas*, has been handed down to us by history as one of the sternest of those iron proconsuls who were employed by the House of Austria to crush the lingering public spirit of Italy. Lope sailed in the *Armada*; Cervantes was wounded at Lepanto.

It is curious to consider with how much awe our ancestors in those times regarded a Spaniard. He was, in their apprehension, a kind of demon, horribly malevolent, but withal most sagacious and powerful. "They be verie wyse and poliiticke," says an honest Englishman, in a memorial addressed to Mary, "and can, thorowe ther wysdome, reform and brydell theyr owne natures for a tyme, and applye their conditions to the manners of those men with whom they meddell gladiye by friendshippe; whose mischievous manners a man shall never knowe untill he come under their subjection: but then shall he perfectly perceyve and fele them: which thyng I praye God England never do: for in dissimulations untill they have ther purposes, and afterwards in oppression and tyrannye, when they can obtayne them, they do exceed all other nations upon the earthe." This is just such language as Arminius would have used about the Romans, or as an Indian statesman of our times would use about the English. It is the language of a man burning with hatred, but cowed by those whom he hates; and painfully sensible of their superiority, not only in power, but in intelligence.

But how art thou fallen from heaven, oh Lucifer, son of the morning! How art thou cut down to the ground, that didst weaken the nations! If we overleap a hundred years, and look at Spain towards the close of the seventeenth century, what a change do we find! The contrast is as great as that which the Rome of Gallienus and Honorius presents to the Rome of Marius Cæsar. Foreign conquest had begun to eat into every part of that gigantic monarchy, on which the sun never set. Holland was gone, and Portugal, and Artois, and Roussillon, and Franche Comté. In the East, the empire founded by the Dutch far surpassed in wealth and splendour that which their old tyrants still retained. In the West, England had seized, and still held, settlements in the midst of the Mexican sea. The mere loss of territory was, however, of little moment. The reluctant obedience of distant provinces generally costs more than it is worth.

Empires which branch out widely are often more flourishing for a little timely pruning. Adrian acted judiciously when he abandoned the conquests of Trajan. England was never so rich, so great, so formidable to foreign princes, so absolutely mistress of the sea, as after the loss of her American colonies. The Spanish empire was still, in outward appearance, great and magnificent. The European dominions subject to the last feeble Prince of the House of Austria were far more extensive than those of Louis the Fourteenth. The American dependencies of the Castilian crown still extended to the North of Cancer and to the South of Capricorn. But within this immense body there was an incurable decay, an utter want of tone, an utter prostration of strength. An ingenious and diligent population, eminently skilled in arts and manufactures, had been driven into exile by stupid and remorseless bigots. The glory of the Spanish pencil had departed with Velasquez and Murillo.

The splendid age of Spanish literature had closed with Solis and Calderon. During the seventeenth century many states had formed great military establishments. But the Spanish army, so formidable under the command of Alva and Farnese, had dwindled away to a few thousand men, ill paid and ill disciplined. England, Holland, and France had great navies. But the Spanish navy was scarcely equal to the tenth part of that mighty force which, in the time of Philip the Second, had been the terror of the Atlantic and the Mediterranean. The arsenals were deserted. The magazines were unprovided. The frontier fortresses were ungarrisoned. The police was utterly inefficient for the protection of the people. Murders were committed in the face of day with perfect impunity. Braves and discarded serving-men, with swords at their sides, swaggered every day through the most public streets and squares of the capital, disturbing the public peace, and setting at defiance the ministers of justice. The finances were in frightful disorder. The people paid much. The government received little. The American viceroys and the farmers of the revenue became rich, while the merchants broke,—while the peasantry starved,—while the body-servants of the sovereign remained unpaid,—while the soldiers of the royal guard repaired daily to the doors of convents, and battled there with the crowd of beggars for a porringer of broth and a morsel of bread. Every remedy which was tried aggravated the disease. The currency was altered; and this frantic measure produced its never-failing effects. It destroyed all credit, and increased the misery which it was intended to relieve. The American gold, to use the words of Ortiz, was to the necessities of the state but as a drop of water to the lips of a man raging with thirst. Heaps of unopened despatches accumulated in the offices, while the Ministers were concerting with bedchamber-women and Jesuits the means of tripping up each other. Every foreign power could plunder and insult with impunity the heir of Charles the Fifth. Into such a state had the mighty kingdom of Spain fallen, while one of its smallest dependencies,—a country not so large as the province of Estremadura or Andalusia, situated under an inclement sky, and preserved only by artificial means from the inroads of the ocean,—had become a power of the first class, and treated on terms of equality with the courts of London and Versailles.

The manner in which Lord Mahon explains the financial situation of Spain by no means satisfies us. "It will be found," says he, "that those individuals deriving their chief income from mines, whose yearly produce is uncertain and varying, and seems rather to spring from fortune than to follow industry, are usually careless, unthrifty, and irregular in their expenditure. The example of Spain might tempt us to apply the same remark to states." Lord Mahon would find it difficult, we suspect, to make out his analogy. Nothing could be more uncertain and varying than the gains and losses of those who were in the habit of putting into the state lotteries. But no part of the public income was more certain than that which was derived from the lotteries. We believe that this case is very similar to that of the American mines. Some veins of ore exceeded expectation; some fell below it. Some of the private speculators drew blanks, and others gained prizes. But the revenue of the state depended not on any particular vein, but on the

whole annual produce of two great continents. This annual produce seems to have been almost constantly on the increase during the seventeenth century. The Mexican mines were, through the reigns of Philip the Fourth and Charles the Second, in a steady course of improvement; and in South America, though the district of Potosi was not so productive as formerly, other places more than made up for the deficiency. We very much doubt whether Lord Mahon can prove that the income which the Spanish government derived from the mines of America fluctuated more than the income derived from the internal taxes of Spain itself.

All the causes of the decay of Spain resolve themselves into one cause, bad government. The valour, the intelligence, the energy, which at the close of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth century made the Spaniards the first nation in the world, were the fruits of the old institutions of Castille and Arragon,—institutions which were eminently favourable to public liberty. Those institutions the first Princes of the House of Austria attacked, and almost wholly destroyed. Their successors expiated the crime. The effects of a change from good government to bad government is not fully felt for some time after the change has taken place. The talents and the virtues which a good constitution generates may for a time survive that constitution. Thus the reigns of princes who have established absolute monarchy on the ruins of popular forms of government, often shine in history with a peculiar brilliancy. But when a generation or two has passed away, then comes signally to pass that which was written by Montesquieu,—that despotic governments resemble those savages who cut down the tree in order to get at the fruit. During the first years of tyranny, is reaped the harvest sown during the last years of liberty. Thus the Augustan age was rich in great minds formed in the generation of Cicero and Cæsar. The fruits of the policy of Augustus were reserved for posterity. Philip the Second was the heir of the Cortes and of the Justiza Mayor; and they left him a nation which seemed able to conquer all the world. What Philip left to his successors is well known.

The shock which the great religious schism of the sixteenth century gave to Europe, was scarcely felt in Spain. In England, Germany, Holland, France, Denmark, Switzerland, Sweden, that shock had produced, with some temporary evil, much durable good. The principles of the Reformation had triumphed in some of those countries. The Catholic Church had maintained its ascendancy in others. But though the event had not been the same in all, all had been agitated by the conflict. Even in France, in Southern Germany, and in the Catholic cantons of Switzerland, the public mind had been stirred to its inmost depths. The hold of ancient prejudice had been somewhat loosened. The Church of Rome, warned by the danger which she had narrowly escaped, had, in those parts of her dominion, assumed a milder and more liberal character. She sometimes condescended to submit her high pretensions to the scrutiny of reason, and availed herself more sparingly than in former times of the aid of the secular arm. Even when persecution was employed, it was not persecution in the worst and most frightful shape. The severities of Lewis the Fourteenth, odious as they were, cannot be compared with those which, at the first

dawn of the Reformation, had been inflicted on the heretics in many parts of Europe.

The only effect which the Reformation had produced in Spain, had been to make the Inquisition more vigilant, and the commonalty more bigoted. The times of refreshing came to all neighbouring countries. One people alone remained, like the fleece of the Hebrew warrior, dry in the midst of that benignant and fertilizing dew. While other nations were putting away childish things, the Spaniard still thought as a child, and understood as a child. Among the men of the seventeenth century, he was the man of the fifteenth century, or of a still darker period,—delighted to behold an Auto-da-fe, and ready to volunteer on a Crusade.

The evils produced by a bad government and a bad religion, seemed to have attained their greatest height during the last years of the seventeenth century. While the kingdom was in this deplorable state, the king was hastening to an early grave. His days had been few and evil. He had been unfortunate in all his wars, in every part of his internal administration, and in all his domestic relations. His first wife, whom he tenderly loved, died very young. His second wife exercised great influence over him, but seems to have been regarded by him rather with fear than with love. He was childless; and his constitution was so completely shattered, that at little more than thirty years of age, he had given up all hopes of posterity. His mind was even more distempered than his body. He was sometimes sunk in listless melancholy, and sometimes harassed by the wildest and most extravagant fancies. He was not, however, wholly destitute of the feelings which became his station. His sufferings were aggravated by the thought that his own dissolution might not improbably be followed by the dissolution of his empire.

Several princes laid claim to the succession. The King's eldest sister had married Lewis the Fourteenth. The Dauphin would, therefore, in the common course of inheritance, have succeeded to the crown. But the Infanta had, at the time of her espousals, solemnly renounced, in her own name, and in that of her posterity, all claim to the succession. This renunciation had been confirmed in due form by the Cortes. A younger sister of the King had been the first wife of Leopold, Emperor of Germany. She too, had at her marriage renounced her claims to the Spanish crown; but the Cortes had not sanctioned the renunciation, and it was therefore considered as invalid by the Spanish jurists. The fruit of this marriage was a daughter, who had espoused the elector of Bavaria. The electoral Prince of Bavaria inherited her claim to the throne of Spain. The Emperor Leopold was son of a daughter of Philip the Third, and was therefore first cousin to Charles. No renunciation whatever had been exacted from his mother at the time of her marriage.

The question was certainly very complicated. That claim which, according to the ordinary rules of inheritance, was the strongest, had been barred by a contract executed in the most binding form. The claim of the Electoral Prince of Bavaria was weaker. But so also was the contract which bound him not to prosecute his claim. The only party against whom no instrument of renunciation could be produced, was the party who, in respect of blood, had the weakest claim of all.

As it was clear that great alarm would be excited throughout Europe, if either the Emperor or the Dauphin should become King of Spain, each of those Princes offered to waive his pretensions in favour of his second son;—the Emperor, in favour of the Archduke Charles, the Dauphin, in favour of Philip Duke of Anjou.

Soon after the peace of Ryswick, William the Third and Lewis the Fourteenth determined to settle the question of the succession, without consulting either Charles or the Emperor. France, England, and Holland, became parties to a treaty by which it was stipulated that the Electoral Prince of Bavaria should succeed to Spain, the Indies, and the Netherlands. The Imperial family were to be bought off with the Milanese, and the Dauphin was to have the two Sicilies.

The great object of the King of Spain, and of all his counsellors, was to avert the dismemberment of the monarchy. In the hope of attaining this end, Charles determined to name a successor. A will was accordingly framed, by which the crown was bequeathed to the Bavarian Prince. Unhappily, this will had scarcely been signed when the Prince died. The question was again unsettled, and presented greater difficulties than before.

A new Treaty of Partition was concluded between France, England, and Holland. It was agreed that Spain, the Indies, and the Netherlands, should descend to the Archduke Charles. In return for this great concession made by the Bourbons to a rival house, it was agreed that France should have the Milanese, or an equivalent in a more commodious situation,—if possible, the province of Lorraine.

Arbuthnot, some years later, ridiculed the Partition Treaty with exquisite humour and ingenuity. Every body must remember his description of the paroxysm of rage into which poor old Lord Strutt fell, on hearing that his runaway servant, Nick Frog, his clothier, John Bull, and his old enemy, Lewis Baboon, had come with quadrants, poles, and inkhorns, to survey his estate, and to draw his will for him. Lord Mahon speaks of the arrangement with grave severity. He calls it "an iniquitous compact, concluded without the slightest reference to the welfare of the states so readily parcelled and allotted; insulting to the pride of Spain, and tending to strip that country of its hard-won conquests." The most serious part of this charge would apply to half the treaties which have been concluded in Europe quite as strongly as to the Partition Treaty. What regard was shown in the treaty of the Pyrenees to the welfare of the people of Dunkirk and Roussillon,—in the treaty of Nimeguen to the welfare of the people of Franche Comté,—in the treaty of Utrecht to the welfare of the people of Flanders,—in the treaty of 1735, to the welfare of the people of Tuscany? All Europe remembers, and our latest posterity will, we fear, have reason to remember, how coolly, at the last great pacification of Christendom, the people of Poland, of Norway, of Belgium, and of Lombardy, were allotted to masters whom they abhorred. The statesmen who negotiated the Partition Treaty, were not so far beyond their age and ours in wisdom and virtue, as to trouble themselves much about the happiness of the people whom they were apportioning among foreign masters. But it will be difficult to prove, that the stipulations which Lord Mahon condemns were in any respect unfavour-

able to the happiness of those who were to be transferred to new rulers. The Neapolitans would certainly have lost nothing by being given to the Dauphin, or to the Great Turk. Addison, who visited Naples about the time at which the Partition Treaty was signed, has left us a frightful description of the misgovernment under which that part of the Spanish Empire groaned. As to the people of Lorraine, a union with France would have been the happiest event which could have befallen them. Lewis was already their sovereign for all purposes of cruelty and exaction. He had kept the province during many years in his own hands. At the peace of Ryswick, indeed, the Duke had been allowed to return. But the conditions which had been imposed on him, made him a mere vassal of France.

We cannot admit that the Treaty of Partition was objectionable because it "tended to strip Spain of hard-won conquests." The inheritance was so vast, and the claimants so mighty, that without some dismemberment, it was scarcely possible to make a peaceable arrangement. If any dismemberment was to take place, the best way of effecting it surely, was to separate from the monarchy those nations which were at a great distance from Spain,—which were not Spanish in manners, in language, or in feelings,—which were both worse governed and less valuable than the old provinces of Castile and Arragon,—and which, having always been governed by foreigners, would not be likely to feel acutely the humiliation of being turned over from one master to another.

That England and Holland had a right to interfere, is plain. The question of the Spanish succession was not an internal question, but a European question. And this Lord Mahon would admit. He thinks, that when the evil had been done, and a French Prince was reigning at the Escorial, England and Holland would be justified in attempting, not merely to strip Spain of its remote dependencies, but to conquer Spain itself—that they would be justified in attempting to put, not merely the passive Flemings and Italians, but the reluctant Castilians and Asturians, under the dominion of a stranger. The danger against which the Partition Treaty was intended to guard, was precisely the same danger which afterwards was made the ground of war. It will be difficult to prove, that a danger which was sufficient to justify the war, was insufficient to justify the provisions of the treaty. If, as Lord Mahon contends, it was better that Spain should be subjugated by main force, than that she should be governed by a Bourbon, it was surely better that she should be deprived of Lombardy and the Milanese, than that she should be governed by a Bourbon.

Whether the treaty was judiciously framed, is quite another question. We disapprove of the stipulations. But we disapprove of them, not because we think them bad, but because we think that there was no chance of their being executed. Lewis was the most faithless of politicians. He hated the Dutch. He hated the Government which the Revolution had established in England. He had every disposition to quarrel with his new allies. It was quite certain that he would not observe his engagements, if it should be for his interest to violate them. Even if it should be for his interest to observe them, it might well be doubted whether the strongest and clearest interest would induce a man so haughty and self-willed, to

co-operate heartily with two governments which had always been the objects of his scorn and aversion.

When intelligence of the second Partition Treaty arrived at Madrid, it roused to momentary energy the languishing ruler of a languishing state. The Spanish ambassador at the court of London was directed to remonstrate with the government of William; and his remonstrances were so insolent that he was commanded to leave England. Charles retaliated by dismissing the English and Dutch ambassadors. The French King, though the chief author of the Partition Treaty, succeeded in turning the whole wrath of Charles and of the Spanish people from himself, and in directing it against the maritime powers. Those powers had now no agent at Madrid. Their perfidious ally was at liberty to carry on his intrigues unchecked; and he fully availed himself of this advantage.

A long contest was maintained with varying success by the factions which surrounded the miserable King. On the side of the Imperial family was the Queen, herself a Princess of that family; with her were allied, the confessor of the King, and most of the ministers. On the other side, were two of the most dexterous politicians of that age, Cardinal Porto Carrero, Archbishop of Toledo, and Harcourt, the ambassador of Lewis.

Harcourt was a noble specimen of the French aristocracy in the days of its highest splendour.—a finished gentleman, a brave soldier, and a skilful diplomatist. His courteous and insinuating manners,—his Parisian vivacity tempered with Castilian gravity,—made him the favourite of the whole court. He became intimate with the grandees. He caressed the clergy. He dazzled the multitude by his magnificent style of living. The prejudices which the people of Madrid had conceived against the French character,—the vindictive feelings generated during centuries of national rivalry,—gradually yielded to his arts; while the Austrian ambassador, a surly, pompous, niggarly German, made himself and his country more and more unpopular every day.

Harcourt won over the court and the city: Porto Carrero managed the King. Never were knave and dupe better suited to each other. Charles was sick, nervous, and extravagantly superstitious. Porto Carrero had learned in the exercise of his profession the art of exciting and soothing such minds; and he employed that art with the calm and demure cruelty which is the characteristic of wicked and ambitious priests.

He first supplanted the confessor. The state of the poor King, during the conflict between his two spiritual advisers, was horrible. At one time he was induced to believe that his malady was the same with that of the wretches described in the New Testament, who dwelt among the tombs; whom no chains could bind, and whom no man dared to approach. At another time, a sorceress, who lived in the mountains of the Asturias, was consulted about his malady. Several persons were accused of having bewitched him. Porto Carrero recommended the appalling rite of exorcism, which was actually performed. The ceremony made the poor King more nervous and miserable than ever. But it served the turn of the Cardinal, who, after much secret trickery, succeeded in casting out, not the devil, but the confessor.

The next object was to get rid of the Ministers. Madrid was supplied with provisions by a monopoly.

The government looked after this most delicate concern, as it looked after every thing else. The partisans of the House of Bourbon took advantage of the negligence of the administration. On a sudden the supply of food failed. Exorbitant prices were demanded. The people rose. The royal residence was surrounded by an immense multitude. The Queen harangued them. The priests exhibited the host. All was in vain. It was necessary to awaken the King from his uneasy sleep, and to carry him to the balcony. There a solemn promise was given, that the unpopular advisers of the crown should be forthwith dismissed. The mob left the palace, and proceeded to pull down the houses of the ministers. The adherents of the Austrian line were thus driven from power, and the government was intrusted to the creatures of Porto Carrero. The king left the city in which he had suffered so cruel an insult, for the magnificent retreat of the Escorial. Here his hypochondriac fancy took a new turn. Like his ancestor, Charles the Fifth, he was haunted by a strange curiosity to pry into the secrets of that grave, to which he was hastening. In the cemetery which Philip the Second had formed beneath the pavement of the church of St. Lawrence, reposed three generations of Castilian princes. Into these dark vaults the unhappy monarch descended by torch-light, and penetrated to that superb and gloomy chamber, where, round the great black crucifix, are ranged the coffins of the kings and queens of Spain. There he commanded his attendants to open the mussy chests of bronze in which the relics of his predecessors decayed. He looked on the ghastly spectacle with little emotion till the coffin of his first wife was unclosed, and she appeared before him,—such was the skill of the embalmer,—in all her well-remembered beauty. He cast one glance on those beloved features unseen for eighteen years,—those features over which corruption seemed to have no power,—and rushed from the vault, exclaiming, "She is with God; and I shall soon be with her." The awful sight completed the ruin of his body and mind. The Escorial became hateful to him; and he hastened to Aranjuez. But the shades and waters of that delicious island-garden, so fondly celebrated in the sparkling verse of Calderon, brought no solace to their unfortunate master. Having tried medicine, exercise, and amusement in vain, he returned to Madrid to die.

He was now beset on every side by the bold and skilful agents of the House of Bourbon. The leading politicians of his court assured him, that Lewis, and Lewis alone, was sufficiently powerful to preserve the Spanish monarchy undivided; and that Austria would be utterly unable to prevent the Treaty of Partition from being carried into effect. Some celebrated lawyers gave it as their opinion, that the act of renunciation executed by the late Queen of France ought to be construed according to the spirit, and not according to the letter. The letter undoubtedly excluded the French Prince. The spirit was merely this,—that ample security should be taken against the union of the French and Spanish crowns on one head.

In all probability, neither political nor legal reasonings would have sufficed to overcome the partiality which Charles felt for the House of Austria. There had always been a close connexion between the two great royal lines which sprung from the marriage of Philip and Juana. Both had always regarded the

French as their natural enemies. It was necessary to have recourse to religious terrors; and Porto Carrero employed those terrors with true professional skill. The King's life was drawing to a close. Would the most Catholic prince commit a great sin on the brink of the grave? And what could be a greater sin than, from an unreasonable attachment to a family name, from an unchristian antipathy to a rival house, to set aside the rightful heir of an immense heritage? The tender conscience and the feeble intellect of Charles were strongly wrought upon by these appeals. At length Porto Carrero ventured on a master-stroke. He advised Charles to apply for counsel to the Pope. The King, who, in the simplicity of his heart, considered the successor of St. Peter as an infallible guide in spiritual matters, adopted the suggestion; and Porto Carrero, who knew that his Holiness was a mere tool of France, awaited with perfect confidence the result of the application. In the answer which arrived from Rome, the King was solemnly reminded of the great account which he was soon to render, and cautioned against the flagrant injustice which he was tempted to commit. He was assured that the right was with the House of Bourbon; and reminded that his own salvation ought to be dearer to him than the House of Austria. Yet he still continued irresolute. His attachment to his family, his aversion to France, were not to be overcome even by Papal authority. At length he thought himself actually dying, when the cardinal redoubled his efforts. Divine after divine, well tutored for the occasion, was brought to the bed of the trembling penitent. He was dying in the commission of known sin. He was defrauding his relatives. He was bequeathing civil war to his people. He yielded, and signed that memorable Testament, the cause of many calamities to Europe. As he affixed his name to the instrument, he burst into tears. "God," he said, "gives kingdoms and takes them away. I am already as good as dead."

The will was kept secret during the short remainder of his life. On the 3d of November, 1700, he expired. All Madrid crowded to the palace. The gates were thronged. The ante-chamber was filled with ambassadors and grandees, eager to learn what dispositions the deceased sovereign had made. At length the folding doors were flung open. The Duke of Abrantes came forth, and announced that the whole Spanish monarchy was bequeathed to Philip, Duke of Anjou. Charles had directed that, during the interval which might elapse between his death and the arrival of his successor, the government should be administered by a council, of which Porto Carrero was the chief member.

Lewis acted, as the English ministers might have guessed that he would act. With scarcely the show of hesitation, he broke through all the obligations of the Partition Treaty, and accepted for his grandson the splendid legacy of Charles. The new sovereign hastened to take possession of his dominions. The whole court of France accompanied him to Seeaux. His brothers escorted him to that frontier, which, as they weakly imagined, was to be a frontier no longer. "The Pyrenees," said Lewis, "have ceased to exist." Those very Pyrenees, a few years later, were the theatre of a war between the heir of Lewis and the prince whom France was now sending to govern Spain.

If Charles had ransacked Europe to find a successor whose moral and intellectual character resembled his own, he could not have chosen better. Philip was not so sickly as his predecessor; but he was quite as weak, as indolent, and as superstitious; he very soon became quite as hypochondriacal and eccentric; and he was even more uxorious. He was indeed a husband of ten thousand. His first object, when he became King of Spain, was to procure a wife. From the day of his marriage to the day of her death, his first object was to have her near him, and to do what she wished. As soon as his wife died, his first object was to procure another. Another was found, as unlike the former as possible. But she was a wife—and Philip was content. Neither by day nor by night, neither in sickness nor in health, neither in time of business nor in time of relaxation, did he ever suffer her to be absent from him for half an hour. His mind was naturally feeble; and he had received an enfeebling education. He had been brought up amidst the dull magnificence of Versailles. His grandfather was as imperious and as ostentatious in his intercourse with the royal family as in public acts. All those who grew up immediately under the eye of Lewis, had the manners of persons who had never known what it was to be at ease. They were all taciturn, shy, and awkward. In all of them, except the Duke of Burgundy, the evil went further than the manners. The Dauphin, the Duke of Berri, Philip of Anjou, were men of insignificant characters. They had no energy, no force of will. They had been so little accustomed to judge or to act for themselves, that implicit dependence had become necessary to their comfort. The new King of Spain, emancipated from control, resembled that wretched German captive, who, when the irons which he had worn for years were knocked off, fell prostrate on the floor of his prison. The restraints which had enfeebled the mind of the young Prince were required to support it. Till he had a wife he could do nothing; and when he had a wife he did whatever she chose.

While this lounging, moping boy was on his way to Madrid, his grandfather was all activity. Lewis had no reason to fear a contest with the Empire single-handed. He made vigorous preparations to encounter Leopold. He overawed the States-General by means of a great army. He attempted to soothe the English government by fair professions. William was not deceived. He fully returned the hatred of Lewis; and, if he had been free to act according to his own inclinations, he would have declared war as soon as the contents of the will were known. But he was bound by constitutional restraints. Both his person and his measures were unpopular in England. His secluded life and his cold manners disgusted a people accustomed to the graceful affability of Charles the Second. His foreign accent and his foreign attachments were offensive to the national prejudices. His reign had been a season of distress, following a season of rapidly-increasing prosperity. The burdens of the war, and the expense of restoring the currency, had been severely felt. Nine clergymen out of ten were Jacobites at heart, and had sworn allegiance to the new dynasty, only in order to save their benefices. A large proportion of the country gentlemen belonged to the same party. The whole body of agricultural proprietors was hostile to that interest, which the creation of the national debt had brought into notice,

and which was believed to be peculiarly favoured by the Court—the moneyed interest. The middle classes were fully determined to keep out James and his family. But they regarded William only as the less of two evils; and, as long as there was no imminent danger of a counter-revolution, were disposed to thwart and mortify the sovereign by whom they were, nevertheless, ready to stand, in case of necessity, with their lives and fortunes. They were sullen and dissatisfied. "There was," as Somers expressed it in a remarkable letter to William, "a deadness and want of spirit in the nation universally."

Every thing in England was going on as Lewis could have wished. The leaders of the Whig party had retired from power, and were extremely unpopular on account of the unfortunate issue of the Partition Treaty. The Tories, some of whom still cast a lingering look towards St. Germain, were in office, and had a decided majority in the House of Commons. William was so much embarrassed by the state of parties in England, that he could not venture to make war on the house of Bourbon. He was suffering under a complication of severe and incurable diseases. There was every reason to believe that a few months would dissolve the fragile tie which bound up that feeble body with that ardent and unconquerable soul. If Lewis could succeed in preserving peace for a short time, it was probable that all his vast designs would be securely accomplished. Just at this crisis, the most important crisis of his life, his pride and his passions hurried him into an error, which undid all that forty years of victory and intrigue had done,—which produced the dismemberment of the kingdom of his grandson, and brought invasion, bankruptcy, and famine, on his own.

James the Second died at St. Germain. Lewis paid him a farewell visit, and was so much moved by the solemn parting, and by the grief of the exiled queen, that, losing sight of all considerations of policy, and actuated, as it should seem, merely by compassion, and by a not ungenerous vanity, he acknowledged the Prince of Wales as King of England.

The indignation which the Castilians had felt when they heard that three foreign powers had undertaken to regulate the Spanish succession, was nothing to the rage with which the English learned that their good neighbour had taken the trouble to provide them with a king. Whigs and Tories joined in condemning the proceedings of the French Court. The cry for war was raised by the city of London, and echoed and re-echoed from every corner of the realm. William saw that his time was come. Though his wasted and suffering body could hardly move without support, his spirit was as energetic and resolute as when, at twenty-three, he bade defiance to the combined force of England and France. He left the Hague, where he had been engaged in negotiating with the States and the Emperor a defensive treaty against the ambitious designs of the Bourbons. He flew to London. He remodelled the ministry. He dissolved the Parliament. The majority of the new House of Commons was with the King, and the most vigorous preparations were made for war.

Before the commencement of active hostilities, William was no more. But the Grand Alliance of the European Princes against the Bourbons was already constructed. "The master workman died," says Mr. Burke, "but the work was formed on true

mechanical principles, and it was as truly wrought." On the 15th of May, 1702, war was proclaimed by concert at Vienna, at London, and at the Hague.

Thus commenced that great struggle, by which Europe, from the Vistula to the Atlantic Ocean, was agitated during twelve years. The two hostile coalitions were, in respect of territory, wealth, and population, not unequally matched. On the one side were France, Spain, and Bavaria; on the other, England, Holland, the Empire, and a crowd of inferior Powers.

That part of the war which Lord Mahon has undertaken to relate, though not the least important, is certainly the least attractive. In Italy, in Germany, and in the Netherlands, great means were at the disposal of great generals. Mighty battles were fought. Fortress after fortress was subdued. The iron chain of the Belgian strongholds was broken. By a regular and connected series of operations extending through several years, the French were driven back from the Danube and the Po into their own provinces. The war in Spain, on the contrary, is made up of events which seem to have no dependence on each other. The turns of fortune resemble those which take place in a dream. Victory and defeat are not followed by their usual consequences. Armies spring out of nothing, and melt into nothing. Yet, to judicious readers of history, the Spanish conflict is perhaps more interesting than the campaigns of Marlborough and Eugene. The fate of the Milanese, and of the Low Countries, was decided by military skill. The fate of Spain was decided by the peculiarities of the national character.

When the war commenced, the young King was in a most deplorable situation. On his arrival at Madrid, he found Porto Carrero at the head of affairs, and he did not think it fit to displace the man to whom he owed his crown. The Cardinal was a mere intriguer, and in no sense a statesman. He had acquired in the Court and in the Confessional, a rare degree of skill in all the tricks by which weak minds are managed. But of the noble science of government—of the sources of national prosperity—of the causes of national decay—he knew no more than his master. It is curious to observe the contrast between the dexterity with which he ruled the conscience of a foolish valetudinarian, and the imbecility which he showed when placed at the head of an empire. On what grounds Lord Mahon represents the Cardinal as a man "of splendid genius,"—"of vast abilities," we are unable to discover. Lewis was of a very different opinion, and Lewis was very seldom mistaken in his judgment of character. "Every body," says he, in a letter to his ambassador, "knows how incapable the Cardinal is. He is an object of contempt to his countrymen."

A few miserable savings were made, which ruined individuals, without producing any perceptible benefit to the state. The police became more and more inefficient. The disorders of the capital were increased by the arrival of French adventurers,—the refuse of Parisian brothels and gaming-houses. These wretches considered the Spaniards as a subjugated race whom the countrymen of the new sovereign might cheat and insult with impunity. The King sat eating and drinking all night, and lay in bed all day,—yawned at the council table, and suffered the most important papers to lie unopened for weeks. At length he was roused by the only excitement of which his sluggish

nature was susceptible. His grandfather consented to let him have a wife. The choice was fortunate. Maria Louisa, princess of Savoy, a beautiful and graceful girl of thirteen, already a woman in person and mind, at an age when the females of colder climates are still children, was the person selected. The King resolved to give her the meeting in Catalonia. He left his capital, of which he was already thoroughly tired. At setting out, he was mobbed by a gang of beggars. He, however, made his way through them, and repaired to Barcelona.

Lewis was perfectly aware that the Queen would govern Philip. He, accordingly, looked about for somebody to govern the Queen. He selected the Princess Orsini to be first lady of the bedchamber,—no insignificant post in the household of a very young wife, and a very uxorious husband. This lady was the daughter of a French peer, and the widow of a Spanish grandee. She was, therefore, admirably fitted by her position to be the instrument of the Court of Versailles at the Court of Madrid. The Duke of Orleans called her, in words too coarse for translation, the Lieutenant of Captain Maintenon; and the appellation was well deserved. She aspired to play in Spain the part which Madame de Maintenon had played in France. But, though at least equal to her model in wit, information, and talents for intrigue, she had not that self-command, that patience, that imperturbable evenness of temper, which had raised the widow of a buffoon to be the consort of the proudest of Kings. The princess was more than fifty years old; but was still vain of her fine eyes, and her fine shape; she still dressed in the style of a girl; and she still carried her flirtations so far as to give occasion for scandal. She was, however, polite, eloquent, and not deficient in strength of mind. The bitter Saint Simon owns that no person whom she wished to attach, could long resist the graces of her manners and of her conversation.

We have not time to relate how she obtained, and how she preserved her empire over the young couple in whose household she was placed,—how she became so powerful, that neither minister of Spain, nor ambassador from France, could stand against her,—how Lewis himself was compelled to court her,—how she received orders from Versailles to retire,—how the queen took part with her favourite attendant,—how the king took part with the queen,—and how, after much squabbling, lying, shuffling, bullying, and coaxing, the dispute was adjusted. We turn to the events of the war.

When hostilities were proclaimed at London, Vienna, and the Hague, Philip was at Naples. He had been with great difficulty prevailed upon, by the most urgent representations from Versailles, to separate himself from his wife, and to repair without her to his Italian dominions, which were then menaced by the Emperor. The Queen acted as Regent, and, child as she was, seems to have been quite as competent to govern the kingdom as her husband, or any of his ministers.

In August, 1702, an armament, under the command of the Duke of Ormond, appeared off Cadiz. The Spanish authorities had no guards, and no regular troops. The national spirit, however, supplied in some degree what was wanting. The nobles and peasantry advanced money. The peasantry were formed into what the Spanish writers call bands of

heroic patriots, and what General Stanhope calls a "rascally foot militia." If the invaders had acted with vigour and judgment, Cadiz would probably have fallen. But the chiefs of the expedition were divided by national and professional feelings,—Dutch against English, and land against sea. Sparre, the Dutch general, was sulky and perverse,—according to Lord Mahon, because he was a citizen of a republic. Bellasys, the English general, embezzled the stores,—we suppose, because he was the subject of a monarchy. The Duke of Ormond, who had the command of the whole expedition, proved on this occasion, as on every other, destitute of the qualities which great emergencies require. No discipline was kept; the soldiers were suffered to rob and insult those whom it was most desirable to conciliate. Churches were robbed, images were pulled down, nuns were violated. The officers shared the spoil, instead of punishing the spoilers; and at last the armament, loaded, to use the words of Stanhope, "with a great deal of plunder and infamy," quitted the scene of Essex's glory, leaving the only Spaniard of note who had declared for them to be hanged by his countrymen.

The fleet was off the coast of Portugal, on the way back to England, when the Duke of Ormond received intelligence that the treasure-ships from America had just arrived in Europe, and had, in order to avoid his armament, repaired to the harbour of Vigo. The cargo consisted, it was said, of more than three millions sterling in gold and silver, besides much valuable merchandise. The prospect of plunder recited all disputes. Dutch and English, admirals and generals, were equally eager for action. The Spaniards might with the greatest ease have secured the treasure, by simply landing it; but it was a fundamental law of Spanish trade that the galleons should unload at Cadiz, and at Cadiz only. The Chamber of Commerce at Cadiz, in the true spirit of monopoly, refused, even at this conjuncture, to bate one jot of its privilege. The matter was referred to the Council of the Indies: that body deliberated and hesitated just a day too long. Some feeble preparations for defence were made. Two ruined towers at the mouth of the bay were garrisoned by a few ill-armed and untrained rustics; a boom was thrown across the entrance of the bay; and some French ships of war, which had convoyed the galleons from America, were moored in the basin within. But all was to no purpose. The English ships broke the boom; Ormond and his soldiers scaled the forts; the French burned their ships, and escaped to the shore. The conquerors shared some millions of dollars;—some millions more were sunk. When all the galleons had been captured or destroyed, there came an order in due form allowing them to unload.

When Philip returned to Madrid in the beginning of 1703, he found the finances more embarrassed, the people more discontented, and the hostile coalition more formidable than ever. The loss of the galleons had occasioned a great deficiency in the revenue. The Admiral of Castile, one of the greatest subjects in Europe, had fled to Lisbon, and sworn allegiance to the Archduke. The King of Portugal soon after acknowledged Charles as King of Spain, and prepared to support the title of the House of Austria by arms.

On the other side, Lewis sent to the assistance of

his grandson an army of 12,000 men, commanded by the Duke of Berwick. Berwick was the son of James the Second and Arabella Churchill. He had been brought up to expect the highest honours which an English subject could enjoy; but the whole course of his life was changed by the revolution which overthrew his infatuated father. Berwick became an exile, a man without a country; and from that time forward his camp was to him in the place of a country, and professional honour was his patriotism. He ennobled his wretched calling. There was a stern, cold, Brutus-like virtue, in the manner in which he discharged the duties of a soldier of fortune. His military fidelity was tried by the strongest temptations, and was found invincible. At one time he fought against his uncle; at another time he fought against the cause of his brother; yet he was never suspected of treachery, or even of slackness.

Early in 1704, an army, composed of English, Dutch, and Portuguese, was assembled on the western frontier of Spain. The Archduke Charles had arrived at Lisbon, and appeared in person at the head of his troops. The military skill of Berwick held the Allies in check through the whole campaign. On the south, however, a great blow was struck. An English fleet, under Sir George Rooke, having on board several regiments, commanded by the Prince of Hesse Darmstadt, appeared before the rock of Gibraltar. That celebrated stronghold, which nature has made all but impregnable, and against which all the resources of the military art have been employed in vain, was taken as easily as if it had been an open village in a plain. The garrison went to say their prayers instead of standing on their guard. A few English sailors climbed the rock. The Spaniards capitulated; and the British flag was placed on those ramparts, from which the combined armies and navies of France and Spain have never been able to pull it down. Rooke proceeded to Malaga, gave battle in the neighbourhood of that port to a French squadron, and after a doubtful action returned to England.

But greater events were at hand. The English government had determined to send an expedition to Spain, under the command of Charles Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough. This man was, if not the greatest, yet assuredly the most extraordinary character of that age; the King of Sweden himself not excepted. Indeed, Peterborough may be described as a polite, learned, and amorous Charles the Twelfth. His courage had all the French impetuosity, and all the English steadiness. His fertility and activity of mind were almost beyond belief. They appeared in every thing that he did—in his campaigns, in his negotiations, in his familiar correspondence, in his lightest and most unstudied conversation. He was a kind friend, a generous enemy, and a thorough gentleman. But his splendid talents and virtues were rendered almost useless to his country, by his levity, his restlessness, his irritability, his morbid craving for novelty and for excitement. He loved to fly round Europe faster than a travelling courier. He was at the Hague one week, at Vienna the next. Then he took a fancy to see Madrid; and he had scarcely reached Madrid, when he ordered horses and set off for Copenhagen. No attendants could keep up with his speed. No bodily infirmities could confine him. Old age, disease, imminent death, produced scarcely any effect on his intrepid spirit. Just before he under-

went the most horrible of surgical operations, his conversation was as sprightly as that of a young man in the full vigour of health. On the day after the operation, in spite of the entreaties of his medical advisers, he would set out on a journey. His figure was that of a skeleton. But his elastic mind supported him under fatigues and sufferings which seemed sufficient to bring the most robust man to the grave. Change of employment was as necessary to him as change of place. He loved to dictate six or seven letters at once. Those who had to transact business with him, complained, that though he talked with great ability on every subject, he could never be kept to the point. "Lord Peterborough," said Pope, "would say very pretty and lively things in his letters, but they would be rather too gay and wandering; whereas, were Lord Bolingbroke to write to an emperor, or to a statesman, he would fix on that point which was the most material, would set it in the strongest and finest light, and manage it so as to make it the most servicable to his purpose." What Peterborough was to Bolingbroke as a writer, he was to Marlborough as a general. He was, in truth, the last of the knights-errant,—brave to temerity—liberal to profusion—courteous in all his dealings with enemies—the protector of the oppressed—the adorer of women. His virtues and vices were those of the *Round Table*. Indeed, his character can hardly be better summed up, than in the lines in which the author of that clever little poem, *Monks and Giants*, has described Sir Tristrem.

"His birth, it seems, by Merlin's calculation,
Was under Venus, Mercury, and Mars
His mind with all their attributes was mix'd,
And, like those planets, wandering and unfix'd.

"From realm to realm he ran, and never staid:
Kingdoms and crowns he won, and gave away:
It seem'd as if his labours were repaid
By the mere noise and movement of the fray:
No conquests nor acquirements had he made;
His chief delight was, on some festive day
To ride triumphant, prodigal, and proud,
And shower his wealth amidst the shouting crowd.

"His schemes of war were sudden, unforeseen,
Inexplicable both to friend and foe;
It seem'd as if some momentary spleen
Inspired the project, and impell'd the blow;
And most his fortune and success were seen
With means the most inadequate and low;
Most master of himself, and least encumber'd,
When overmatch'd, entangled, and outnumber'd."

In June 1705, this remarkable man arrived at Lisbon with 5000 Dutch and English soldiers. There the Archduke embarked with a large train of attendants, whom Peterborough entertained magnificently during the voyage at his own expense. From Lisbon the armament proceeded to Gibraltar, and, having taken the Prince of Hesse Darmstadt on board, steered to the north-east, along the coast of Spain.

The first place at which the expedition touched, after leaving Gibraltar, was Altea, in Valencia. The wretched misgovernment of Philip had excited great discontent throughout this province. The invaders were eagerly welcomed. The peasantry flocked to the shore, bearing provisions, and shouting—"Long

live Charles the Third." The neighbouring fortress of Denia surrendered without a blow.

The imagination of Peterborough took fire. He conceived the hope of finishing the war at one blow. Madrid was but 150 miles distant. There was scarcely one fortified place on the road. The troops of Philip were either on the frontiers of Portugal, or on the coast of Catalonia. At the capital there was no military force, except a few horse, who formed a guard of honour round the person of Philip. But the scheme of pushing into the heart of a great kingdom with an army of only 7000 men, was too daring to please the Archduke. The Prince of Hesse Darmstadt, who, in the reign of the late King of Spain, had been Governor of Catalonia, and who overrated his own influence in that province, was of opinion that they ought instantly to proceed thither, and to attack Barcelona. Peterborough was hampered by his instructions, and found it necessary to submit.

On the 16th of August the fleet arrived before Barcelona; and Peterborough found, that the task assigned to him by the Archduke and the Prince was one of almost insuperable difficulty. One side of the city was protected by the sea; the other by the strong fortifications of Monjuich. The walls were so extensive, that 30,000 men would scarcely have been sufficient to invest them. The garrison was as numerous as the besieging army. The best officers in the Spanish service were in the town. The hopes which the Prince of Darmstadt had formed of a general rising in Catalonia, were grievously disappointed. The invaders were joined only by about 1500 armed peasants, whose services cost more than they were worth.

No general was ever in a more deplorable situation than that in which Peterborough was now placed. He had always objected to the scheme of besieging Barcelona. His objections had been overruled. He had to execute a project which he had constantly represented as impracticable. His camp was divided into hostile factions, and he was censured by all. The Archduke and the Prince blamed him for not proceeding instantly to take the town; but suggested no plan by which 7000 men could be enabled to do the work of 30,000. Others blamed their general giving up his own opinion to the childish whims of Charles, and for sacrificing his men in an attempt to perform what was impossible. The Dutch commander positively declared that his soldiers should not stir: Lord Peterborough might give what orders he chose, but to engage in such a siege was madness; and the men should not be sent to certain death where there was no chance of obtaining any advantage.

At length, after three weeks of inaction, Peterborough announced his fixed determination to raise the siege. The heavy cannon were sent on board. Preparations were made for re-embarking the troops. Charles and the Prince of Hesse were furious; and most of the officers blamed their general for having delayed so long the measure which he had at last found it necessary to take. On the 12th of September there were rejoicings and public entertainments in Barcelona for this great deliverance. On the following morning the English flag was flying on the ramparts of Monjuich. The genius and energy of one man had supplied the place of forty battalions.

At midnight Peterborough had called on the Prince of Hesse, with whom he had not for some time been on speaking terms. "I have resolved, sir," said the

Earl, "to attempt an assault; you may accompany us, if you think fit, and see whether I and my men deserve what you have been pleased to say of us." The Prince was startled. The attempt, he said, was hopeless; but he was ready to take his share; and without further discussion, he called for his horse.

Fifteen hundred English soldiers were assembled under the Earl. A thousand more had been posted as a body of reserve, at a neighbouring convent, under the command of Stanhope. After a winding march along the foot of the hills, Peterborough and his little army reached the walls of Monjuich. There they halted till daybreak. As soon as they were descried, the enemy advanced into the outer ditch to meet them. This was the event on which Peterborough had reckoned, and for which his men were prepared. The English received the fire, rushed forward, leaped into the ditch, put the Spaniards to flight, and entered the works together with the fugitives. Before the garrison had recovered from their first surprise, the Earl was master of the outworks, had taken several pieces of cannon, and had thrown up a breastwork to defend his men. He then sent off for Stanhope's reserve. While he was waiting for this reinforcement, news arrived that 3000 men were marching from Barcelona towards Monjuich. He instantly rode out to take a view of them; but no sooner had he left his troops than they were seized with a panic. Their situation was indeed full of danger; they had been brought into Monjuich, they scarcely knew how; their numbers were small; their general was gone; their hearts failed them, and they were proceeding to evacuate the fort. Peterborough received information of these occurrences in time to stop the retreat; he galloped up to the fugitives, addressed a few words to them, and put himself at their head. The sound of his voice and the sight of his face restored all their courage, and they marched back to their former position.

The Prince of Hesse had fallen in the confusion of the assault, but every thing else went well. Stanhope arrived; the detachment which had marched out of Barcelona retreated; the heavy cannon were disembarked, and brought to bear on the inner fortifications of Monjuich, which speedily fell. Peterborough, with his usual generosity, rescued the Spanish soldiers from the ferocity of the victorious army, and paid the last honours with great pomp to his rival the Prince of Hesse.

The reduction of Monjuich was the first of a series of brilliant exploits. Barcelona fell, and Peterborough had the glory of taking, with a handful of men, one of the largest and strongest towns of Europe. He had also the glory, not less dear to his chivalrous temper, of saving the life and honour of the beautiful Duchess of Popoli, whom he met flying with dishevelled hair from the fury of her pursuers. He availed himself dexterously of the jealousy with which the Catalonians regarded the inhabitants of Castile. He guaranteed to the province in the capital of which he was now quartered, all its ancient rights and liberties; and thus succeeded in attaching the population to the Austrian cause.

The open country declared in favour of Charles. Tarragona, Tortosa, Gerona, Lerida, San Mateo, threw open their gates. The Spanish government sent the Count of Las Torres with 7000 men to reduce San Mateo. The Earl of Peterborough, with only 1200 men, raised the siege. His officers advised him to be

content with this extraordinary success. Charles urged him to return to Barcelona; but no remonstrances could stop such a spirit in the midst of such a career. It was the depth of winter. The country was mountainous. The roads were almost impassable. The men were ill clothed. The horses were knocked up. The retreating army was far more numerous than the pursuing army. But difficulties and dangers vanished before the energy of Peterborough. He pushed on, driving Las Torres before him. Nules surrendered to the mere terror of his name; and, on the 4th of February, 1706, he arrived in triumph at Valencia. There he learned that a body of 4000 men was on the march to join Las Torres. He set out at dead of night from Valencia,—passed the Xucar, came unexpectedly on the encampment of the enemy, and slaughtered, dispersed, or took the whole reinforcement. The Valencians, as we are told by a person who was present, could scarcely believe their eyes when they saw the prisoners brought in.

In the mean time the Courts of Madrid and Versailles, exasperated and alarmed by the fall of Barcelona, and by the revolt of the surrounding country, determined to make a great effort. A large army, nominally commanded by Philip, but really under the orders of Marshal Tessé, entered Catalonia. A fleet, under the Count of Toulouse, one of the natural children of Lewis the Fourteenth, appeared before the port of Barcelona. The city was attacked at once by sea and land. The person of the Archduke was in considerable danger. Peterborough, at the head of about 3000 men, marched with great rapidity from Valencia. To give battle with so small a force to a great regular army, under the conduct of a Marshal of France, would have been madness. The Earl therefore took his post on the neighbouring mountains, harassed the enemy with incessant alarms, cut off their stragglers, intercepted their communications with the interior, and introduced supplies, both of men and provisions, into the town. He saw, however, that the only hope of the besieged was on the side of the sea. His commission from the British government gave him supreme power, not only over the army, but, whenever he should be actually on board, over the navy also. He put out to sea at night in an open boat, without communicating his design to any person. He was picked up, several leagues from the shore, by one of the ships of the English squadron. As soon as he was on board, he announced himself as first in command, and sent a pinnace with his orders to the Admiral. Had these orders been given a few hours earlier, it is probable that the whole French fleet would have been taken. As it was, the Count of Toulouse stood out to sea. The port was open. The town was relieved. On the following night the enemy raised the siege, and retreated to Roussillon. Peterborough returned to Valencia; and Philip, who had been some weeks absent from his wife, could endure the misery of separation no longer, and flew to rejoin her at Madrid.

At Madrid, however, it was impossible for him or for her to remain. The splendid success which Peterborough had obtained on the eastern coast of the Peninsula, had inspired the sluggish Galway with emulation. He advanced into the heart of Spain. Berwick retreated. Alcantara, Ciudad Rodrigo, and Salamanca fell, and the conquerors marched towards the capital.

Philip was earnestly pressed by his advisers to remove the seat of government to Burgos. The advanced guard of the allied army was already seen on the heights above Madrid. It was known that the main body was at hand. The unfortunate Prince fled with his Queen and his household. The royal wanderers, after travelling eight days on bad roads, under a burning sun, and sleeping eight nights in miserable hovels, one of which fell down and nearly crushed them both to death, reached the metropolis of Old Castile. In the mean time the invaders had entered Madrid in triumph, and had proclaimed the Archduke in the streets of the imperial city. Arragon, ever jealous of the Castilian ascendancy, followed the example of Catalonia. Saragossa revolted without seeing an enemy. The governor, whom Philip had set over Carthage, betrayed his trust, and surrendered to the allies the best arsenal, and the last ships which Spain possessed.

Toledo had been for some time the retreat of two ambitious, turbulent, and vindictive intriguers, the Queen Dowager and Cardinal Porto Carrero. They had long been deadly enemies. They had led the adverse factions of Austria and France. Each had in turn dined over the weak and disordered mind of the late King. At length the impostures of the priest had triumphed over the blandishments of the woman: Porto Carrero had remained victorious, and the Queen had fled, in shame and mortification, from the court, where she had once been supreme. In her retirement she was soon joined by him whose arts had destroyed her influence. The Cardinal, having held power just long enough to convince all parties of his incompetency, had been dismissed to his See, cursing his own folly, and the ingratitude of the house which he had served too well. Common interests and common enmities reconciled the fallen rivals. The Austrian troops were admitted into Toledo without opposition. The Queen Dowager flung off that mourning garb which the widow of a King of Spain wears through her whole life, and blazed forth in jewels. The Cardinal blessed the standards of the invaders in his magnificent cathedral, and lighted up his palace in honour of the great event. It seemed that the struggle had terminated in favour of the Archduke, and that nothing remained for Philip but a prompt flight into the dominions of his grandfather.

So judged those who were ignorant of the character and habits of the Spanish people. There is no country in Europe which it is so easy to overrun as Spain—there is no country in Europe which it is more difficult to conquer. Nothing can be more contemptible than the regular military resistance which it offers to an invader—nothing more formidable than the energy which it puts forth when its regular military resistance has been beaten down. Its armies have long borne too much resemblance to mobs; but its mobs have had, in an unusual degree, the spirit of armies. The soldier, as compared with other soldiers, is deficient in military qualities; but the peasant has as much of those qualities as the soldier. In no country have such strong fortresses been taken by a mere *coup-de-main*—in no country have unfortified towns made so furious and obstinate a resistance to great armies. War in Spain has, from the days of the Romans, had a character of its own; it is a fire which cannot be raked out; it burns fiercely under the embers; and long after it has, to all seeming,

been extinguished, bursts forth more violently than ever. This was seen in the last war. Spain had no army which could have looked in the face an equal number of French or Prussian soldiers; but one day laid the Prussian monarchy in the dust; one day put the crown of France at the disposal of invaders. No Jena, no Waterloo, would have enabled Joseph to reign in quiet at Madrid.

The conduct of the Castilians throughout the War of the Succession was most characteristic. With all the odds of number and situation on their side, they had been ignominiously beaten. All the European dependencies of the Spanish crown were lost. Catalonia, Arragon, and Valencia, had acknowledged the Austrian Prince. Gibraltar had been taken by a few sailors; Barcelona stormed by a few dismounted dragoons; the invaders had penetrated into the centre of the Peninsula, and were quartered at Madrid and Toledo. While these events had been in progress, the nation had scarcely given a sign of life. The rich could not be prevailed on to give or to lend for the support of war; the troops had shown neither discipline nor courage; and now at last, when it seemed that all was lost,—when it seemed that the most sanguine must relinquish all hope,—the national spirit awoke, fierce, proud, and unconquerable. The people had been sluggish when the circumstances might well have inspired hope; they reserved all their energy for what appeared to be a season of despair. Castile, Leon, Andalusia, Estremadura, rose at once; every peasant procured a firelock or a pike; the allies were masters only of the ground on which they trod. No soldier could wander a hundred yards from the main body of the army without the most imminent risk of being poniarded; the country through which the conquerors had passed to Madrid, and which, as they thought, they had subdued, was all in arms behind them; their communications with Portugal were cut off. In the mean time, money began, for the first time, to flow rapidly into the treasury of the fugitive King. "The day before yesterday," says the Princess Orsini, in a letter written at this time, "the priest of a village, which contains only a hundred and twenty houses, brought a hundred and twenty pistoles to the Queen. 'My flock,' said he, 'are ashamed to send you so little; but they beg you to believe, that in this purse there are a hundred and twenty hearts faithful even to the death.' The good man wept as he spoke, and indeed we wept too. Yesterday another small village, in which there are only twenty houses, sent us fifty pistoles."

While the Castilians were every where arming in the cause of Philip, the Allies were serving that cause as effectually by their mismanagement. Galway staid at Madrid, where his soldiers indulged in such boundless licentiousness, that one half of them were in the hospitals. Charles remained dawdling in Catalonia. Peterborough had taken Requena, and wished to march towards Madrid, and to effect a junction with Galway; but the Archduke refused his consent to the plan. The indignant general remained accordingly in his favourite city, on the beautiful shores of the Mediterranean, reading Don Quixote, giving balls and suppers, trying in vain to get some good sport out of the Valencian bulls, and making love, not in vain, to the Valencian women.

At length the Archduke advanced into Castile, and ordered Peterborough to join him. But it was too

late. Berwick had already compelled Galway to evacuate Madrid; and when the whole force of the Allies was collected at Guadalaxara, it was found to be decidedly inferior in numbers to that of the enemy.

Peterborough formed a plan for regaining possession of the capital. His plan was rejected by Charles. The patience of the sensitive and vainglorious hero was worn out. He had none of that serenity of temper which enabled Marlborough to act in perfect harmony with Eugene, and to endure the vexatious interference of the Dutch deputies. He demanded permission to leave the army. Permission was readily granted, and he sat out for Italy. That there might be some pretext for his departure, he was commissioned by the Archduke to raise a loan at Genoa, on the credit of the revenues of Spain.

From that moment to the end of the campaign, the tide of fortune ran strong against the Austrian cause. Berwick had placed his army between the Allies and the frontiers of Portugal. They retreated on Valencia, and arrived in that province, leaving about ten thousand prisoners in the hands of the enemy.

In January 1707, Peterborough arrived at Valencia from Italy, no longer bearing a public character, but merely as a volunteer. His advice was asked, and it seems to have been most judicious. He gave it as his decided opinion, that no offensive operations against Castile ought to be undertaken. It would be easy, he said, to defend Arragon, Catalonia, and Valencia, against Philip. The inhabitants of those parts of Spain were attached to the cause of the Archduke; and the armies of the House of Bourbon would be resisted by the whole population. In a short time, the enthusiasm of the Castilians might abate. The government of Philip might commit unpopular acts. Defeats in the Netherlands might compel Lewis to withdraw the succours which he had furnished to his grandson. Then would be the time to strike a decisive blow. This excellent advice was rejected. Peterborough, who had now received formal letters of recall from England, departed before the opening of the campaign; and with him departed the good fortune of the Allies. Scarcely any general had ever done so much with means so small. Scarcely any general had ever displayed equal originality and boldness. He possessed, in the highest degree, the art of conciliating those whom he had subdued. But he was not equally successful in winning the attachment of those with whom he acted. He was adored by the Catalonians and Valencians; but he was hated by the Prince, whom he had all but made a great king; and by the generals, whose fortune and reputation were staked on the same venture with his own. The English government could not understand him. He was so eccentric, that they gave him no credit for the judgment which he really possessed. One day he took towns with horse-soldiers; then again he turned some hundreds of infantry into cavalry at a minute's notice. He obtained his political intelligence chiefly by means of love affairs, and filled his despatches with epigrams. The ministers thought that it would be highly impolitic to intrust the conduct of the Spanish war to so volatile and romantic a person. They therefore gave the command to Lord Galway, an experienced veteran—a man who was in war what Moliere's doctors were in medicine; who thought it much more honourable to fail according to rule, than to succeed by innovation;

and who would have been very much ashamed of himself if he had taken Monjuich by means so strange as those which Peterborough employed. This great commander conducted the campaign of 1707 in the most scientific manner. On the plain of Almanza he encountered the army of the Bourbons. He drew up his troops according to the methods prescribed by the best writers; and in a few hours lost eighteen thousand men, a hundred and twenty standards, all his baggage and all his artillery. Valencia and Arragon were instantly conquered by the French, and at the close of the year, the mountainous province of Catalonia was the only part of Spain which still adhered to Charles.

"Do you remember child," says the foolish woman in the Spectator to her husband, "that the pigeon-house fell the very afternoon that our careless wench spilt the salt upon the table?"—"Yes, my dear," replies the gentleman, "and the next post brought us an account of the battle of Almanza." The approach of disaster in Spain had been for some time indicated by omens much clearer than the mishap of the salt-cellar;—an ungrateful Prince, an undisciplined army, a divided council, envy triumphant over merit, a man of genius recalled, a pedant and a sluggard entrusted with supreme command. The battle of Almanza decided the fate of Spain. The loss was such as Marlborough or Eugene could scarcely have retrieved, and was certainly not to be retrieved by Stanhope and Staremberg.

Stanhope, who took the command of the English army in Catalonia, was a man of respectable abilities, both in military and civil affairs; but fitter, we conceive, for a second than for a first place. Lord Mahon, with his usual candour, tells us, what we believe was not known before, that his ancestor's most distinguished exploit, the conquest of Minorca, was suggested by Marlborough. Staremberg, a cold and methodical tactician of the German school, was sent by the Emperor to command in Catalonia. Two languid campaigns followed, during which neither of the hostile armies did any thing memorable; but, during which, both were nearly starved.

At length, in 1710, the chiefs of the Allied forces resolved to venture on bolder measures. They began the campaign with a daring move,—pushed into Arragon, defeated the troops of Philip at Almenara, defeated them again at Saragossa, and advanced to Madrid. The King was again a fugitive. The Castilians sprang to arms with the same enthusiasm which they had displayed in 1706. The conquerors found the capital a desert. The people shut themselves up in their houses, and refused to pay any mark of respect to the Austrian prince. It was necessary to hire a few children to shout before him in the streets. Meanwhile, the court of Philip, at Valladolid, was thronged by nobles and prelates. Thirty thousand people followed their King from Madrid to his new residence. Women of rank, rather than remain behind, performed the journey on foot. The peasants enlisted by thousands. Money, arms, and provisions, were supplied in abundance by the zeal of the people. The country round Madrid was infested by small parties of irregular horse. The Allies could not send off a despatch to Arragon, or introduce a supply of provisions into the capital. It was unsafe for the Archduke to hunt in the immediate vicinity of the palace which he occupied.

The wish of Stanhope was to winter in Castile. But he stood alone in the council of war; and, indeed, it is not easy to understand how the Allies could have maintained themselves through so unpropitious a season, in the midst of so hostile a population. Charles, whose personal safety was the first object of the generals, was sent with an escort of cavalry to Catalonia, in November; and, in December, the army commenced its retreat towards Arragon.

But the Allies had to do with a master-spirit. The King of France had lately sent the Duke of Vendome to command in Spain. This man was distinguished by the filthiness of his person, by the brutality of his demeanour, by the gross buffoonery of his conversation, and by the impudence with which he abandoned himself to the most nauseous of all vices. His sluggishness was almost incredible. Even when engaged in a campaign, he often passed whole days in his bed. His strange torpidity had been the cause of some of the most severe defeats which the French had sustained in Italy and Flanders. But when he was roused by any great emergency, his resources, his energy, and his presence of mind, were such as had been found in no French general since the death of Luxembourg.

At this crisis, Vendome was all himself. He set out from Talavera with his troops: and pursued the retreating army of the Allies with a speed, perhaps never equalled, in such a season, and in such a country. He marched night and day. He swam, at the head of his cavalry, the flooded stream of Henares; and, in a few days, overtook Stanhope, who was at Brihuega with the left wing of the Allied army. "Nobody with me," says the English general, "imagined that they had any foot within some days' march of us; and our misfortune is owing to the incredible diligence which their army made." Stanhope had but just time to send off a messenger to the centre of the army, which was some leagues from Brihuega, before Vendome was upon him. The town was invested on every side. The walls were battered with cannon. A mine was sprung under one of the gates. The English kept up a terrible fire till their powder was spent. They then fought desperately with the bayonet against overwhelming odds. They burned the houses which the assailants had taken. But all was to no purpose. The British general saw that resistance could produce only a useless carnage. He concluded a capitulation, and his gallant little army became prisoners of war on honourable terms.

Scarcely had Vendome signed the capitulation, when he learned that Staremberg was marching to the relief of Stanhope. Preparations were instantly made for a general action. On the day following that on which the English had delivered up their arms, was fought the obstinate and bloody battle of Villa Viciosa. Staremberg remained master of the field. Vendome reaped all the fruits of the engagement. The Allies spiked their cannon, and retired towards Arragon. But even in Arragon they found no place of rest. Vendome was behind them. The guerilla parties were around them. They fled to Catalonia; but Catalonia was invaded by a French army from Roussillon. At length the Austrian general, with 6000 harassed and dispirited men, the remains of a great and victorious army, took refuge in Barcelona; almost the only place in Spain which recognized the authority of Charles.

Philip was now much safer at Madrid than his grandfather at Paris. All hope of conquering Spain in Spain was at an end. But, in other quarters the house of Bourbon was reduced to the last extremity. The French armies had undergone a series of defeats in Germany, in Italy, and in the Netherlands. An immense force, flushed with victory, and commanded by the greatest generals of the age, was on the borders of France. Lewis had been forced to humble himself before the conquerors. He had even offered to abandon the cause of his grandson; and his offer had been rejected. But a great turn in affairs was approaching.

The English administration, which had commenced the war against the House of Bourbon, was an administration composed of Tories. But the war was a Whig war. It was the favourite scheme of William, the Whig King. Lewis had provoked it, by recognizing, as sovereign of England, a prince peculiarly hateful to the Whigs. It had placed England in a position of marked hostility to that power, from which alone the Pretender could expect efficient succour. It had joined England in the closest union to a Protestant and republican state;—a state which had assisted in bringing about the Revolution, and which was willing to guarantee the execution of the Act of Settlement. Marlborough and Godolphin found that they were more zealously supported by their old opponents than by their old associates. Those ministers who were zealous for the war were gradually converted to Whiggism. The rest dropped off, and were succeeded by Whigs. Cowper became chancellor. Sunderland, in spite of the very just antipathy of Anne, was made Secretary of State. On the death of the Prince of Denmark a more extensive change took place. Wharton became Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and Somers President of the Council. At length the administration was wholly in the hands of the Low Church party.

In the year 1710, a violent change took place. The Queen had always been a Tory at heart. Her religious feelings were all on the side of the Established Church. Her family feelings pleaded in favour of her exiled brother. Her interest disposed her to favour the zealots of prerogative. The affection which she felt for the Duchess of Marlborough, was the great security of the Whigs. That affection had at length turned to deadly aversion. While the great party which had long swayed the destinies of Europe, was undermined by bedchamber women at Saint James's, a violent storm gathered in the country. A foolish parson had preached a foolish sermon against the principles of the Revolution. The wisest members of the government were for letting the man alone. But Godolphin, inflamed with all the zeal of a new-made Whig, and exasperated by a nickname which was applied to him in this unfortunate discourse, insisted that the preacher should be impeached. The exhortations of the mild and sagacious Somers were disregarded. The impeachment was brought; the doctor was convicted; and the accusers were ruined. The clergy came to the rescue of the persecuted clergyman. The country gentlemen came to the rescue of the clergy. A display of Tory feelings, such as England had not witnessed since the closing years of Charles the Second's reign, appalled the ministers, and gave boldness to the Queen. She turned out the Whigs, called Harley and St. John to power, and

dissolved the Parliament. The elections went strongly against the late government. Stanhope, who had in his absence been put in nomination for Westminster, was defeated by a Tory candidate. The new Ministers, finding themselves masters of the new Parliament, were induced by the strongest motives to conclude a peace with France. The whole system of alliance in which the country was engaged was a Whig system. The general by whom the English armies had constantly been led to victory, and for whom it was impossible to find a substitute, was now, whatever he might formerly have been, a Whig general. If Marlborough were discarded, it was probable that some great disaster would follow. Yet, if he were to retain his command, every great action which he might perform would raise the credit of the party in opposition.

A peace was therefore concluded between England and the Princes of the House of Bourbon. Of that peace Lord Mahon speaks in terms of the severest reprehension. He is, indeed, an excellent Whig of the time of the first Lord Stanhope. "I cannot but pause for a moment," says he, "to observe how much the course of a century has inverted the meaning of our party nicknames,—how much a modern Tory resembles a Whig of Queen Anne's reign, and a Tory of Queen Anne's reign a modern Whig."

We grant one half of Lord Mahon's proposition: from the other half we altogether dissent. We allow that a modern Tory resembles, in many things, a Whig of Queen Anne's reign. It is natural that such should be the case. The worst things of one age or nation often resemble the best things of another. The livery of an English footman outshines the royal robes of King Pomarre. A modern shopkeeper's house is as well furnished as the house of a considerable merchant in Anne's reign. Very plain people now wear finer cloth than Beau Fielding or Beau Edgeworth could have procured in Queen Anne's reign. We would rather trust to the apothecary of a modern village than to the physician of a large town in Anne's reign. A modern boarding-school miss could tell the most learned Professor of Anne's reign some things in geography, astronomy, and chemistry, which would surprise him.

The science of government is an experimental science: and therefore it is, like all other experimental sciences, a progressive science. Lord Mahon would have been a very good Whig in the days of Harley. But Harley, whom Lord Mahon censures so severely, was very Whiggish when compared even with Clarendon; and Clarendon was quite a democrat when compared with Lord Burleigh. If Lord Mahon lives, as we hope he will, fifty years longer, we have no doubt that, as he now boasts of the resemblance which the Tories of our time bear to the Whigs of the Revolution, he will then boast of the resemblance borne by the Tories of 1882, to those immortal patriots, the Whigs of the Reform Bill.

Society, we believe, is constantly advancing in knowledge. The tail is now where the head was some generations ago. But the head and the tail still keep their distance. A nurse of this century is as wise as a justice of the quorum and cust-alorum in Shallow's time. The wooden spoon of this year would puzzle a senior wrangler of the reign of George the Second. A boy from the National School reads and spells better than half the knights of the shire in

the October Club. But there is still as wide a difference as ever between justices and nurses, senior wranglers and wooden spoons, members of Parliament and children at charity schools. In the same way, though a Tory may now be very like what a Whig was 120 years ago, the Whig is as much in advance of the Tory as ever. The stag, in the Treatise on the Bathos, who "feared his hind feet would o'ertake the fore," was not more mistaken than Lord Mahon, if he thinks that he has really come up with the Whigs. The absolute position of the parties has been altered; the relative position remains unchanged. Through the whole of that great movement, which began before these party-names existed, and which will continue after they have become obsolete—through the whole of that great movement, of which the Charter of John, the institution of the House of Commons, the extinction of Villanage, the separation from the See of Rome, the expulsion of the Stuarts, the reform of the Representative System, are successive stages,—there have been, under some name or other, two sets of men;—those who were before their age, and those who were behind it—those who were the wisest among their contemporaries, and those who gloried in being no wiser than their great-grandfathers. It is delightful to think, that in due time the last of those who straggle in the rear of the great march, will occupy the place now occupied by the advanced guard. The Tory Parliament of 1710 would have passed for a most liberal Parliament in the days of Elizabeth; and there are few members of the Conservative Club who would not have been fully qualified to sit with Halifax and Somers at the Kit-cat.

Though, therefore, we admit that a modern Tory bears some resemblance to a Whig of Queen Anne's reign, we can by no means admit that a Tory of Anne's reign resembled a modern Whig. Have the modern Whigs passed laws for the purpose of closing the entrance of the House of Commons against the new interests created by trade? Do the modern Whigs hold the doctrine of divine right? Have the modern Whigs laboured to exclude all dissenters from office and power? The modern Whigs are, indeed, like the Tories of 1712, desirous of peace, and of close union with France. But is there no difference between the France of 1712 and the France of 1832? Is France now the stronghold of the "Popish tyranny" and the "arbitrary power" against which our ancestors fought and prayed? Lord Mahon will find, we think, that his parallel is, in all essential circumstances, as incorrect as that which Fluellen drew between Macedon and Monmouth; or as that which an ingenious Tory lately discovered between Archbishop Williams and Archbishop Vernon.

We agree with Lord Mahon in thinking highly of the Whigs of Queen Anne's reign. But that part of their conduct which he selects for especial praise, is precisely the part which we think most objectionable. We revere them as the great champions of political and of intellectual liberty. It is true, that, when raised to power, they were not exempt from the faults which power naturally engenders. It is true, that they were men born in the seventeenth century, and that they were therefore ignorant of many truths which are familiar to the men of the nineteenth century. But they were, what the reformers of the Church were before them, and what the reformers of the

House of Commons have been since,—the leaders of their species in a right direction. It is true, that they did not allow to political discussion that latitude which to us appears reasonable and safe; but to them we owe the removal of the Censorship. It is true, that they did not carry the principles of religious liberty to its full extent; but to them we owe the Toleration Act.

Though, however, we think that the Whigs of Anne's reign were, as a body, far superior in wisdom and public virtue to their contemporaries the Tories, we by no means hold ourselves bound to defend all the measures of our favourite party. A life of action, if it is to be useful, must be a life of compromise. But speculation admits of no compromise. A public man is often under the necessity of consenting to measures which he dislikes; lest he should endanger the success of measures which he thinks of vital importance. But the historian lies under no such necessity. On the contrary, it is one of his most sacred duties to point out clearly the errors of those whose general conduct he admires.

It seems to us, then, that on the great question which divided England during the last four years of Anne's reign, the Tories were in the right, and the Whigs in the wrong. That question was,—Whether England ought to conclude peace without exacting from Philip a resignation of the Spanish crown?

No Parliamentary struggle, from the time of the Exclusion Bill to the time of the Reform Bill, has been so violent as that which took place between the authors of the Treaty of Utrecht and the War Party. The Commons were for peace; the Lords were for vigorous hostilities. The Queen was compelled to choose which of her two highest prerogatives she would exercise,—whether she would create Peers, or dissolve the Parliament. The ties of party superseded the ties of neighbourhood and of blood; the members of the hostile factions would scarcely speak to each other, or bow to each other; the women appeared at the theatres bearing the badges of their political sect. The schism extended to the most remote counties of England. Talents, such as had never before been displayed in political controversy, were enlisted in the service of the hostile parties. On the one side was Steele, gay, lively, drunk with animal spirits, and with factious animosity; and Addison, with his polished satire, his inexhaustible fertility of fancy, and his graceful simplicity of style. In the front of the opposite ranks appeared a darker and fiercer spirit,—the apostate politician, the ribald priest, the perjured lover,—a heart burning with hatred against the whole human race,—a mind richly stored with images from the dung-hill and the lazaret-house. The ministers triumphed, and the peace was concluded. Then came the reaction. A new sovereign ascended the throne. The Whigs enjoyed the confidence of the King and of the Parliament. The unjust severity with which the Tories had treated Marlborough and Walpole, was more than retaliated. Harley and Prior were thrown into prison; Bolingbroke and Ormond were compelled to take refuge in a foreign land. The wounds inflicted in this desperate conflict continued to rankle for many years. It was long before the members of either party could discuss the question of the peace of Utrecht with calmness and impartiality. That the Whig Ministers had sold us to the Dutch; that the Tory Ministers had sold us to the French;

that the war had been carried on only to fill the pockets of Marlborough; that the peace had been concluded only to facilitate the bringing over the Pretender;—these imputations, and many others, utterly unfounded, or grossly exaggerated, were hurled backward and forward by the political disputants of the last century. In our time the question may be discussed without irritation. We will state, as concisely as possible, the reasons which have led us to the conclusion at which we have arrived.

The dangers which were to be apprehended from the Peace were two: First, the danger that Philip might be induced, by feelings of private affection, to act in strict concert with the elder branch of his house—to favour the French trade at the expense of England—and to side with the French government in future wars; secondly, the danger that the posterity of the Duke of Burgundy might become extinct—that Philip might become heir by blood to the French crown—and that thus two great monarchies might be united under one sovereign.

The first danger appears to us altogether chimerical. Family affection has seldom produced much effect on the policy of princes. The state of Europe at the time of the peace of Utrecht, proved, that in politics the ties of interest are much stronger than those of consanguinity. The Elector of Bavaria had been driven from his dominions by his father-in-law; Victor Amadeus was in arms against his sons-in-law; Anne was seated on a throne from which she had assisted to push a most indulgent father. It is true that Philip had been accustomed from childhood to regard his grandfather with profound veneration. It was probable, therefore, that the influence of Lewis at Madrid would be very great; but Lewis was more than seventy years old; he could not live long; his heir was an infant in the cradle. There was surely no reason to think that the policy of the King of Spain would be swayed by his regard for a nephew whom he had never seen.

In fact, soon after the peace, the two branches of the House of Bourbon began to quarrel. A close alliance was formed between Philip and Charles, lately competitors for the Castilian crown. A Spanish princess, betrothed to the King of France, was sent back in the most insulting manner, to her native country; and a decree was put forth by the Court of Madrid, commanding every Frenchman to leave Spain. It is true that, fifty years after the peace of Utrecht, an alliance of peculiar strictness was formed between the French and Spanish governments. But it is certain that both governments were actuated on that occasion, not by domestic affection, but by common interests and common enmities. Their compact, though called the Family Compact, was as purely a political compact as the league of Cambrai, or the league of Pilnitz.

The second danger was, that Philip might have succeeded to the crown of his native country. This did not happen. But it might have happened; and at one time it seemed very likely to happen. A sickly child alone stood between the King of Spain and the heritage of Lewis the Fourteenth. Philip, it is true, solemnly renounced his claims to the French Crown. But the manner in which he had obtained possession of the Spanish crown, had lately proved the inefficacy of such renunciations. The French lawyers declared the renunciation null, as being in-

consistent with the fundamental law of the monarchy. The French people would probably have sided with him whom they would have considered as the rightful heir. Saint Simon, though much less the slave of prejudice than most of his countrymen, and though strongly attached to the Regent, declared, in the presence of that Prince, that he never would support the claims of the House of Orleans against those of the King of Spain. "If such," he said, "be my feelings, what must be the feelings of others?" Bolingbroke, it is certain, was fully convinced, that the renunciation was worth no more than the paper on which it was written; and demanded it only for the purpose of blinding the English Parliament and people.

Yet, though it was at one time probable that the posterity of the Duke of Burgundy would become extinct, and though it is almost certain that if the posterity of the Duke of Burgundy had become extinct, Philip would have successfully preferred his claim to the crown of France, we still defend the principle of the Treaty of Utrecht. In the first place, Charles had, soon after the battle of Villa-Viciosa, inherited, by the death of his elder brother, all the dominions of the House of Austria. It might be argued, that if to these dominions he had added the whole monarchy of Spain, the Balance of Power would be seriously endangered. The union of the Austrian dominions and Spain would not, it is true, have been so alarming an event as the union of France and Spain. But Charles was actually Emperor. Philip was not, and never might be, King of France. The certainty of the less evil might well be set against the chance of the greater evil.

But, in fact, we do not believe that Spain would long have remained under the government either of the Emperor, or of the King of France. The character of the Spanish people was a better security to the nations of Europe than any will, any instrument of renunciation, or any treaty. The same energy which the people of Castile had put forth when Madrid was occupied by the Allied armies, they would have again put forth as soon as it appeared that their country was about to become a province of France. Though they were no longer masters abroad, they were by no means disposed to see foreigners set over them at home. If Philip had become King of France, and had attempted to govern Spain by mandates from Versailles, a second Grand Alliance would easily have effected what the first had failed to accomplish. The Spanish nation would have rallied against him as zealously as it had before rallied round him. And of this he seems to have been fully aware. For many years the favourite hope of his heart was, that he might ascend the throne of his grandfather; but he seems never to have thought it possible that he could reign at once in the country of his adoption, and in the country of his birth.

These were the dangers of the peace; and they seem to us to be of no very formidable kind. Against these dangers are to be set off the evils of war and the risk of failure. The evils of the war,—the waste of life, the suspension of trade, the expenditure of wealth, the accumulation of debt,—require no illustration. The chances of failure it is difficult at this distance of time to calculate with accuracy. But we think that an estimate approximating to the truth, may, without much difficulty, be formed. The Allies had been victorious in Germany, Italy, and Flanders.

It was by no means improbable that they might fight their way into the very heart of France. But at no time since the commencement of the war had their prospects been so dark in that country, which was the very object of the struggle. In Spain they held only a few square leagues. The temper of the great majority of the nation was decidedly hostile to them. If they had persisted,—if they had obtained success equal to their highest expectations,—if they had gained a series of victories as splendid as those of Blenheim and Ramilies,—if Paris had fallen,—if Lewis had been a prisoner,—we still doubt whether they would have accomplished their object. They would still have had to carry on interminable hostilities against the whole population of a country which affords peculiar facilities to irregular warfare; and in which invading armies suffer more from famine than from the sword.

We are, therefore, for the peace of Utrecht. It is true, that we by no means admire the statesmen who concluded that peace. Harley, we believe, was a solemn trifler,—St. John a brilliant knave. The great body of their followers consisted of the country clergy and the country gentry;—two classes of men who were then immeasurably inferior in respectability and intelligence to decent shopkeepers or farmers of our time. Parson Barnabas, Parson Trulliber, Sir Wilful Witwoud, Sir Francis Wronghead, Squire Western, Squire Sullen,—such were the people who composed the main strength of the Tory party for sixty years after the Revolution. It is true that the means by which the Tories came into power in 1710, were most disreputable. It is true, that the manner in which they used their power, was often unjust and cruel. It is true, that in order to bring about their favourite project of peace, they resorted to slander and deception, without the slightest scruple. It is true, that they passed off on the British nation a renunciation which they knew to be invalid. It is true, that they gave up the Catalans to the vengeance of Philip, in a manner inconsistent with humanity and national honour. But on the great question of Peace or War, we cannot but think that, though their motives may have been selfish and malevolent, their decision was beneficial to the state.

But we have already exceeded our limits. It remains only for us to bid Lord Mahon heartily farewell, and to assure him, that whatever dislike we may feel for his political opinions, we shall always meet him with pleasure on the neutral ground of literature.

From the London and Westminster Review.

Thoughts in the Cloister and the Crowd. Wix, New Bridge Street, Blackfriars. 1835. 12mo. pp. 111.

THERE are two kinds of wisdom: in the one, every age in which science flourishes surpasses, or ought to surpass, its predecessors; of the other, there is nearly an equal amount in all ages. The first is the wisdom which depends upon long chains of reasoning, a comprehensive survey of the whole of a great subject at once, or complicated and subtle processes of metaphysical analysis: this is properly philosophy: the

other is that acquired by experience of life, and a good use of the opportunities possessed by all who have mingled much with the world, or who have a large share of human nature in their own breasts. This unsystematic wisdom, drawn by acute minds in all periods of history from their personal experience, is properly termed the wisdom of ages; and every lettered age has left a portion of it upon record. It is nowhere more genuine than in the old fabulists, Æsop and others. The speeches in Thucydides are among the most remarkable specimens of it. Aristotle and Quintilian have worked up rich stores of it into their systematic writings; nor ought Horace's Satires, and especially his Epistles, to be forgotten. But the form in which this kind of wisdom most naturally embodies itself is that of aphorisms; and such, from the Proverbs of Solomon to our own day, is the shape it has oftenest assumed.

Some persons, who cannot be satisfied unless they have the forms of accurate knowledge as well as the substance, object to aphorisms because they are unsystematic. These objectors forget that to be unsystematic is of the essence of all truths which rest on specific experiment. A systematic treatise is the most natural form for delivering truths which grow out of one another; but truths, each of which rests upon its own independent evidence, may, we venture to think, be exhibited in the same unconnected state in which they were discovered. Philosophy may afterwards trace the connexion among these truths, detect the more general principles of which they are manifestations, and so systematize the whole. But we need not wait till this is done before we record them and act upon them. On the contrary, these detached truths are at once the materials and the tests of philosophy itself; since philosophy is not called in to prove them, but may very justly be required to account for them.

A more valid objection to aphorisms, as far as it goes, is, that they are very seldom exactly true; but then this, unfortunately, is an objection to all human knowledge. A proverb or an apophthegm—any proposition epigrammatically expressed—almost always goes more or less beyond the strict truth: the fact which it states is stated in a more unqualified manner than the truth warrants. But, when logicians have done their best to correct the proposition by just modifications and limitations, is the case much mended? Very little. Every really existing Thing is a compound of such innumerable properties, and has such an infinity of relations with all other things in the universe, that almost every law to which it appears to us to be subject is liable to be set aside, or frustrated, either by some other law of the same object or by the laws of some other object which interferes with it: and as no one can possibly foresee or grasp all these contingencies, much less express them in such an imperfect language as that of words, no one need flatter himself that he can lay down propositions sufficiently specific to be available for practice, which he may afterwards apply mechanically without any exercise of thought. It is given to no human being to stereotype a set of truths, and walk safely by their guidance with his mind's eye closed. Let us envelope our proposition with what exceptions and qualifications we may, fresh exceptions will turn up, and fresh qualifications be found necessary, the moment any one attempts to act upon it. Not aphorisms, therefore, alone,

but all general propositions whatever, require to be taken with a large allowance for inaccuracy; and, we may venture to add, this allowance is much more likely to be made when, the proposition being avowedly presented without any limitations, every one must see that he is left to make the limitations for himself.

If aphorisms were less likely than systems to have truth in them, it would be difficult to account for the fact that almost all books of aphorisms which have ever acquired a reputation, have retained it; and, we apprehend, have generally deserved to retain it; while, how wofully the reverse is the case with systems of philosophy no student is ignorant. One reason for this difference may be, that books of aphorisms are seldom written but by persons of genius. There are, indeed, to be found books like Mr. Colton's "Lacon"—centos of trite truisms and trite falsisms pinched into epigrams. But, on the whole, he who draws his thoughts (as Coleridge says) from a cistern, and not from a spring, will generally be more sparing of them than to give ten ideas in a page instead of ten pages to an idea. And where there is originality in aphorisms there is generally truth, or a bold approach to some truth which really lies beneath. A scientific system is often spun out of a few original assumptions, without any intercourse with nature at all; but he who has generalized copiously and variously from actual experience, must have thrown aside so many of his first observations as he went on, that the residuum can hardly be altogether worthless.

Of books of aphorisms, written by men of genius, the "Pensées" of Pascal is, perhaps, the least valuable in comparison with its reputation; but even this, in so far as it is aphoristic, is acute and profound: it fails, where it is perverted by the author's systematic views on religion. La Rochefoucault, again, has been inveighed against as a "libeller of human nature," &c., merely from not understanding his drift. His "Maxims" are a series of delineations, by a most penetrating observer, of the workings of habitual selfishness in the human breast; and they are true to the letter, of all thoroughly selfish persons, and of all persons whatever in proportion as they are selfish. A man of a warmer sympathy with mankind would, indeed, have enunciated his propositions in less sweeping terms; not that there was any fear of leading the world into the mistake that there was neither virtue nor feeling in it; but because a generous spirit could not have borne to chain itself down to the contemplation of littleness and meanness, unless for the express purpose of showing to others against what degrading influences, and in what an ungenial atmosphere it was possible to maintain elevation of feeling and nobleness of conduct. The error of La Rochefoucault has been avoided by Chamfort, the more high-minded and more philosophic La Rochefoucault of the eighteenth century. In his posthumous work, the "Pensées, Maximes, Caractères, et Anecdotes" (a book which, to its other merits, adds that of being one of the best collections of *bons mots* in existence,) he lays open the basest parts of vulgar human nature, with as keen an instrument and as unshrinking a hand as his precursor; but not with that cool indifference of manner, like a man who is only thinking of saying clever things; he does it with the concentrated bitterness of one whose own life has been made valueless to him by having his lot cast among these basenesses, and

whose sole consolation is in the thought that human nature is not the wretched thing it appears, and that, in better circumstances, it will produce better things. Nor does he ever leave his reader, for long together, without being reminded, that he is speaking, not of what might be, but of what now is.

Much might here be said of Burke, whose *propria* are the best, if not the only valuable part of his writings; of Goethe, and Bacon, the greatest masters, perhaps, of aphoristic wisdom upon record. But we must abridge. Let us turn rather to the fact that our own age and nation have given birth to some not contemptible productions of the same kind,* and that one of these lies before us, some specimens of which will be interesting to our readers.

This little volume, entitled "Thoughts in the Cloister and the Crowd," is a work of extraordinary promise, if, as we have heard, and as there is some internal evidence, it is the production of a young man who has just left the university. All the indications of a thoughtful, and, on every matter to which it has yet turned its attention, really original mind are here. The "Thoughts" are really thoughts: that is, they are drawn from things, and not from books or tradi-

* Among the best of them is a book in two small volumes, intitled "Guesses at Truth, by two Brothers," one of the brothers being understood to be the Rev. Julius Hare. The book is strongly religious, and in its views of religion there is much that seems to us questionable, but much also that is admirable, while it abounds with thoughts which could have proceeded from no ordinary mind. "The Statesman," by Mr. Henry Taylor; the author of "Philip Van Artevelde," may also be classed among books of aphorisms. Accident alone prevented us from reviewing this work immediately on its appearance; and although it will have lost somewhat of the gloss of novelty before we can now fulfil our intention, it contains so many just and profound observations applicable to all times, and so many important criticisms and suggestions peculiarly deserving the attention of practical reformers at the present time, that we shall return to it at the very earliest opportunity. The unpublished writings of Mr. Coleridge must contain much valuable matter of an aphoristic kind. The two volumes published by his nephew, as specimens of his "Table Talk," excited our expectations highly, and disappointed them utterly. It is the first thoroughly bad book which ever appeared under Mr. Coleridge's name. In the whole two volumes there are not more than two or three thoughts above common-place, and many which are greatly below it: he dogmatizes with the most unbounded confidence on subjects which it is evident that he never took the trouble to study, and his blunders are not only such as would have been impossible with the most ordinary knowledge of what had previously been thought and written, but are often such as, if they had come from any but one of the subtlest intellects of this or of any age, would have appeared conclusive proofs of positive obtuseness of understanding. It is pitiable to find a man of Mr. Coleridge's genius uttering on population, taxes, and many other topics, stuff which was barely pardonable in any thinking person forty years ago, and which is now below the average knowledge and intellect of the commonest hacks of the press. The two volumes of "Letters and Recollections," published by Moxon, are much better. The "Literary Remains," which are now in course of publication, we have not yet seen.

tion; and this is no less evident in the author's failures than in his successes. Whether he shoots over the heads of his predecessors, or timidly throws out some small fragment of a truth which others before him have seen in all its plenitude, in either case it is because he speaks what he himself has felt or observed, and stops where that stops. We have spoken of failure; but these are far from numerous. The book contains one hundred and sixty-four maxims; among which are five or six decidedly false, or questionable, and fifty or sixty truths which have been as well or better said before. The remainder are a real addition to the world's stock of just thoughts happily expressed: and some of these may be ranked with the best things of the best satirists, while others give evidence of a soul far above that of any satirist—far too habitually intent upon its own ideal standard to bestow any other than an incidental notice upon the shortcomings of others.

We cannot better commence our quotations than with one which is in the very spirit of La Rochefoucauld, and might be prefixed as a motto to every book containing novelties in thought:—

"Few will at first be pleased with those thoughts which are entirely new to them, and which, if true, they feel to be truths which they should never have discovered for themselves.

"Perhaps if the power of becoming beautiful were granted to the ugliest of mankind, he would only wish to be so changed, that when changed, he might be considered a very handsome likeness of his former self."—p. 110.

We quote those which follow, not as the best, but as being in a similar vein:—

"It is an error to suppose that no man understands his own character. Most persons know even their failings very well, only they persist in giving them names different from those usually assigned by the rest of the world; and they compensate for this mistake by naming, at first sight, with singular accuracy, these very same failings in others."—p. 48.

"You cannot insure the gratitude of others for a favour conferred on them in the way which is most agreeable to yourself."—p. 77.

"Some are contented to wear the mask of foolishness in order to carry on their vicious schemes; and not a few are willing to shelter their folly behind the respectability of downright vice."—p. 69.

"You may be forgiven for an injury which, when made known to the world, will render you alone the object of its ridicule."—p. 99.

"The world will tolerate many vices, but not their diminutives."—p. 62.

"Men love to contradict their general character. Thus a man is of a gloomy and suspicious temperament, is deemed by all morose, and ere long finds out the general opinion. He then suddenly deviates into some occasional acts of courtesy. Why? Not because he ought, not because his nature is changed; but because he dislikes being thoroughly understood. He will not be the thing whose behaviour on any occasion the most careless prophet can with certainty foretell."—p. 49.

* Mr. Taylor, in his "Statesman," notes the same fact, and accounts for it differently; both explanations being correct. "In our judgment of men, we are to beware of giving any great importance to occasional

The following is an observation of very great reach and importance:—

"It would often be as well to condemn a man unheard, as to condemn him upon the reasons which he openly avows for any course of action."—p. 9.

The explanation of this is to be found in another maxim of our author:—

"The reasons which any man offers to you for his own conduct betray his opinion of *your* character."—p. 75.

How true! how obvious! yet how seldom adverted to, and, we think, never written before. The reason which a man gives for his conduct is not that which he feels, but that which he thinks you are most likely to feel. It often requires less moral courage to do a noble action than to avow that it proceeds from a noble motive. They who act on higher motives than the multitude, suffer their conduct to be imputed to their personal position, to their friends, to their humour, even to some object of personal advancement—to anything, in short, that will not involve a reproach to others for not doing the like. They would rather the mean should think them as mean as themselves, than incur the odium of setting up to be better than their neighbours, or the danger of giving others any cause to infer that they despise them.

The two which follow are in a vein of thought somewhat similar:—

"If you are very often deceived by those around you, you may be sure that you deserve to be deceived; and that, instead of railing at the general falseness of mankind, you have first to pronounce judgment on your own jealous tyranny, or on your own weak credulity. *Those only who can bear the truth will hear it.*"—p. 76.

And again:—

"We often err by contemplating an individual solely in his relation and behaviour to us, and generalizing from that with more rapidity than wisdom. We might as well argue that the moon has no rotation about her axis, because the same hemisphere is always presented to our view."—p. 26.

There is nothing which persons oftener overlook, in judging of the characters of others, than that there are portions of those characters which possibly would never be shown to *them*. They think they know a person thoroughly, because they have seen and conversed with him under all varieties of circumstances. They *have* seen him under all circumstances, except that of their own absence.

The maxims we have hitherto quoted relate chiefly

acts. By acts of occasional virtue, weak men endeavour to redeem themselves in their own estimation, vain men to exalt themselves in that of mankind. It may be observed that there are no men more worthless and selfish in the general tenor of their lives than some who from time to time perform feats of generosity. Sentimental selfishness will commonly vary its indulgences in this way, and vainglorious selfishness will break out with acts of munificence. But self-government and self-denial are not to be relied upon for any real strength, except in so far as they are found to be exercised in detail."—*The Statesman*, p. 20.

to our judgments of others; the following are to aid our self-judgment:—

"The world will find out that part of your character which concerns it: that which especially concerns yourself it will leave for you to discover."—p. 4.

"We talk of early prejudices, of the prejudices of religion, of position, of education; but in truth we only mean the prejudices of others. . . . In a quarrel between two friends, if one of them, even the injured one, were, in the retirement of his chamber, to consider himself as the hired advocate of the other at the court of wronged friendship,—and were to omit all the facts which told in his own favour, to exaggerate all that could possibly be said against himself, and to conjure up from his imagination a few circumstances of the same tendency,—he might with little effort make a good case for his former friend. Let him be assured that, whatever the most skilful advocate could say, his poor friend really believes and feels; and then, instead of wondering at the insolence of such a traitor walking about in open day, he will pity his friend's delusion, have some gentle misgivings as to the exact propriety of his own conduct, and perhaps sue for an immediate reconciliation."—p. 23.

The following is true and ingeniously expressed:—

"It must be a very weary day to the youth when he first discovers that after all he will only become a man."—p. 78.

The next is one which many will not understand, but which all who do understand will recognise the truth of: we have never met with it before:—

"We have some respect for one who, if he tramples on the feelings of others, tramples on his own with equal apparent indifference."—p. 50.

We know not if the state of mind of the common herd, on subjects of speculation, was ever more happily characterized than in the following observation:—

"The unfortunate *Ladurlad* did not desire the sleep that for ever fled his weary eyelids with more earnestness than most people seek the *deep slumber of a decided opinion*."—p. 2.

It is, too truly, so: the motive which induces most people to wish for certainty is the uneasiness of doubt; that uneasiness removed, they turn on their pillow and go to sleep: as if truths were meant to be assented to, but not acted upon. We think the having attained a truth should be the signal for rousing one-self, and not for sleeping; unless it be a reason for renouncing your voyage that you have just acquired a compass to steer by. Nor is the fact of having arrived at a "decided opinion," even though it be a true one, any reason for not thinking more on the subject; otherwise the time will soon come when, instead of knowing the truth, you will only remember that you have known it, and continue believing it on your own authority: which is nearly as pernicious a form of taking upon trust as if you believed it on the authority of popes or councils.

The next, though stated too universally, is both ingenious and just:—

"When your friend is suffering under great affliction, either be entirely silent, or offer none but the most common topics of consolation: for, in the first place, they are the best; and also from their common-

ness they are easily understood. Extreme grief will not pay attention to any new thing."—p. 34.

The following is a genuinely poetical thought expressed in fine prose:—

"The Pyramids!—what a lesson to those who desire a name in the world does the fate of these restless, brick-piling monarchs afford! Their names are not known, and the only hope for them is, that, by the labours of some cruelly industrious antiquarian, they may at last become more definite objects of contempt."—p. 22.

The following are not new, but they are truths which cannot be too often repeated:—

"The business of the head is to form a good heart, and not merely to rule an evil one, as is generally imagined."—p. 2.

"The noblest works, like the temple of Solomon, are brought to perfection in silence."—p. 46.

This is especially true of ideas. A great idea always dawns upon the intellect by degrees, and is seen confusedly for a long period, during which the attempt to seize it and fix it in words would merely disturb the process by which the different rays of light are gradually made to converge, until at last the truth flashes upon the mind's eye a completed image. But if there be one thing, more than another, which is brought to perfection in silence, it is a fine character; for first, no one who talks much has time, or is likely to have a taste, for solitary reflection; and next, it is impossible that those who habitually give out their most cherished feelings to all comers, can permanently maintain a tone of feeling much above what is prevalent among those by whom they are surrounded.

"There are some books which we at first reject, because we have neither felt, nor seen, nor thought, nor suffered enough to understand and appreciate them. Perhaps '*The Excursion*' is one of these."—p. 69.

When our author has lived longer, he will be able to give still more pregnant instances than that of "*The Excursion*." His remark is true of all books, whether of poetry, philosophy, or fictitious narrative, the matter of which is drawn from the personal experiences of the finer natures or the profounder intellects.

There are occasional lapses in this volume, obviously the effect of inexperience. Thus the author has persuaded himself, Heaven knows how, that "the love of being considered well read is one of the most fatal of all the follies which subdue the present generation" (p. 51); and thereupon he says, very truly and profitably, that what we are the better for is not what we have read, but what we have assimilated; and that "those who are much engaged in acquiring knowledge, will not always have time for deep thought or intense feeling." (p. 49.) For our part, we are heartily glad to hear that there are some circles in which the "love of being considered well read" is still the besetting sin; we, unless to run through newspapers and Guides to Knowledge and magazines and novels is to be well read, have not happened to fall in with many such people. There are so few well read persons in this generation (in this country we mean) that any charlatan who sets up for the character can get his pretensions admitted without question, no one having

depth enough of his own to fathom another person's shallowness. We are, thanks to our Church and our Universities, a most unlearned nation. Those "venerable institutions" have nearly rooted out learning from among us.

Besides these errors of inexperience, our author sometimes stops curiously short of some obvious inference from his own observations. Thus he notices, what has so often been noticed, the superiority of women over men in patient endurance, and dismisses the subject with an expression of idle wonder. The power of endurance in women is the faithful measure of how much they have to endure. If all dark-haired men were condemned by their organization to incessantly recurring physical suffering—and if, in addition to this, their very minutest act, and their very smallest enjoyment, required the consent, either express or tacit, of another, he on his part being under no reciprocity of that obligation—dark-haired men would soon be distinguished for the virtue of endurance; and doubtless, it would, ere long, be regarded as one of their natural gifts, as the virtue appropriate to their kind; and their capacity of patience would be thought ample justification for giving them much to be patient of.

We take leave of "Thoughts in the Cloister and the Crowd" with a feeling towards the author which we seldom entertain towards any of the young writers of this writing generation—namely, a full determination to read his next production, whatever it may be.

A.

From the Edinburgh Review.

LAMB'S LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE.

The Letters of Charles Lamb, with a Sketch of his Life.

By Thomas Noon Talfourd, one of his Executors.
2 vols. 12mo. London: 1837.

THIS is one of the most delightful additions to literary biography that has appeared since the publication of Hayley's "Life of Cowper." It is compiled with as much judgment as affection, (a combination equally wanted in both cases,) and is fortunately composed almost entirely from similar materials—private letters. Before proceeding farther, we shall take leave to premise a few words on the characteristic qualities of a good letter.

A correspondence is a conversation. The few rules which can be laid down with regard to either subject or style apply equally to both. Sir James Mackintosh was a great master of conversation; and the remarks suggested to him by the letters of Madame de Sevigné are universally true. "Letters must not be on a subject. Lady Mary Wortley's letters on her journeys to Constantinople, are an admirable book of travels, but they are not letters. A meeting to discuss a question of science is not conversation, nor are papers written to another, to inform or discuss, letters. Conversation is relaxation, not business, and must never appear to be occupation, nor must letters." . . .

"A moment of enthusiasm, a burst of feeling, a flash of eloquence, may be allowed; but the intercourse of society, either in conversation or in

letters, allows no more. Though interdicted from the long-continued use of elevated language, they are not without a resource. There is a part of language which is disdained by the pedant or the declaimer, and which both, if they knew its difficulty, would dread: it is formed of the most familiar phrases and turns in daily use by the generality of men, and is full of energy and vivacity, bearing upon it the mark of those keen feelings and strong passions from which it springs. It is the employment of such phrases which produce what may be called colloquial eloquence. Conversation and letters may be thus raised to any degree of animation, without departing from their character. To meet this despised part of language in a polished dress, and producing all the effects of wit and eloquence, is a constant source of agreeable surprise: this is increased when a few bolder and higher words are happily wrought into the texture of this familiar eloquence; to find what seems so unlike author-craft in a book, raises the pleasing astonishment to its highest degree."*

Accordingly, a record of the best conversations, and a collection of the best letters, must form a species of literature quite different from all others—different in subjects, different in style. The diversity is broad enough to produce and support talents and pleasures peculiar to itself. So infinite are the niceties which govern the operations of the human mind, that there are some men whose faculties appear to leave them on taking up a pen; others to become half inspired. Even in a case so similar as a conversation and a letter, there is no telling beforehand. Fox used to make Dr. Lawrence put on paper what he wanted to tell him,—saying, "I love to read your writing, I hate to hear you talk."

This species of literature is in a great measure new. With regard to conversations, we have only one cast that we know of, taken from the living countenance—the portrait of the Johnsonian circle by Boswell. The difficulty is so great of fixing or carrying away that kind of lights and shadows—so much of the dramatic effect depends on the voice and look and manner and occasion, all of which are, of course, lost on paper—that we do not wonder at the paucity of our specimens of the talk of even the most celebrated conversationalists. The specimens which we have are almost all too of one kind, the most portable class,—such as epigrams and pointed sayings. To judge by our comedies and novels, the skill required for inventing things—so slight, fresh, and natural, as successful conversation, is not much less rare than the power and opportunity of reporting them. With respect to private letters, few only can have any literary interest for the public; and of these, from many reasons, it is a small per centage which would, under any circumstances, ever see the light. But the truth is, that though we may suppose our ancestors to have conversed as much and as well as we do, they certainly corresponded less and worse: idle letters are modern luxuries; the last and kindest fruits of our present civilization. That they should be easily written and easily sent, were the conditions on which alone they could come into existence; and with these conditions neither antiquity nor the middle ages were able to comply. In the first place, but a certain proportion of

* *Memoirs of the Life of Sir James Mackintosh*, vol. ii. p. 216.

the ladies and gentlemen of those times had learned to write; in the next, writing materials so cumbersome as to make every letter a parchment parcel, and communications so precarious and expensive, that the epistolary bundle must probably have to wait for a courier or a caravan, were obstacles sadly in the way of a frequent communing between absent friends. Among the old English collections, scarcely an instance will be found of a letter to which it would not be ridiculous to think of applying Mackintosh's *criteria*. Scholars appear to greater disadvantage even than their plainer neighbours. The one wrote on business, and thought of nothing more. The others wrote as artists, and, adopting false views of the nature of their art, went elaborately and perversely wrong. So little were critics aware of the specific literary merit appropriate to writings of this description, that Bishop Sprat, the historian of the Royal Society, and a fair sample probably of the taste of his age, suppressed Cowley's familiar letters,—"the language of the heart,"—for the very reason which ought to have preserved them. Under the same traditional mistake, Pope wrote the things which he meant for letters, as little like real letters as his Homer is like the real Homer. It must surely be doing Pope great injustice to suppose that he would have talked to his friends in the way he wrote to them. Having no letters of Aspasia or Cornelia to turn to, we can say nothing of Greece or Rome. But the first good modern letters which any body knows of were written by women; and the best probably still are so. Women, saved from the pedantry of books, and cultivating the art of pleasing in the intercourse of society, were naturally the first to make the step. This consisted only in transferring to paper the graceful facility and freedom of their daily lives. The letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montague are as much superior to those of Pope, as are those of Madame de Sevigné to the letters of Voiture, Balzac, and St. Evremond. Letter-writers are now better acquainted with the proper use of the instrument at their disposal; and the lovers of this kind of reading must expect no further help than is to be found in extension of education, and facility of carriage—in the schoolmaster, Mr. Waghorn, and Mr. Rowland Hill. Every improvement in the Post-office will augment indefinitely the supply out of which this delightful supplement to modern literature must be derived. Our present state of society wants its realities to be confirmed, its individualities to be manifested, its domestic affections to be cherished. Towards all this, good letters in their several ways powerfully contribute.

The art of a fiction is tried in the skill with which its selections and combinations from real life are made. The more that works of imagination are multiplied, the more desirable is it that we should be able to check the artist by a further and more extensive acquaintance with the realities themselves. How few novels deal faithfully with life—especially with the staple passion, love. Letters open to us the exigencies of life, and the differences of character, in the most unstudied and incidental manner. By means of them our knowledge of life, as it actually exists, with all its hopes and fears and sympathies, is as much enlarged as in the most successful fictions; and, necessarily, with a stronger conviction of truth than any fiction, after we are ten years old, can possibly command. How varied too!—The conversation of no

two persons is exactly alike. No more will be their letters, upon the supposition that their letters are what we have said they ought to be—their conversation in another form. Of this we have excellent examples of our own. In Gray, we see the accomplished academic—notwithstanding all his scorn of the University, gowned and formal still. In Walpole, all the malicious grace, with most of the weaknesses and vices of the period, and the circle in which he had been formed. The letters of Lord Byron are the free and dashing outpourings of himself—the tide rising over the banks, and laying under water streets and corn-fields with equal indifference. Such as he was, he appears before us—a Don Juan of a higher order—to be loved and admired, pitied and despised. The revelations of Cowper and Lamb, like those of Madame de Sevigné, are not less characteristic, and are of a more endearing kind. They take us to the sunny side of human nature, and show us life in its most attractive aspects—the affectionate intercourse of devoted friends. While we read, the world without insensibly disappears. We see only in its stead some favoured spots, peopled by a happy race, with open arms and open hearts, who seem for the time to have little else to do, but to love and entertain, and somewhat spoil each other. The charm is so great that you are domesticated amongst them before you are aware;—have become one of them yourself; their interests your interests; their friends your friends. And, happy is the reader who may never have occasion to fall back with a melancholy satisfaction on the thought, that here at least, among the Grignons and the Unwins, he is possessed of friends of whom he is always sure, and whose genial confidences are of a kind not to be mistaken or withdrawn. Few books, we believe, have made more persons good and happy than the scenes opened in such letters. People, after living long in an atmosphere of affection, find they cannot comfortably breathe in any other; and many on coming back into the world, must have been tempted to try to realize anew within their own immediate circle its simplicity and power. Icebergs of one kind or another, are for ever drifting down from colder latitudes, to chill the region in which one lives. So that men need not fear lest they should be cockering and tendering themselves overmuch, although they are on the look-out for all expedients to keep the social warmth at its greatest height, or even to raise it a few degrees.

Whatever it should prove that literature may happen to get from letters, may be put down as pure gain. The spare moments employed in letter-writing are usually odds and ends of time, which would otherwise have been turned to no available account. Where more time has been given to it, it is probable that, without the motive communicated to the pen from the affections, the parties in question would never have been at the pains of clothing their thoughts and feelings in any permanent form whatever. Madame de Sevigné has written only letters. It may be doubted whether she could have written any thing else. Our two best letter-writers, Cowper and Lamb, always went about their other writings as much in the spirit of a letter as they could contrive. Their identity throughout—the way in which their personal attachments are ground into their very nature—is one of the great attractions and verities of their works. Every thing about them is in this sense so true. Mrs. Un-

win, Lady Hesketh, and Lady Austen were Cowper's muses. His verses were written to them, and for them, much more than for any other public. The same stream of thought and feeling will be perceived constantly rising up in his poetry and his letters. Lamb's verses are to the full as personal. It is almost their only merit. You must love him and his before you can like them. He dedicated them to his sister and Coleridge. They might have been supposed most of them originally composed with that object, or one very like it. Lamb's letters and essays are often identical in subject and even in expression. In these two last mentioned cases, the whole power and retinue of their minds waited upon their affections, and would come out at no other call. Like the dumb son of Cræsus, they seemed to find in the trials and necessities of the heart, a voice of which they were never before conscious, and which, perhaps, never before existed. This is one of the principal reasons why women excel in letter-writing. The extent to which their intellectual powers dwell in, and are developed by the affections, constitutes their characteristic weakness and characteristic strength. It is a feminine peculiarity, which applies more or less to many men besides Cowper and Lamb. A great proportion of the trimmers between the two sexes would probably be found among the letter-writers. For, on no occasion are the heart and understanding kept so tenderly and playfully near each other. This, we fear, will lead us to the easy solution of a problem which Lamb had provided for the philosophers, by observing, that a philosophical treatise is wanting, of the causes of the backwardness with which persons, after a certain time of life, set about writing a letter. We have heard of a sun-dial where the hours were told by the opening and shutting of particular flowers. A table framed according to the gradual development and gradual decay of our faculties, passions, and affections, might make a corresponding time-piece for human life. They come in and go out, it is true, at different periods with different persons. But the approximation to uniformity is sufficiently close to allow of an average being struck. If Cicero's picture of old age, was in every case, or in most cases, correct, there would be no difficulty in adopting the theory which supposes this world to be a furnace for forming our potter's clay into vessels of the best fashion that our respective clays can take. But, when advancing years so often appear "skilled to make crooked that which God made straight"—doing much worse things than stopping correspondences—even to the pulling down within, as much as without, what it had been the great object of youth and manhood to build up;—under these circumstances, truly we know not what to say. Thus much is clear. It behoves us all, as we get older, to summon to our rescue every means of appliance and counteraction in our power.

The department of literature in which our modern habit of letter-writing will work the greatest revolution, is biography. We shall know many characters in a different, and far more agreeable manner, than they could ever before be known. A life may be written by a stranger, by a friend, or by the party himself. Each plan has its advantage, according to the object principally in view. Scientific lives of men of science, to be good for any thing, must still be left in the hands of a man of science. Critical lives of poets, we conceive, also will have a better chance of being

useful and pleasing when written by a person who has a taste for poetry. On the other hand, where personal character and habits form the principal subject of interest, a stranger stands too far off. This is a case where we have no security for fidelity in the outline, and brightness in the colours, except in the knowledge and sympathy of a friend. Autobiography is only entitled to a preference, when the party has something to say concerning himself, by way of confession or explanation, of which no third person is cognizant, or can say as well. This will occur seldom; for writings are not biographies, for our present purpose, in which the personal narrative makes as small a part of the writer's reminiscences, as in the *Memoirs of Sully, De Retz, and St. Simon*. Works of this description are meant to be memoirs of "their own times" as much as Burnet's. The authors propose to be nothing more than the central objects from which the light streams upon the surrounding figures that are grouped around them. Journals approach nearer to the point of view we are wanting; but it is accidentally, and by fits. The Journals of Evelyn and Pepys were kept as memoranda of as much of the gossip of the day as they thought they were likely to wish afterwards to recall. It is only because their interests were more domestic, that more of their own individuality gets out. Common personal diaries, which ought to be the very thing itself, turn out usually to be the worst of all. Striking entries will occasionally be met with. But on the whole, even when kept for the solemn purpose recommended by Foster in his recent Essay upon this subject, the most proper materials for "self-examination" are unprofitable and uninteresting to the public. The body, too, with its temporalities, its dinners and digestions, has a sad tendency to encroach upon its spiritual partner; and to furnish a record more suitable for the perusal of the medical man than the confessor, although it be the *Diary of a Land or a Johnson*. At best, it is but a minute portion of life, and a dry and severe one which is inscribed in this *livre noir*. For any man to take up the pen with the avowed object of giving the world an accurate picture of himself, is a very different and much more delicate affair. If the consciousness of sitting to another for one's portrait alters at once the whole air of almost every individual, the change is worse when one sits down professedly to one's self. So many difficulties are in the way of the prosperous execution of this experiment, that it is perhaps scarcely to be regretted that it has not been more frequently repeated. On the other hand, none of the objections apply to a free and unreserved correspondence. When continued throughout a life, it becomes as perfect, because as unconscious a representation as a reflection in a glass; or as the view which would be thrown open by putting a window in the breast.

Charles Lamb was of Lincolnshire extraction—was born in the Temple, A. D. 1775—brought up at Christ's Hospital—and, after working for five-and-thirty years in the India House, had ten years of leisure interposed between the Accountant's Office and the grave. He and his sister always lived together,—a pattern of the perfect union which Nature surely meant to make of that fortunate relationship. True Londoners, they never had the courage all this time to transplant their home further from London than the suburbs;—happy in a society, which Lamb's popu-

His
Matter
literatu
had a s
VOL.

larity rendered it difficult, after he was once found out, to keep within reasonable limits either as to numbers or to hours. In the mean time, his favourite reading lay chiefly amongst our old English authors; part of the fruits of which appeared in his "Selections from dramatists contemporary with Shakspeare." Some time sooner, however, at the premature age of twenty-two, he had already been induced to appear before the public in a volume of poetry. The pleasure of having his friends Coleridge and Lloyd for partners, and of surprising his sister with a dedication, was a temptation he could at no time of his life withstand. The following year he published "Rosalind Grey"—a story after the manner of Mackenzie. The comparative popularity of this story ought to have satisfied him that his vocation was not towards poetry. Coleridge himself, we suspect, would have willingly accepted a settlement of their affectionate account in some other shape than the subsequent dedication of his collected poems. At last, and at intervals, came out the "Essays of Elia,"—very remarkable compositions, which established his reputation on such good and lasting grounds, that nothing more can be wished or expected from the letters collected by Mr. Talfourd than that they should support it. This we think they do. They are composed with equal elegance. Where the ground gone over is the same, the letter sometimes is the better of the two. Compare, for example, the letter to Wordsworth in behalf of London, with the paper called the Londoner; and the letter to Coleridge, which grew afterwards into the Essay on "Roast-pig." Lamb says that he never kept a scrap of a letter. The similarity in these and other of his essays (for instance the "Superannuated Man,") and the resemblance by which he was so much struck himself, between two letters he wrote to Mr. Wilson, the biographer of Defoe, at the distance of fifteen years, prove at least the fidelity and unity of the impressions under which he wrote.

There are three classes of authors—the machines, the artists, and the mirrors of their own nature. Lamb was of the last. He was only a great writer when he wrote from himself; and this self of his was so impregnated with his affections, that, in that case, he could only write about the things and persons whom he loved. The real and the ideal, however, met in his nature on such equal terms, that whatever the first began the latter finished. His heart had no sooner set him to work, than a form like that of a capricious fairy was seen hovering near. His fancy took the story up,—played with it, twisted it, bedizened it, now fondled it, now mocked it,—and at last ushered it into the world, an apparent changeling, whose identity its nominal sponsor could verify only as Autolycus verified the ballads in his pack, by asking "Why it should be supposed that he carried lies about with him?" Homer speaks of two tuns near the throne of Jupiter, of both of which all must drink—one of pain, the other of pleasure. The readers of Lamb must equally drink of his double fountain of truth and falsehood; for they spring up and flow on so close together, that it is impossible to distinguish them.

His devotion to the real is every where manifest. Matter of fact was with him, in morals as well as literature, so necessary a point to start from, that he had a suspicion of benevolence on a larger scale than

that of single beggars;—hated Howards, societies, and the ostentation of relief,—and took an especial pride, he declares, at his brother having been turned out of a charitable institution for refusing to proceed to the only mode in which any thing useful could be done.

In acknowledging the present of "Roderick" from Southey, Lamb pleasantly touches on the difficulty which he always felt on being forced beyond the circle of his old associations. "It reminds me" (he says) "of the delight I took in the first reading of the 'Joan of Arc.' It is maturer and better than *that*, though not better to me now than that was then. It suits me better than *Madoc*. I am at home in Spain and Christendom. I have a timid imagination, I am afraid. I do not willingly admit of strange beliefs, or out-of-the-way creeds or places. I never read books of travels, at least not farther than Paris, or Rome. I can just endure Moors, because of their connexion as foes with Christians; but Abyssinians, Ethiops, Esquimaux, Dervises, and all that tribe, I hate. I believe I fear them in some manner. A Mahometan turban on the stage, though enveloping some well-known face (Mr. Cook or Mr. Maddox, whom I see another day good Christian and English waiters, innkeepers, &c.,) does not give me pleasure unalloyed. I am a Christian, Englishman, Londoner, *Templar*. God help me, when I come to put off these snug relations, and to get abroad into the world to come! I shall be like the *crow on the sand*, as Wordsworth has it; but I won't think on it; no need I hope yet." He had afterwards occasion to renew the notice of this peculiarity in a graver mood. He imagines that Southey had been alarmed by his "Essay on the New Year," in which he had described "the feelings of the merely natural man, on a consideration of the amazing change which is supposable to take place on our removal from this fleshly scene." Under this impression, he explained his meaning by an evident reference to his own case. "One man shall love his friends and his friends' faces; and, under the uncertainty of conversing with them again, in the same manner and familiar circumstances of sight, speech, &c., as upon earth—in a moment of irreverent weakness—for a dream-while—no more—would be almost content, for a reward of a life of virtue (if he could ascribe such acceptance to his lame performances,) to take up his portion with those he loved, and was made to love, in this good world, which he knows—which was created so lovely, beyond his deservings. Another, embracing a more exalted vision—so that he might receive indefinite additaments of power, knowledge, beauty, glory, &c.—is ready to forego the recognition of humbler individualities of earth, and the old familiar faces. The shapings of our heavens are the modifications of our constitution; and Mr. Feeble-Mind, or Mr. Great-Heart, is born in every one of us." It was by no means strange that he should feel this with respect to the "New Jerusalem;" for he felt it even in the New London and with new servants. "Town" (he writes two or three years before his death,) "with all my native hankering after it, is not what it was. The streets, the shops are left, but all old friends are gone. And in London I was frightfully convinced of this as I passed houses and places, empty caskets now. I have ceased to care almost about any body. The bodies I cared for are in graves, or dispersed. My old chums, that lived so long, and

flourished so steadily, are crumbled away. When I took leave of our adopted young friend at Charing Cross, 'twas a heavy unfeeling rain, and I had no where to go. Home have I none, and not a sympathizing house to turn to in the great city. Never did the waters of heaven pour down on a forlorn head. Yet I tried ten days at a sort of friend's house, but it was large and straggling,—one of the individuals of my old long knot of friends, card-players, pleasant companions, that have tumbled to pieces, into dust and other things; and I got home on Thursday, convinced that it was better to get home to my hole at Enfield, and hide like a sick cat in my corner. And to make me more alone, our ill-tempered maid is gone, who, with all her airs, was yet a home-piece of furniture, a record of better days; and the young thing that has succeeded her is good and attentive, but she is nothing. And I have no one here to talk over old matters with. *Scolding and quarrelling have something of familiarity, and a community of interest; they imply acquaintance; they are of one sentiment, which is of the family of dearness.* I can neither scold at nor quarrel at this insignificant implement of household services; she is less than a cat, and just better than a deal dresser."

This predilection for, and concentration in the scenes immediately around him, and even the books to which he had got accustomed, narrowed his literary pleasures. He stuck to Fielding and Smollett, and would not be at the trouble of embarrassing himself with the new plots and new faces provided for the world by Scott. Modern poetry met with the same ungracious reception, except when it came recommended to him by his partiality for the author. The disciple of the ancient faith, who dismisses Byron for the extravagance of his passions, and Shelley for the icy coldness of his imagination, must have proceeded, we may be sure, quite as summarily and absurdly with the poet of Kehama, had not friendship stopped his hand. Lamb's sympathies were more with the barn-door fowl than with the eagle; and it is evident that he preferred sauntering, as it were, about home with Bernard Barton, to venturing his tranquillity in more vertiginous and distant flights. Within this circle, it is true that he indemnified himself to the uttermost by the liberties he took with every domestic incident and familiar form. He turned them inside out, and idealized and made gentlefolks of them all. It was this double character which mystified strangers so. On his first acquaintance with Bernard Barton, he had to explain the levities to which the Quaker poet was not yet so used as his older friends, and to ruminate upon the fatality by which every thing he touched turned into a "lie." Long afterwards he replied in his usual style, when he was called upon to the rescue of Joseph Paice, the pink of "modern gallantry," from being marched off with Guy of Pimperl and his companions to the land of shadows. "The more my character comes to be known, the less my veracity will come to be suspected. Time every day clears up some suspected narrative of Herodotus, Bruce, and others of us great travellers. Why, that Joseph Paice was as real a person as Joseph Hume, and a great deal pleasanter. A careful observer of life, Bernard has no need to invent. Nature romances it for him." The habit Lamb had got into of putting a deep embroidery of foreign lace upon the homespun wool, which alone he admitted into his web, seems to

have given him a particular satisfaction in correspondences with another hemisphere. The germ of his Essay on "Distant Correspondents" was a letter to Mr. Baron Field, then a judge in New South Wales. There is no misunderstanding the chuckle of content with which he points out the amount of unavoidable falsehood which his letter must contain. "Why, half the truths I have sent you in this letter will become lies before they reach you, and some of the lies (which I have mixed for variety's sake, and to exercise your judgment in the finding of them out,) may be turned into sad realities before you shall be called upon to detect them. Such are the defects of going by different chronologies. Your now is not my now; and again, your then is not my then; but my now may be your then, and *vice versa*. Whose head is competent to these things? How does Mrs. Field get on in her geography? Does she know where she is by this time? I am not sometimes sure you are not in another planet; but then I don't like to ask Captain Burney, or any of those that know any thing about it, for fear of exposing my ignorance." One of the most remarkable examples of this combination of the real and the ideal, whose curiously twisted thread will guide us through much of the labyrinth of Lamb's singular humour, is a letter addressed by him to Manning while at Canton. It has perhaps more of what was peculiar in Lamb's cast of thought, than any thing of the same length which he has left us. On this account we will present it entire. The more so because Lamb's talking was of a kind that Mr. Talford has not been able to report a single sentence of it.

"Dear old friend and absentee,—This is Christmas-day, 1815, with us; what it may be with you I don't know, the 12th of June next year perhaps; and if it should be the consecrated season with you, I don't see how you can keep it. You have no turkeys; you would not desecrate the festival by offering up a withered Chinese bantam, instead of the savoury grand Norfolkian holocaust, that smokes all around my nostrils at this moment, from a thousand firesides? Then what puddings have you? Where will you get holly to stick in your churches, or churches to stick your dried tea-leaves (that must be the substitute) in? What memorials you can have of the holy time, I see not. A chopped missionary or two may keep up the thin idea of Lent and the wilderness; but what standing evidence have you of the Nativity? 'Tis our rosy-cheeked, homestalled divines, whose faces shine to the tune of Christmas; faces fragrant with the mince-pies of half a century, that alone can authenticate the cheerful mystery—I feel, I feel myself refreshed with the thought—my zeal is great against the unedified heathen. Down with the Pagodas—down with the idols—Ching-chong-fo—and his foolish priesthood! Come out of Babylon, O my friend! for her time is come, and the child that is native, and the proselyte of her gates, shall kindle and smoke together! And in sober sense what makes you so long from among us, Manning? You must not expect to see the same England again which you left. Empires have been overturned, crowns trodden into dust, the face of the western world quite changed: your friends have all got old—those you left blooming—myself (who am one of the few that remember you,) those golden hairs which you recollect my taking a pride in, turned to silvery and grey. Mary has been dead and buried many years—she desired to be buried in the silk gown you sent her. Rickman, that you re-

member active and strong, now walks out supported by a servant maid and a stick. Martin Burney is a very old man. The other day an aged woman knocked at my door, and pretended to my acquaintance; it was long before I had the most distant cognition of her; but at last together we made her out to be Louisa, the daughter of Mrs. Topham, formerly Mrs. Morton, who had been Mrs. Reynolds, formerly Mrs. Kenney, whose first husband was Holcroft the dramatic writer of the last century. St. Paul's Church is a heap of ruins; the Monument isn't half so high as you knew it, divers parts being successively taken down, which the ravages of time had rendered dangerous; the horse at Charing Cross is gone, no one knows whither,—and all this has taken place while you have been settling whether Ho-hing-tong should be spelt with a —, or a —. For aught I see you had almost as well remain where you are, and not come like a Struldbrug into a world where few were born when you went away. Scarce here and there one will be able to make out your face; all your opinions will be out of date, your jokes obsolete, your puns rejected with fastidiousness as wit of the last age. Your way of mathematics has already given way to a new method, which after all is I believe the old doctrine of Maclaurin, new vamped up with what he borrowed of the negative quantity of fluxions from Euler. Poor Godwin! I was passing his tomb the other day in Cripple-gate Church-yard. There are some verses upon it, written by Miss —, which if I thought good enough I would send you. He was one of those who would have hailed your return, not with boisterous shouts and clamours, but with the complacent gratulations of a philosopher anxious to promote knowledge as leading to happiness—but his systems and his theories are ten feet deep in Cripple-gate mould. Coleridge is just dead, having lived just long enough to close the eyes of Wordsworth, who paid the debt to nature but a week or two before—poor Col., but two days before he died, he wrote to a bookseller proposing an epic poem on the "Wanderings of Cain," in twenty-four books. It is said he has left behind him more than forty thousand treatises in criticism, metaphysics, and divinity, but few of them are in a state of completion. They are now destined, perhaps, to wrap up spices. You see what mutations the busy hand of time has produced, while you have consumed in foolish voluntary exile that time which might have gladdened your friends—benefited your country; but reproaches are useless. Gather up the wretched relics, my friend, as fast as you can, and come to your old home. I will rub my eyes and try to recognise you. We will shake withered hands together, and talk of old things—of St. Mary's Church and the barber's opposite, where the young students in mathematics used to assemble. Poor Crips that kept it afterwards set up a fruiterer's shop in Trumpington Street, and for aught I know resides there still, for I saw the name up in the last journey I took there with my sister just before she died. I suppose you heard that I had left the India House, and gone into the Fishmonger's almshouses over the bridge. I have a little cabin there, small and homely, but you shall be welcome to it. You like oysters, and to open them yourself; I'll get you some if you come in oyster-time. Marshall, Godwin's old friend, is still alive, and talks of the faces you used to make. Come as soon as you can."

In our scale of pleasures, those of the senses stand at a very different point according to the age and temperament of persons. They stood higher with Lamb than with most. Witness his letters to the "man of

many snipes;" the satisfaction with which his "curious and epicurean eye" travelled over the various contingencies of a Christmas table; his drolleries on the distinctive characters of brawn, frogs, roast-pig, and leveret; and the perilous pastime which his imagination found in going over the detail of either his own or other men's computations. The following postscript to a letter from his sister to Miss Wordsworth could come from nobody but Lamb. "Must I then leave you, gin, rum, brandy, aquavite,—pleasant jolly fellows! Hang temperance, and he that first invented it!—some anti-Noahite. C— has powdered his head, and looks like Bacchus—Bacchus ever sleek and young. He is going to turn sober, but his clock has not struck yet; mean-time he pours down goblet after goblet, the second to see where the first has gone, the third to see no harm happens to the second, a fourth to say there is another coming, and a fifth to say he is not sure he is the last." This *matériel* foundation being somewhat broadly laid, the affections were the only superstructure in which Lamb afterwards took much positive concern. It was through them that you must hope to excite his imagination or get at his understanding. With the rest of life he was amused as at the theatre, except that the delusions were not equally to his taste. They were ghosts which did not put on a form that he was called upon to challenge; clowns on whose unmetamorphosed backs he would not be at the trouble of laying his magic wand. It was in this sense that the old East India Accountant could tell Southey truly how unfit he felt for the realities of life. "When I can't sleep o' nights, I imagine a dialogue with Mr. H. upon any given subject, and go prising on in fancy with him, till I either laugh or fall asleep. I have literally found it answered. I am going to stand godfather; I don't like the business; I cannot muster up decorum for these occasions; I shall certainly disgrace the font. I was at Hazlitt's marriage, and had like to have been turned out several times during the ceremony. Any thing awful makes me laugh. I misbehaved once at a funeral. Yet I can read about these ceremonies with pious and proper feelings. The realities of life only seem the mockeries. I fear I must get cured along with Hartley, if not too inveterate." In fact, the theatre appears to have been with him a sort of half-way house, and to have occupied an intermediate space between the world of his own heart, with the green margin thereto attached, and the out-of-doors world at large, political, literary, or otherwise, which he studiously avoided. He would love the stage, too, for the cure performed there by Macready in "Rob Roy" upon poor Lloyd,—a cure as marvellous and complete as the best authenticated case of metallic tractors. We have never been surprised at what men of business naturally think the disproportioned importance attached to theatrical representations by almost all persons connected with a theatre; whether it be Goethe, or the humblest candle-snuffer. In Lamb's Essays, almost all the feelings of any depth, which do not grow up, as it were, on his own hearth, are his dramatic criticisms, or his joyous recollections of the stage and favourite actors. He mentions a little thing, printed anonymously, on the "religion of the actors." We wish it had been reprinted here. It might be out of Bernard Barton's way, as he says it was; yet perhaps might have been in ours. Lamb's reading had directed him to the drama. It was the part of our

literature with which he was best acquainted. Besides, it will be seen that the theatre was also in part endeared to him by the same associations which stamped upon the more substantial occupations and cares of life the only value that, in his opinion, they possessed.

The account which he gives of the first play at which he was present, will show the way in which he brought both worlds together. The impression was too vividly burnt in to fade with time. He never passed, he says, the pit entrance to Old Drury, or looked at a particular plate in Rowe's *Shakspeare*, without shaking some forty years from off his shoulders, and bringing back that memorable evening,—the evening of pleasures which since had never visited him, except in dreams. It is the very counterpart of his description of the influence produced on his after-life by the books and pictures of his childhood;—by his wanderings through Blakesmoor, with its gallery, its marble hall, and its twelve Cæsars;—and by the awe with which he watched the old benches of the Inner Temple, pacing their stately terrace, and puzzled over Mingay, with the iron hand, before he was old enough to reason whether it was the production of nature or of art. Lamb has endeared the theatre to us by carrying us there with him to another delightful domestic scene. It is one of the disadvantages of our northern climate that the greater part of our family and social pleasures are confined within four walls. The utmost open space they have to stretch themselves out in is a theatre and a church. In his *Dialogue*, entitled "*Old China*," Cousin Bridget is introduced feelingly expatiating on the melancholy discovery that, as they had got richer in money, they had got poorer in enjoyment.

"You are too proud," she continues, "to see a play any where now but in the pit. Do you remember where it was we used to sit, when we saw the *Battle of Hexham*, and the surrender of Calais, and Bannister and Mrs. Bland in the *Children in the Wood*—when we squeezed out our shillings a-piece to sit three or four times in a season in the one-shilling gallery—where you felt all the time that you ought not to have brought me—and more strongly I felt obligation to you for having brought me—and the pleasure was the better for a little shame—and when the curtain drew up, what cared we for our place in the house, or what mattered it where we were sitting, when our thoughts were with *Rosalind in Arden*, or with *Viola at the court of Illyria*? You used to say, that the gallery was the best place of all for enjoying a play socially—that the relish of such exhibitions must be in proportion to the infrequency of going—that the company we met there, not being in general readers of plays, were obliged to attend the more, and did attend, to what was going on, on the stage—because a word lost would have been a chasm, which it was impossible for them to fill up. With such reflections we consoled our pride then—and I appeal to you, whether, as a woman, I met generally with less attention and accommodation, than I have done since in more expensive situations in the house? The getting in, indeed, and the crowding up those inconvenient staircases, was bad enough; but there was still a law of civility to woman recognised to quite as great an extent as we ever found in the other passages—and how a little difficulty overcome heightened the snug seat, and the play afterwards! Now we can only pay our money and walk in. You cannot see, you say, in the galleries now. I am sure we saw, and heard too, well enough

then—but sight, and all, I think, is gone with our poverty."

In the same manner, the personal or local attachments of Lamb may be uniformly recognised by the flowers which his fancy, true to its object, however wayward in its course, has left behind. How beautifully he put into his life, as well as into his writings, the maxim of family affection—the corner-stone of every thing that is meant or that deserves to stand! The feeling breaks out in a letter of his early youth to Coleridge. What a noble return it would have been for whatever he might owe his poetical instructor, —all told ten times over,—if his friend had but profited by the lesson.

"I am wedded, Coleridge, to the fortunes of my sister and my poor old father. O! my friend, I think sometimes could I recall the days that are past, which among them should I choose? Not those 'merrier days,' not the 'pleasant days of hope,' not 'those wanderings with a fair-haired maid,' which I have so often and so feelingly regretted, but the days, Coleridge, of a mother's fondness for her schoolboy. What would I give to call her back to earth for one day, on my knees to ask her pardon for all those little asperities of temper which, from time to time, have given her gentle spirit pain; and the day, my friend, I trust, will come; there will be 'time enough' for kind offices of love, if 'Heaven's eternal year' be ours. Hereafter, her meek spirit shall not reproach me. O, my friend, cultivate the filial feelings! and let no man think himself released from the kind 'charities' of relationship; these shall give him peace at the last: these are the best foundation for every species of benevolence. I rejoice to hear, by certain channels, that you, my friend, are reconciled with all your relations. 'Tis the most kindly and natural species of love, and we have all the associated train of early feelings to secure its strength and perpetuity."

Lamb's words were facts. Years afterwards we meet with him mourning to Mr. Robinson over the death of Norris, the librarian of the Inner Temple, with all the tenderness of his youth. Why was it that he loved him so? It was because he had been his father's friend.

"Poor Norris has been lying dying for now almost a week; such is the penalty we pay for having enjoyed a strong constitution! Whether he knew me or not, I know not; or whether he saw me through his poor glazed eyes; but the group I saw about him I shall not forget. Upon the bed, or about it, were assembled his wife and two daughters, and poor deaf Richard, his son, looking doubly stupified. There they were, and seemed to have been sitting all the week. I could only reach out a hand to Mrs. Norris—speaking was impossible in that mute chamber. By this time I hope it is all over with him. In him I have a loss the world cannot make up. He was my friend, and my father's friend, all the life I can remember. I seem to have made foolish friendships ever since. Those are friendships which outlive a second generation. Old as I am waxing, in his eyes I was still the child he first knew me. To the last he called me Charley. I have none to call me Charley now. He was the last link that bound me to the Temple. You are but of yesterday. In him seem to have died the old plainness of manners and singleness of heart."

A man falls to pieces during a long life, and can

scarcely be said to retain his personal identity from youth to age, unless the crumbling elements of thought and feeling are kept together by steady and faithful *souvenirs*—the most generous of recollections. Thus he wrote to George Dyer to the last in Blue-Coat language: "I don't know how it is, but I keep my rank in fancy still since school-days. I can never forget I was a deputy-Grecian! And writing to you or to Coleridge, besides affection, I feel a reverential deference to Grecians still."

Under the influence of this home-bred sentiment, what striking pictures he has sketched of his several relations!—of their dwelling-places, their haunts, and habits; of the above-hill and below-hill feuds of Lincoln; of Mackeryend and the green lanes of pleasant Hertfordshire; of whist and Mrs. Battle, and the glories of Christ's Hospital, with glimpses of the University, dear to him for the sake of Manning, Lloyd, and Coleridge; or the decayed South Sea-House and its clerks, the veteran colleagues of his brother John. The direction of his literary tastes followed the like impulse. He vindicated Hogarth—Hogarth had amused his childhood. He writes in praise of Withers—Withers was a favourite with Southey. The preface to the "Last Essays of Elia" contains Lamb's own comical account of his peculiarities. In a letter, also, to Wordsworth, he goes into the history of his own mind; explaining how its angles seek out for corresponding angles, and how intimately his manifold friendships were all interwoven with each other: "Deaths overset one, and put one out long after the recent grief. Two or three have died within this last two twelvemonths, and so many parts of me have been numbed. One sees a picture, reads an anecdote, starts a casual fancy, and thinks to tell of it to this person in preference to every other: the person is gone whom it would have peculiarly suited. It won't do for another. Every departure destroys a class of sympathies. There's Captain Burney gone! What fun has whist now! what matters it what you lead, if you can no longer fancy him looking over you! One never hears any thing, but the image of the particular person occurs with whom alone almost you would care to share the intelligence—thus one distributes oneself about—and now for so many parts of me I have lost the market. Common natures do not suffice me. Good people, as they are called, won't serve. I want individuals. I am made up of queer points, and I want so many answering needles. The going away of friends does not make the remainder more precious. It takes so much from them as there was a common link. A, B, and C, make a party. A dies, B not only loses A, but all A's part in C. C loses A's part in B, and so the alphabet sickens by subtraction of interchangeables."

Lamb's life is not wanted as a commentary. His writings vouch the authentic sincerity of his affections by their simplicity, tenderness, and grace. The novelty and occasional quaintness of the expression only make the representation more individually and eminently true. With the instinct of Cervantes—"the father of gentle humour,"—he never exceeds or offends in the turn his pathos takes. The unimaginative may have as much good feeling as Lamb or Milton. But they are in grievous error if they conceive that it is from having more feeling instead of less imagination, that they cannot accompany the

devious wanderings of a playful or even a learned sorrow,

"And so to interpose a little ease,
Let their frail thoughts dally with false surmise."

What is, perhaps, even more remarkable, is the exquisite humanity and refinement which equally belongs to the passages of broadest humour. Sketches, designed with as much irony as Swift, and as much burlesque as Butler could put into them, are so far from a thought or word of coarseness, that one feels, as it were, afraid whilst looking at them, lest one's breath should stain the pure crystallization of which they seem composed. At the same time, the borders of the ideal, which Lamb loved to be always skirting, is a kind of debateable ground where it would be an imprudence for young and inexperienced wits to trespass long. It might prove equally dangerous to their principles and their taste. Lamb was a privileged person. He wore his cocks-comb and his bells with such gay unmalicious mirth, that his friends were too happy to enfeeble him, with free leave and license, to make, if he could, what is called "April fools" of them, the whole year through. He threw out characters from time to time on speculation;—sometimes false scents; sometimes real. His lying "life of Liston" set all the dramatic world a wondering; and the insipid wife of one of his friends, he says, looked cold on him; taking for granted a personality so feathered must have been aimed at her. Some of his inventions were gross enough for Falstaff. Like his puns,—we suppose, the worse the better. A marriage reported by Lamb would not have elicited congratulations from Mr. Baron Field; nor a law-case drawn up on no more new authority have extracted an answer from Barry Cornwall. He could not expect that Bernard Barton was to believe that booksellers really live on authors' flesh.

The ordinary position which Lamb takes up with regard to a matter of fact, is to be just so far from it as to let him look at it from any point, and see as much of it, or as little of it, as he chooses. He considers himself at liberty to throw the light and shade as suits his purpose; and the contrasts which he thus brings out at every touch, are the triumphs of his art. Lamb might safely be trusted with this power. Those whom he once had taken to were irremovably lodged for ever in his affections. He could afterwards neither think ill of them, nor quarrel with them, nor refine about them. He loved them, faults and all. At the same time he saw the faults and strangenesses as well as other people; and could, according to circumstances, with a few strokes of his graphic pen, exhibit them in picturesque relief. For instance, on Coleridge's setting off for Germany, Lamb sent him a series of *theological propositions*; one or two of which regarding honesty and practice, it must be allowed, are rather over-impudent; and such as we cannot wonder that the great master of what Lamb calls *Coleridgeising*, was disposed at first to take amiss. The propositions, with the letter addressed at the time by Lamb to Southey, will be found in the work before us, which, we presume, every body will read. Coleridge gave Mr. Cottle the original letter, with which Lamb had accompanied the propositions, observing, "these young visionaries" (meaning Lamb and Lloyd) "will do each other no good." It would be curious

to know what species of visionary Coleridge could help towards keeping right. As we cannot make the same presumption in favour of Mr. Cottle's work* as of Mr. Talfourd's, we shall give the letter here. It might have furnished Goethe with a hint for a third *dramatis personæ*, interposed between Mephistopheles and Wagner.

"Learned Sir, my friend,—Presuming on our long habits of friendship, and emboldened further by your late liberal permission to avail myself of your correspondence, in case I want any knowledge (which I intend to do, when I have no *Encyclopædix* or *Ladies' Magazine* at hand to refer to, in any matter of science,) I now submit to your inquiries the above theological propositions, to be by you defended or opugned (or both) in the schools of Germany, whither, I am told, you are departing to the utter dissatisfaction of your native Devonshire, and regret of universal England; but to my own individual consolation, if, through the channel of your wished return, learned Sir, my friend, may be transmitted to this our island, from those famous theological marts of Leipsic and Gottingen, any rays of illumination, in vain to be derived from the home growth of our English halls and colleges. Finally wishing, learned Sir, that you may see Schiller, and swing in a wood" (vide poems,) "and sit upon a tun, and eat fat hams of Westphalia, I remain your friend and docile pupil to instruct."

The greater part of all his letters to Coleridge are written in the same jesting tone, a little subdued. They chiefly relate to borrowing, lending, or sending books; and are full of ludicrous and sprightly mockings at the obscure and ponderous favourites of his friend, whose reading lay in regions so distant from his own. Lamb writes to Coleridge as he talked, secure of pleasing, whatever he might say, though he should come tumbling down, as through a skylight, upon the middle of one of Coleridge's grand and interminable harangues. Coleridge one day asked him, "Charles, did you ever hear me *preach*?" To which Lamb answered, "I never heard you do any thing else."

These discordant concords—these unions in partition—where, while some rays were absorbed, others were broken and reflected, afforded the happiest playground for Lamb's glancing mind. On this principle, when he was in the mood for his sauciest gibes against the country, and exuberantly rioting in his love of London, he must needs pick out Wordsworth for his Cockney confidant.

"Separate from the pleasure of your company, I don't now care if I never see a mountain in my life. I have passed all my days in London, until I have formed as many and intense local attachments as any of you mountaineers can have done with dead nature. The lighted shops of the Strand and Fleet Street; the innumerable trades, tradesmen, and customers, coaches, wagons, playhouses; all the bustle and wickedness round about Covent Garden; the watchmen, drunken scenes, rattles—life awake, if you awake, at all hours of the night; the impossibility of being dull in Fleet Street; the crowds, the very dirt and mud; the sun shining upon houses and pavements; the print-shops, the old book-stalls, parsons cheapening books, coffee-

* Early Recollections, chiefly relating to the late S. T. Coleridge. 2 vols. 12mo.

houses, steams of soups from kitchens; the pantomimes—London itself a pantomime and a masquerade—all these things work themselves into my mind, and feed me without a power of satiating me. The wonder of these sights impels me into night-walks about her crowded streets, and I often shed tears in the motley Strand, from fulness of joy at so much life. All these emotions must be strange to you; so are your rural emotions to me. But consider, what must I have been doing all my life, not to have lent great portions of my heart with usury to such scenes? My attachments are all local, purely local—I have no passion (or have had none since I was in love, and then it was the spurious engendering of poetry and books) to groves and valleys. The room where I was born, the furniture which has been before my eyes all my life, a book-case which has followed me about like a faithful dog (only exceeding him in knowledge,) wherever I have moved,—old chairs, old tables, streets, squares, where I have sunned myself—my old school,—these are my mistresses: have I not enough, without your mountains? I do not envy you. I should pity you, did I not know that the mind will make friends with anything. Your sun, and moon, and skies, and hills, and lakes, affect me no more, or scarcely come to me in more venerable characters, than as a gilded room with tapestry and tapers, where I might live with handsome visible objects. I consider the clouds above me but as a roof beautifully painted, but unable to satisfy the mind; and at last, like the pictures of the apartment of a connoisseur, unable to afford him any longer a pleasure. So fading upon me, from disuse, have been the beauties of Nature, as they have been confined called; so ever fresh, and green, and warm are all the inventions of men, and assemblies of men in this great city. I should certainly have laughed with dear Joanna."

This is followed by a long letter from Lamb to Manning, describing the effect which mountain scenery had produced upon his mind. The effect was only enough to give him a glimmering of what poets and tourists mean by the word *romantic*. It answered no deeper or more abiding end.

"Such an impression I never received from objects of sight before, nor do I suppose that I can ever again. Glorious creatures, fine old fellows, Skiddaw, &c. I shall never forget ye, how ye lay about that night, like an intrenchment; gone to bed, as it seemed for the night, but promising that ye were to be seen in the morning."—"O, the fine black head of Skiddaw, and the bleak air atop of it, with a prospect of mountains all about and about, making you giddy; and then Scotland afar off, and the Border countries, so famous in song and ballad! It was a day that will stand out, like a mountain, I am sure, in my life. But I am returned (I have now been come home near three weeks—I was a month out,) and you cannot conceive the degradation I felt at first, from being accustomed to wander free as air among mountains, and bathe in rivers without being controlled by any one, to come home and *work*. I felt very little. I had been dreaming I was a very great man. But that is going off, and I find I shall conform in time to that state of life to which it has pleased God to call me. Besides, after all, Fleet Street and the Strand are better places to live in for good and all than amidst Skiddaw. Still, I turn back to those great places where I wandered about, participating in their greatness. After all, I could not *live* in Skiddaw. I could spend a year, two, three years among them, but I must have a prospect of seeing Fleet Street at the

end of that time, or I should mope and pine away, I know. Still, Skiddaw is a fine creature."

In making this excursion he was more fortunate than Cowper. Cowper and Lamb had much in common in their tenderness and playful wit; in the necessity of work being found for them; in their admiration of Vinny Bourne, the town-poet; in their merry stories (for the Enfield landlord's ride is a proper prose companion to John Gilpin;) and, above all, in the Mary, with whom and for whom they lived. The turn with which the Olney poet concludes his wish belongs to the calamity (the terrors that Cowper had suffered from his youth upward with a troubled mind) from which Lamb providentially was saved. "I would," Cowper tells Newton, "that I could see some of the mountains which you have seen, especially because Dr. Johnson has pronounced no man is qualified to be a poet who has never seen a mountain. But mountains I shall never see, unless, perhaps, in a dream, or unless there are such in Heaven; nor those unless I receive twice as much mercy as ever yet was shown to any man." Cowper had a true love of Nature. He saw beauties even in the country about Olney. Lamb's heresy was not merely that he loved London more—which we could excuse him—nor was it confined to declaring that the country about Enfield was quite as good as Westmoreland—for that in a sort of way we could excuse him too—but he insulted even the suburban Pan so far as to disclaim all longing after natural scenery, which would not be satisfied by the waving grass that yet lingers in the churchyards of the city. Mr. Talfourd says the country was always dismal to him. Lamb resembled the insect which will not begin to spin till something is put before it, to which it can fix itself and weave. That something was not presented him in the country; and all his associations had always lain another way. The highest class of poetical instincts was clearly wanting in him. Nobody can read many pages of his prose without perceiving that he had a great deal of the materials of beautiful poetry fantastically scattered up and down his nature: on the other hand, the sight of all the mountains in the world, aided by the most assiduous practice in the mechanism of the art, could never, we think, have made him a considerable poet.

One of the great advantages which human nature, as represented in the intercourse of society, possesses over the representation of it in books, is, that in the latter case, a reader commonly gets little more than mere talent, while the far more genial effects which belong to differences of individual character are comparatively lost. The pleasure of character both in sympathy and contrast (for they blend together,) is a pleasure of a quiet and observing kind; yet there is a glow in its latent heat which, though not so soon perceived, lasts longer than that of the sparkles struck out from the dazzling fence of wits, and pure intellectual collisions. In a room, how much depends not only on the thing that is said, and the way of saying it, but on our knowledge of all the idiosyncrasies of the particular persons by whom, and to whom, it is addressed. Letters are the nearest approach which we can make in this respect to the privilege of a drawing-room. Lamb chose his persons well. The opposition between the calm of the country, and burning haystacks, was not enough, un-

less George Dyer—"good unincendiary George"—was brought from his corner in the Bodleian, or his Inn of Court, to read Lamb's wild incendiary narrative of it by the glare. A gallows is a solemn thing to trifle with, even when it has charge of Fauntleroy and Thurtells. Notwithstanding his treatise "on the inconvenience of being hanged," Lamb probably would not have volunteered upon the office of imaginary historian to the hangman in ordinary cases. But the ludicrous incongruity of making his Quaker correspondent an involuntary party to his fantastical suppositions, was such an opportunity as he had not the self-denial to let slip. What Lamb wrote, Bernard Barton was to read.

"The fate of the unfortunate Fauntleroy makes me, whether I will or no, to cast reflecting eyes around on such of my friends as, by a parity of situation, are exposed to a similarity of temptation." . . . "You are as yet upright; but you are a banker, or at least, the next thing to it. I feel the delicacy of the subject; but cash must pass through your hands, sometimes to a great amount. If, in an unguarded hour, but I will hope better. Consider the scandal it will bring upon those of your persuasion. Thousands would go to see a Quaker hanged, that would be indifferent to the fate of a Presbyterian or an Anabaptist. Think of the effect it would have on the sale of your poems alone, not to mention higher considerations. I tremble, I am sure, at myself, when I think that so many poor victims of the law, at one time of their life, made as sure of never being hanged as I, in my own presumption, am ready, too ready, to do myself. What are we better than they? Do we come into the world with different necks? Is there any distinctive mark under our left ears? Are we unstrung, I ask you? Think on these things. I am shocked sometimes at the shape of my own fingers, not for their resemblance to the ape tribe (which is something,) but for the exquisite adaptation of them to the purposes of picking, fingering, &c."

The single occasion on which Lamb was called upon to lay aside the half-raised mask in which he walked the world, softening it with his pathos, and cheering it with his fun, was an unintentional provocation heedlessly given him by one of his oldest allies. Lamb descended into the arena to a stand-up fight, in what he thought a defence of himself, and one or two obnoxious friends, with a manliness of spirit and a keenness of just and earnest sarcasm, which show what splendid victims he might have offered up with that bright and cutting weapon, had not the kindness of his nature carried it buried in its sheath. Southey had perhaps said nothing but what a stranger might have said. It was that, however, which constituted the precise grievance,—supposing Southey to be a friend. Southey did not mean to injure; but he had injured. Under these circumstances we cannot think that Lamb, in the form which his vindication took, has said a single syllable which he could honestly retract, or of which he had any cause whatever, in reason, to repent. Yet so painful was an attitude of hostility to him, that his vindication became almost the immediate text for a series of submissive and penitent apologies. If Mr. Southey has the generosity, for which we give him ample credit, Lamb's apologies will have been much more painful to him, than any language, offensive or defensive, which his friend before had used. The defence

of Leigh Hunt and Hazlitt—the retort on Southey's own religious levities—how for thirty years he had never left the Devil's tail quiet for a single minute—the sneer at the waste labour with which Southey's orthodox logic has been invariably confined to converting the already converted, and proselytizing his own party, are all admirably done. Do the clergy ever mean to attend to the pious and sensible advice which Lamb gave them upon this occasion, on the impolicy (to say no more) of shutting the public out of our churches, except during the scanty period in the week consecrated to their professional services! The advice arose out of the simple account which Lamb had to render to his supposed accuser of the nature of his religious feelings. His flaming Unitarianism was burnt out. The days were over when the sole superiority which Lamb ever expected to be able to arrogate over Coleridge consisted in the fact that he had seen Priestley (the then god of their joint idolatry,) which Coleridge had not. But Lamb had not gone back. More than the value of any doctrines he could have ever had to give up had passed into his temper,—penetrated and indeed constituted his mind. In religious, apparently as in other questions, his mind enlarged its capabilities and its sphere; not by theories and on generals, but through particulars, and by accretion. If he turned away from philanthropists, and schemes of universal benevolence, he did not abjure the cause, but worked on, as the coral formation grows, inch by inch. For Lamb to have built up in politics, or in religion, a wall of dogmatical separation, would have been lost time. Whatever line it might have followed, he would assuredly have pulled it down, at some time or another, to let in Coleridge and Southey on this side, or Leigh Hunt and Hazlitt upon that. Lamb had gradually approached nearer and nearer to the Quakers. A great part of his reading latterly was devoted to the history of their spiritual heroes; and he at last sent in to Bernard Barton a sort of incomplete adhesion. The defensive statement which he made to Southey was as follows:—

"You were pleased (you know where) to invite me to a compliance with the wholesome forms and doctrines of the Church of England. I take your advice with as much kindness as it was meant. But I must think the invitation rather more kind than seasonable. I am a Dissenter. The last sect, with which you can remember me to have made common profession, were the Unitarians. You would think it not very pertinent, if (fearing that all was not well with you) I were gravely to invite you (for a remedy) to attend with me a course of Mr. Belsham's lectures at Hackney. Perhaps I have scruples to some of your forms and doctrines. But if I come, am I secure of civil treatment? The last time I was in any of your places of worship was on Easter Sunday last. I had the satisfaction of listening to a very sensible sermon of an argumentative turn, delivered with great propriety, by one of your bishops. The place was Westminster Abbey. As such religion, as I have, has always acted on me more by way of sentiment than argumentative process, I was not unwilling, after sermon ended, by no unbecoming transition, to pass over to some serious feelings, impossible to be disconnected from the sight of those old tombs, &c. But, by whose order I know not, I was debarr'd that privilege even for so short a space as a few minutes; and turned, like a dog, or some other profane person, out into the common street; with feelings, which I could

not help, but not very congenial to the day or the discourse. I do not know that I shall ever venture myself again into one of your churches."

Looking at her vast cathedrals and her vast revenues, truly, we sometimes think, that the Church of England may be considered as having taken out a patent for making of them as little as can be made. A character, formed in the manner, we have been describing, could not fall into the common rank and file of human life, and take its place quietly as member of a class. It had become an individual by itself. Such a character would find by experiment, that what might be truths to others were not truths to it: on picking to pieces steady and received maxims, they appeared to it popular fallacies or vulgar errors. The consequence of this is, that in the calculation of its means and regulation of its conduct, an original character, as far as it is original, is, by the nature of the case, deprived of the benefit of the experience of others: to that extent their experience would, by the supposition, mislead it. Yet is it less likely to go wrong by taking its own irregular instincts and headlong sympathies for a guide! Lamb accordingly made mistakes; they were far short, however, of what might at first sight have been expected. Mr. Cottle, says Coleridge, had a great opinion of his judgment. That Lamb was fully aware of the "sanity of true genius," his paper with that title proves. His accurate observation upon others fortunately satisfied him that there were some principles which admitted of no exceptions. Of these, one was the wisdom of bearing lightly the yoke of any drudgery, by which a stable independence, however humble, should be secured; another was that great truth, which doctors so carefully conceal and cordially abhor, that valetudinarianism is the worst of all diseases. It was a singular transposition of duties that it should fall to Lamb to have to teach these lessons of worldly wisdom to a Quaker. But, in preparing them for the edification of Friend Barton, it will be seen that he dressed the dish after his own taste, and with the sauce that his soul loved. Unluckily, Lamb's survey of his fellow-creatures had not equally taught him that one of the rarest gifts of Providence is the genius for happy and graceful idleness. When the devil finds a man idle, he sets him to work, says the proverb: we should add, the limitation,—or sets to work on him, and this is an alternative almost as bad. In the first riotous transports of his emancipation from Leadenhall Street, Lamb announced that the chief employment of the blest was doing nothing; the next, doing good works. A few short months passed, and we hear another story. Overwork is found to be far better than none at all; and we see him in the British Museum at his substituted taskwork among the Garrick plays; happy to be so engaged, not merely for the sake of helping Hone, but for the privilege of grinding off over it his old office hours—the same hours which the India House had kindly taken off his hands, at a time when he was little conscious of the kindness they were doing him. From the gentle exaggerations and artful contrasts by which he was wont "shadowy to set off the face of things," Lamb must have encouraged a tendency to look at subjects too much in their extremes. This is to be sowing bright seed that it may come up in disappointments. Lamb cursing the deal desk to which he was nailed in Leadenhall Street—Lamb gazing on his newly acquired freedom with incredulous delight,

as on a bride whom relenting fate at last had granted him—and Lamb, soon afterwards complaining of this freedom as a burden too heavy for him to bear,—are three striking pictures. The fable of the countryman's dialogue with Death is not more instructive than the vehemence of Lamb's supplications for time, more time; and when time really comes to him, his anxiety to get rid of it by imprecations or prayers,—by force or wheedling, and almost on any terms.

Out of many passages to this effect, we have space only for two or three. In Lamb's eyes the true liberty haters were the heads of offices, who had cut off red-letter days, and the half holiday on a Saturday. On Wordsworth comforting him with the wish he could give him some of his own leisure, Lamb entered by anticipation on the paradise of dainty delights which the thought suggested.

"I mean some day to attack Caryl on Job, six folios. What any man can write, surely I may read. If I do but get rid of auditing warehousekeepers' accounts, and get no worse harassing task in the place of it, what a lord of liberty I shall be! I shall dance, and skip, and make mouths at the invisible event, and pick the thorns out of my pillow, and throw 'em at rich men's night caps, and talk blank verse, hoity, toity, and sing—'A clerk I was in London gay,' 'Ban, ban, Caliban,' like the emancipated monster, and go where I like, up this street or down that alley."

A little later he continues,—

"The foul enchanter—'Letters four do form his name'—Busirare is his name in hell—that has curtailed you of some domestic comforts, hath laid a heavier hand on me, not in the present infliction, but in the taking away the hope of enfranchisement. I dare not whisper to myself a pension on this side of absolute incapacitation and infirmity, till years have sucked me dry,—*Otiūm cum dignitate*. I had thought in a green old age (O green thought!) to have retired to Ponder's End, emblematic name, how beautiful! in the Ware Road, there to have made up my accounts with heaven and the company, toddling about between it and Cheshunt, anon stretching, on some fine Isaac Walton morning, to Hoddesdon or Amwell, careless as a beggar; but walking, walking ever, till I fairly walked myself off my legs, dying walking! The hope is gone; I sit like Philomel all day (but not singing,) with my breast against this thorn of a desk, with the only hope that some pulmonary affliction may relieve me."

Afterwards, asking Bernard Barton for a poetical account of the Quaker worthies, from Fox to Woolman, as a counterpart to the "Ecclesiastical Sketches," he adds,—

"Think of it; it would be better than a series of sonnets on 'Eminent Bankers.' I like a hit at our way of life, though it does well for me, better than any thing short of *all one's time to one's self*; for which alone I rankle with envy at the rich. Books are good, pictures are good, and money to buy them therefore good, but to *buy time!* in other words *life!*" "Of time, health, and riches, the first in order is not last in excellence. Riches are chiefly good because they give us time."

Alas, the period arrived when it came to be Lamb's turn to be his own master—the hardest master that he had yet served—worse than any of those subordinate personifications of "The Company" who had tor-

mented him of old. He had leisure now to give or sell. Time, which at a distance had looked to him like the flower, proved, when he came near, to be the serpent under it. In a letter, signed "your forlorn Charles Lamb," he tells Bernard Barton,—

"What I can do, and over-do, is to walk; but deadly long are the days, these summer all-day-days, with but half an hour's candle-light, and no fire-light. I do not write, tell your kind inquisitive Eliza, and can hardly read." "I assure you *no work* is worse than *over-work*. The mind preys on itself,—the most unwholesome food. I bragged formerly that I could not have too much time. I have a surfeit; with few years to come, the days are wearisome. But weariness is not eternal. Something will shine out to take the load off that crushes me, which is at present intolerable. I have killed an hour or two in this poor scrawl. I am a sanguinary murderer of time, and would kill him inchmeal just now. But the snake is vital."

This has brought us to a painful part of our subject. It is melancholy to think that Lamb was not, on the whole, as happy as he deserved to be; and that, for this, he had probably himself principally to blame. Instead of retiring to enjoy health and independence—independence the most honourable, because self-earned—literary leisure, the company of friends by whom he was beloved, and the deepest of all happinesses, that of ministering to the happiness of a sister whom he adored,—wherefore is it that Lamb retired on weariness, and self-reproach, and solitude? What is the meaning of his self-imposed abandonment of the society of friends? and of his positively shrinking from meeting with the oldest and dearest of them all, even Southey and Wordsworth, when they came to town? The reader will find the answer in the "Confessions of a Drunkard;"—in the "Farewell to Tobacco;"—and in the jocund views scattered over the present volumes of "The After-Dinner Trick;" of "Care Drowning Glorious night,"—of skeptical dogmatical faces seen by punch-light, and of the ten pipes a-night of tobacco that staggered Parr. Then follow, in due season, the morning apologies for the confused and aching head; and the yearly resolutions of reforming, executed magnanimously, however partially, at last. A more fatal price was scarcely ever paid for these indulgences. Part of the price consisted of such self-accusations as made themselves a way, for instance, in a letter written to Miss Wordsworth during one of the illnesses of his sister.

"I try to think Mary is recovering, but I cannot always feel it; and meanwhile she is lost to me, and I miss a prop. All my strength is gone, and I am like a fool, bereft of her co-operation. I dare not think, lest I should think wrong; so used am I to look up to her in the least and the biggest perplexity. To say *all that I find her*, would be more than I think any body could possibly understand; and when I hope to have her well again so soon, it would be sinning against her feelings to go about to praise her; for I can conceal nothing that I do from her. She is older and wiser, and better than me, and all my wretched imperfections I cover to myself by resolutely thinking on her goodness. She would share life and death with me. She lives but for me. And I know I have been wasting and teasing her life for five years past incessantly with my ways of going on. But even in this upbraiding of myself I am offending against her, for I know that she has cleaved

to me for better, for worse; and if the balance has been against her hitherto, it was a noble trade."

The following penitential letter to Mr. Cary, the accomplished translator of Dante, and Lamb's Monthly Host at the British Museum, needs, and indeed admits of, no comment.

"I protest I know not in what words to invest my sense of the shameful violation of hospitality, which I was guilty of on that fatal Wednesday. Let it be blotted from the calendar. Had it been committed at a layman's house, say a merchant's, or a manufacturer's, a cheesemonger's, or green grocer's, or, to go higher, a barrister's, a member of Parliament's, a rich banker's, I should have felt alleviation, a drop of self-pity. But to be seen deliberately to go out of the house of a clergyman drunk! a clergyman of the Church of England too! Not that alone, but of an expounder of that dark Italian Hierophant, an exposition little short of *his* who dared unfold the Apocalypse: divine riddles both; and, without supernal grace vouchsafed, arks not to be fingered without present blasting to the touchers. And then, from what house! not a common glebe, or vicarage (which yet had been shameful,) but from a kingly repository of sciences, human and divine, with the Primate of England for its guardian, arrayed in public majesty, from which the profane vulgar are bid fly. Could all those volumes have taught me nothing better? With feverish eyes on the succeeding dawn I opened upon the faint light, enough to distinguish, in a strange chamber, not immediately to be recognised, garters, hose, waistcoat, neckerchief, arranged in dreadful order and proportion, which I knew was not mine own. 'Tis the common symptom, on awakening, I judge my last night's condition from. A tolerable scattering on the floor I hail as being too probably my own, and if the candlestick be not removed, I assail myself. But this finical arrangement, this finding every thing in the morning in exact diametrical rectitude, torments me. Remote whispers suggested that I *coached* it home in triumph. Far be that from working pride in me, for I was unconscious of the locomotion. That a young Mentor accompanied a reprobate old Telemachus; that, the Trojan like, he bore his charge upon his shoulders, while the wretched incubus, in glimmering sense, hiccupped drunken snatches of flying on the bats' wing after sunset. An aged servitor was also hinted at, to make disgrace more complete, one, to whom my ignominy may offer farther occasions of revolt (to which he was before too fondly inclining) from the true faith; for, at a sight of my helplessness, what more was needed to drive him to the advocacy of independence? Occasion led me through Great Russell Street yesterday. I gazed at the great knocker. My feeble hands in vain essayed to lift it. I dreaded that Argus, who doubtless lanterned me out on that prodigious night. I called the Elginian marbles. They were cold to my suit. I shall never again, I said, on the wide gates unfolding, say, without fear of thrusting back, in a light but a peremptory air, 'I am going to Mr. Cary's.' I passed by the walls of Balclutha. I had imaged to myself a zodiac of third Wednesdays, irradiating by glimpses the Edmonton dulness. I dreamed of Highmore! I am de-vited to come on Wednesdays. Villanous old age, that, with second childhood, brings linked hand in hand her inseparable twin, new experience, which knows not effects of liquor, where I was to have sate for a sober, middle-aged-and-a-half gentleman, literary too, the neat fingered artist can educe no notions but of a dissipated Silenus, lecturing natural philoso-

phy to a jeering Chromius, or a Mnasilus Pudet. From the context gather the lost name of —."

Mr. Talfourd, admitting the existence of this single frailty in his friend, replies to the great exaggerations current concerning it, by observing, that, although Lamb had rarely the power to overcome the temptation when presented, he made heroic sacrifices in flight. So far is just and reasonable. There are some things in which the prayer, "lead us not into temptation," is man's best security. But Mr. Talfourd proceeds to say, that the "frailty itself was so intimately associated with all that was most endearing in his intellectual, and sweetest in his moral excellencies, that it would be impossible, without noticing it, to do justice to his virtues." To this doctrine of association we must demur. In all honest praise of Lamb, — in every thing that can be fairly said to vindicate his character, and to extenuate his fault or faults, — we rejoice from the bottom of our hearts. He was born to be loved. But we cannot agree to build an altar for the enshrining of any theory of drunkenness, — even the drunkenness of Lamb. Every body is painfully aware that drunkenness is compatible with the highest order of genius and virtue. So much the worse; for we know also that it has a perilous tendency to ruin both. What ought to be the moral! Surely this, that the nobler the victim the more impressive the example. The characteristic of intemperance is, that it is the gratification of our animal, at the expense of our intellectual and moral nature. Accordingly, it is the characteristic vice of savage as compared with civilized nations; and in civilized nations, of the class which is left most savage. The first stage in intemperance is to place one's self in the rank of a barbarian; the last, in the condition of a brute. Mr. Talfourd says, that "drinking with Lamb, except as far as it cooled a feverish thirst, was not a sensual, but an intellectual pleasure." Drinking, we answer, is not to be called an intellectual pleasure; because, when a man has once contracted the habit of excessive indulgence in the use of ardent spirits, and the "accursed weed," one of its most miserable consequences is, a slavish dependence on them, — not only of the body, but even of the mind. Subject to this sad exception, where the supposed mitigating symptom is the very heart and crisis of the disease, we are believers in the sobriety, quite as much as in the sanity of true genius. We have never known — never heard of a well authenticated instance of any man, not coming within the above melancholy limitation, who was better company (in the lowest sense of the word) drunk than sober. The issue we all know; — crowded jails; Sheridan a by-word, instead of perhaps Prime Minister of England; and Lamb the object of as much compassion almost as love. The case is too bad to afford of raising moral and intellectual associations in behalf of gin or brandy. The publisher has done right in reprinting the "Confessions." Lamb admits, in his letter to Southey, that the "Confessions" were so far a genuine description of himself, that the injuring him in saying so consisted in the fact, that it might lead to the losing him his place in his public office, and the forfeiting his life insurance.

We have referred already to Mr. Cottle's account of Coleridge. Lamb owed him much. Coleridge first

enlarged his literary horizon. This took place in a little room at the "Cat and Salutation" in Smithfield. Coleridge afterwards zealously encouraged his juvenile attempts in verse; and in due time gave him his friendship. Lamb repaid him with generous affection. "I am living in a continuous feast" (he writes to Manning.) "Coleridge has been with me now for nigh three weeks; and the more I see of him in the quotidian undress and relaxation of his mind, the more cause I see to love him, and believe him a very good man; and all those foolish impressions to the contrary fly off like morning slumbers."

From the account given in the "Confessions," we presume that Lamb laid these sad habits, so destructive of his peace, at the door of Fenwick, and the like. Fenwick was a newspaper editor—the "Bigod" of Elia. Lamb elsewhere calls him his *quondam* friend and co-drinker. It has destroyed our pleasure in the representative of "the great race" to follow him with a wife and four children ruined to the Fleet. At the same time, we cannot but fear that Coleridge and Lamb had some reason to reproach each other. "Egg-hot" and "Oronoko" are too much mixed up with their poetical reminiscences of the "Cat and Salutation." We have no means of learning how far the greatest misfortune in their after-lives was to be attributed to the gratifications of their boyhood. In their instances, the misery and disgrace have been incurred. It remains for youthful genius to profit by the lesson. There may be some truths respecting which the wise and good will doubt how far they should be told. There can be no doubt here. One of the letters which we are about to quote was left by Mr. Coleridge as a legacy to all who might be grievously tempted, as he had been himself. The whole, indeed, are greatly to the honour of his self-abused, but struggling and aspiring nature; and, duly laid to heart, may be more extensively and practically useful than all besides he ever wrote. The letters in question were written in 1814. The two first are addressed to Mr. Cottle; the last to a Mr. Wade. From the connexion between Lamb and Coleridge, which we have just described, they form a proper supplement to the case of Lamb; and, as few persons, we fear, are likely to see Mr. Cottle's book,* we think it desirable to give them a wider circulation, by transferring them to our pages. Mr. Cottle, it appears, had heard of Coleridge's habits; and to his kind remonstrance, Coleridge replies as follows:

"You have poured oil in the raw and festering wound of an old friend's conscience, Cottle! but it is *oil of vitriol*! I but barely glanced at the middle of the first page of your letter, and have seen no more of it—not from resentment (God forbid!) but from the state of my bodily and mental sufferings, that scarcely permitted human fortitude to let in a new visitor of affliction. The object of my present reply is, to state the case just as it is—first, that for ten years the anguish of my spirit has been indescribable, the sense of my danger staring, but the consciousness of my guilt worse, far worse than all! I have prayed, with drops of agony on my brow; trembling, not only before the justice of my Maker, but even before the mercy of my Redeemer. 'I gave thee so many talents—what hast thou done with them?' Secondly, Overwhelmed as I am with a sense

of my direful infirmity, I have never attempted to disguise or conceal the cause. On the contrary, not only to friends have I stated the whole case with tears and the very bitterness of shame, but in two instances I have warned young men, mere acquaintances, who had spoken of having taken laudanum, of the direful consequences, by an awful exposition of its tremendous effects on myself. Thirdly, Though before God I cannot lift up my eyelids, and only do not despair of his mercy, because to despair would be adding crime to crime, yet to my fellow-men, I may say, that I was seduced into the accursed habit ignorantly. I had been almost bed-ridden for many months with swellings in my knees. In a medical journal I unhappily met with an account of a cure performed in a similar case (or what appeared to me so,) by rubbing in of laudanum, at the same time taking a given dose internally. It acted like a charm, like a miracle! I recovered the use of my limbs, of my appetite, of my spirits—and this continued for near a fortnight. At length the unusual stimulus subsided—the complaint returned—the supposed remedy was resorted to;—but I cannot go through the dreary history. Suffice it to say, that effects were produced which acted on me by terror and cowardice, of pain and sudden death, not (so help me God!) by any temptation of pleasure, or expectation or desire of exciting pleasurable sensations. On the very contrary, Mrs. Morgan and her sister will bear witness so far as to say, that the longer I abstained, the higher my spirits were, the keener my enjoyments—till the moment, the direful moment, arrived, when my pulse began to fluctuate, my heart to palpitate, and such a dreadful falling abroad, as it were, of my whole frame, such intolerable restlessness and incipient bewilderment, that in the last of my several attempts to abandon the dire poison, I exclaimed in agony, which I now repeat in seriousness and solemnity, 'I am too poor to hazard this.' Had I but a few hundred pounds, but 200—half to send to Mrs. Coleridge, and half to place myself in a private mad-house, where I could procure nothing but what a physician thought proper, and where a medical attendant could be constantly with me for two or three months (in less than that time life or death would be determined,) then there might be hope. Now there is none!! O God! how willingly would I place myself under Dr. Fox in his establishment: for my case is a species of madness, only that it is a derangement, an utter impotence of the volition, and not of the intellectual faculties. You bid me rouse myself! Go, bid a man paralytic in both arms, to rub them briskly together, and that will cure him. 'Alas!' he would reply, 'that I cannot move my arms, is my complaint and my misery.'"—Cottle's *Memoirs of Coleridge*, Vol. ii. p. 165.

"Gladness be with you for your convalescence, and equally so at the hope which has sustained and tranquillized you through your imminent peril. Far otherwise is, and hath been my state, yet I too am grateful; yet I cannot rejoice. I feel with an intensity unfathomable by words, my utter nothingness, impotence, and worthlessness, in and for myself. I have learned what a sin is, against an infinite imperishable being, such as is the soul of man. I have had more than a glimpse of what is meant by death and outer darkness, and the worm that dieth not—and that all the *hell* of the reprobate is no more inconsistent with the love of God, than the blindness of one who has occasioned loathsome and guilty diseases to eat out his eyes, is inconsistent with the light of the sun. But the consolations, at least the sensible sweetness of hope, I do not possess. On the contrary, the temptation which I have constantly to

* Cottle's *Early Recollections*, chiefly relating to the late S. T. Coleridge.

fight up against, is a fear, that if annihilation and the possibility of heaven were offered to my choice, I should choose the former. This is perhaps, in part, a constitutional idiosyncrasy, for when a mere boy I wrote these lines:—

"Oh, what a wonder seems the fear of death,
Seeing how gladly we all sink to sleep;
Babes, children, youths, and men,
Night following night for three-score years and ten.

"And in my early manhood, in lines descriptive of a gloomy solitude, I disguised my own sensations in the following words:—

"Here wisdom might abide, and here remorse!
Here too, the wo-worn man, who weak in soul,
And of this busy human heart aware,
Worships the spirit of *unconscious life*,
In tree, or wild-flower. Gentle lunatic!
If so he might not wholly cease to be,
He would far rather not be that he is;
But would be something that he knows not of,
In woods, or waters, or among the rocks."

"My main comfort, therefore, consists in what divines call the faith of adherence, and no spiritual effort appears to benefit me so much as the one earnest, importunate, and often for hours, momentarily repeated prayer, I believe! Lord, help my unbelief! Give me faith, but as a mustard seed, and I shall remove this mountain! Faith! faith! faith! I believe, oh give me faith! Oh, for my Redeemer's sake, give me faith in my Redeemer! In all this I justify God, for I was accustomed to oppose the preaching of the terrors of the Gospel, and to represent it as debasing virtue, by the admixture of slavish selfishness. More see that what is spiritual can only be spiritually apprehended; comprehended it cannot. Mr. Eden gave you a too flattering account of me. It is true I am restored, as much beyond my expectations almost, as my deserts; but I am exceedingly weak. I need for myself solace and recollection of animal spirits, instead of being in a condition of offering it to others; yet, as soon as I may see you, I will call on you.

"P. S. It is no small gratification to me, that I have seen and conversed with Mrs. Hannah More. She is indisputably, the first literary female I ever met with; in part, no doubt, because she is a Christian. Make my best respects when you write."—Cottle, Vol. ii. p. 165.

"Dear sir,—For I am unworthy to call any good man friend—much less you, whose hospitality and love I have abused; accept, however, my entreaties for your forgiveness, and for your prayers. Conceive a poor miserable wretch, who for many years has been attempting to beat off pain, by a constant recurrence to the vice that reproduces it. Conceive a spirit in hell, employed in tracing out for others the road to that heaven from which his crimes exclude him! In short, conceive what is most wretched, helpless, and hopeless, and you will form as tolerable a notion of my state, as it is possible for a good man to have. I used to think the text in St. James, that "he who offended in one point, offends in all," very harsh; but I now feel the awful, the tremendous truth of it. In the one crime of opium, what crime have I not made myself guilty of! Ingratitude to my maker! and to my benefactors—injustice! and *unnatural cruelty to my poor children!*—self-contempt for my repeated promise—breach, nay, too often, actual falsehood! After my death, I earnestly entreat, that a full and unqualified narration of my

wretchedness, and of its guilty cause, may be made public, that, at least, some little good may be effected by the direful example! May God Almighty bless you, and have mercy on your still affectionate, and, in his heart, grateful."—Cottle, Vol. ii. p. 185.

Alas for the evils to which humanity is heir; and the manifold temptations to which every form of it—each after its own infirmity—is exposed! We may be strong or weak—some one way; some another. But, surely, enough is here to warn the pure and confident of the madness of dispensing with a single aid towards virtue; and to teach the hardest amongst us the generous necessity of charity and forbearance.

A poetical tribute from Mr. Wordsworth, in honour of the memory of their common friend, closes a work for which all lovers of literature and goodness have to return to Mr. Talfourd their best thanks. As long as new combinations of the feelings and imagination allow of the birth, from time to time, of people, as unlike their predecessors as Charles Lamb, the most distant generations will not have to grumble at the wits who have said all their good things before them. There will still be left something "new under the sun." It will scarcely be, however, in our time we are afraid, that a writer so original, both in his pathos and in his humour, is destined to appear. If Lamb has not put a new face upon an old acquaintance, and raised this world of ours one degree nearer fairy-land, yet he has helped us to a new way of looking at it, and furnished us with fresh elements of enjoyment. We see for the time with his eyes, and feel with his feelings. We follow him as we follow Shakespeare's sweet creations,—of the outward circumstances of whose existence we know but little; but with whom we are admitted into the recesses of their buoyant nature—have leave to revel in their happy thoughts and their sunny diction—and are carried along by them, at one minute, into their festal scenes of most excellent fooling, at the next, into their "As you Like it" woods, and to a melancholy compounded of many simples.

From the Quarterly Review.

COOPER'S ENGLAND.

England, with Sketches of Society in the Metropolis. By J. Fenimore Cooper, Esq., author of "The Pilot," "The Spy," "Excursions in Switzerland," &c. 3 vols. London, 1837.

If the Quarterly Review were, as Mr. Cooper asserts, the organ of a national antipathy to America, and if Mr. Cooper were, as he affects to be, the representative of his nation, these volumes would be the most acceptable present which our malevolence could receive; for so ill-written—ill-informed—ill-bred—ill-tempered, and ill-mannered production it has never yet been our fortune to meet. But we deny both propositions—the first, that relates to ourselves, with mere contempt; and as to the second, we must say, in justice to every thing American that we have happened to meet either in literature or society, that we never met such a phenomenon of vanity, folly, and fable, as this book exhibits—we say *fable*, because

(whatever may be Mr. Cooper's intentions) his ignorance and presumption betray him at every moment into mis-statements so gross, and sometimes so elaborate, as to have all the appearance and effect of absolute falsehood.

We have had great doubts whether the book was worthy of our notice. As a literary work it is really below contempt. Its style, topics, and arrangement are trivial, frivolous, and confused. It has nothing solid but its ignorance, and nothing deep but its malice. It contains neither that class of facts from which an intelligent American could form a judgment of our manners, nor that species of criticisms by which a candid Englishman might profit. In fact the title-page is an utter misnomer. Instead of "*England, with Sketches of Society in the Metropolis, by J. Fenimore Cooper, Esquire,*" the title should, in truth, have been "*J. Fenimore Cooper, Esquire, in England, with Sketches of his Behaviour in the Metropolis.*" The subject of the book is not England, but Mr. J. Fenimore Cooper; and every object or topic is treated with strict and exclusive reference to the feelings and tastes of the aforesaid Cooper, who—being unfortunately cursed with a peculiar share of the common malady of narrow minds—namely, a jealous, captious, and sour egotism—has produced what may be justly called an *autobiography of exoriated vanity*. We now and then read in the newspapers of some unhappy brewer's workman falling into a vat of hot wash, from which he escapes alive indeed, but with the loss of every particle of skin on his body. This is a very accurate image of the state of Mr. Cooper's mind: a scalding vanity has stripped it of every inch of epidermis. He winces at the very breeze—writhes and groans under the gentlest touches of good nature or sympathy—and the ordinary contacts of society drive him to absolute frenzy. Knowing nothing of Mr. Cooper personally, we cannot tell what subordinate accidents may have inflamed his susceptibility to so extravagant a degree, but its first germ is, we think, obvious enough. Mr. Cooper, as he himself, with some circumlocution, confesses, entered early the merchant service as a common seaman—and there he spent the most important years of his life. This was no very promising school for the literature, manners, or morals of "the Author of the Pilot." We know not when he emerged into a higher course of life; but he evidently has had a late and scanty acquaintance with polished society. The success of some nautical novels (of which, after all, we believe the chief attraction to lay in such professional technicalities and manners as are learned where nothing else can be) appears to have had an effect on Mr. Cooper's mind—not unnatural in its direction, but extreme in its degree. It is rare, even in the sober and phlegmatic climate of England, and amidst a pretty general instruction and civilization, that the rise of low-bred talents is accompanied by modesty and discretion, and still more rare that early vulgarity in manners or ideas is worn out, or even softened down by sudden notoriety; but there must have been a concurrence of circumstances natural, professional, personal, and national, to have produced in Mr. Cooper such an intoxication of vulgar vanity, as, with all its consequent delusions and impertinences, is exhibited in the work before us.

But may not we ourselves be prejudiced against our American censor, and is it not the just severity of his strictures that offends us? We think not.

In the first place, because we showed, in a former article,* that Mr. Cooper's "*anti-British zeal*" did not prevent our treating his travels in "France and Switzerland" with leniency—not to say favour—though, as we then hinted, there was abundant opportunity for a more severe criticism. We saw that he was ignorant, and knew that he was prejudiced, but we had no reason to doubt his sincerity, and no desire to quarrel incidentally with his style and manners. But it is quite another thing when we find him daring us to a conflict—concentrating his ignorance and insipissating his malice under the influence of his publisher's dollars, and endeavouring to turn a penny at the expense of truth and decency.

In the second place, we have seen a volume on England "by the author of *A Year in Spain*"—Captain Slidell, of the American navy; but though that work was begun, as the author honestly owns, "*in a feeling of animosity towards England,*"—though many of his criticisms are exceedingly severe, and though he often mistakes, and occasionally misrepresents us, yet no one complains of Captain Slidell's book—because it is written in good faith, and with good manners. His views, when erroneous, are not distorted either by vanity or malice; and hitting, as he does, much harder, and on sorer places than Mr. Cooper, his strictures may be read by an Englishman sometimes with profit—often with regret—but never with any thing like the mingled disgust and contempt which are excited by the rancorous triviality of Mr. Cooper.

It is not with a view to the discussion of any of the many interesting and important questions which might arise from a comparison judiciously made of the manners and state of society in England and the United States that we notice this at once stupid and ridiculous book, but to amuse our English, and enlighten our American readers, by specimens of the taste, temper, and acumen of Mr. Cooper, who, with all his avowed malignity against England, is, as we shall show, quite as bitter, and—considering his professions and partialities—a much more effective libeller of his own country. In England we can afford to laugh at his absurdity—in America, we apprehend he will not meet such contemptuous indulgence.

In a work which has no order of subjects, and in which any one page is just as silly as every other,—"*as like one another as halfpence, each seeming monstrous till its fellow comes to match it,*"—we are at some loss where to begin, and should be at still more to maintain any thing like a continuous examination. Our readers must, therefore, forgive us for being almost as desultory and rambling as our original.

One main and predominant feature, however, distinguishes itself in Mr. Cooper's work—that to which we have already alluded—his endeavour to make his *personal* distastes *national* grievances, and to enlist his countrymen in general as partners in imaginary slights and visionary insults—which, whatever they may have been, were incurred by Mr. Cooper, not *because*, but *although* he was American—not *parce-que*, but *quoique*, as Mr. President Dupin would say:—for it is clear, from his own account, that he received much attention in his national character, which he forfeited when he became personally known.

* Quarterly Review, vol. lviii. p. 497, *et seq.*

His vanity never fails to assume as paid to his own individual merit whatever civilities he receives, but whenever he fancies that he is at all neglected, he complacently sets down his failure to the score of *national prejudice*. At his first coming he received some attentions from being mistaken for the son of an American gentleman of the same name who had left behind him more amiable recollections than his namesake, we fear, has done.

"I was told a lady, known a little in the world of letters, was desirous of making my acquaintance, and, of course, I had only to go forward and be presented. 'I had the pleasure of knowing your father,' she observed, as soon as my bow was made. I observed that she had then been in America. Not at all; she had known my father in England. I then explained to her that I was confounded with another person, my father being an American, and never out of his own country. This news produced an extraordinary change on the countenance and manner of my new acquaintance, who, from that moment, did not deign to speak to me, or hardly to look at me! As her first reception had been quite frank and warm, and she herself had sought the introduction, I thought this deportment a little decided. I cannot explain the matter in any other way, than by supposing that her *inherent dislike of America* suddenly got the better of her good manners, for the woman could hardly expect that I was to *play impostor for her particular amusement*. This may seem to you extraordinary, but I have seen many similar and equally strong instances of *national antipathy* betrayed by these people since my residence in Europe. I note these things as matter of curious observation."—vol. i. pp. 60, 61.

We, too, "*note these things as matter of curious observation*," and will take leave to suggest that, of which Mr. Cooper seems to have no conception, namely, that one might happen to dislike the personal manners of the individual Cooper without entertaining any "*antipathy*" to the American nation. But look at the details of the anecdote. Does Mr. Cooper mean that the "*woman*" should have gone on "*playing the impostor for his particular amusement*," and addressing to him—a perfect, and, perhaps, a not very prepossessing stranger—the attentions which were intended for the son of an old acquaintance?

The discovery of the error should not have made the lady rude; but may not Mr. Cooper—whose perceptions of *mauvaise honte* are certainly not very acute—have mistaken for rudeness the confusion and *gêne* which a lady would feel at having fallen into such an error! And, finally, is Mr. Cooper's vanity so blind that he does not see that the story—taken at the worst—proves the very contrary of what it pretends to establish—*national antipathy*—for, of course, it could only be as an American that "*the lady*" desired his acquaintance, and it was only on finding what *manner of man the individual* was, that "*the woman*" thought it expedient to draw back.

It happened unfortunately that Mr. Cooper, early in his London life, was subject to a very shocking affront—so brutal, indeed, that seven pages, from 161 to 168, of the first volume are filled with an indignant exposure of this outrageous national insult. Mr. Cooper, in relating it, doubts whether it is not too monstrous to be generally believed; but,

"as I specifically state the facts to have befallen my-

self, you"—[Mrs. J——, his correspondent in New York]—"at least, will believe them."—vol. i. p. 167.

"It was," he intimates, "*want of manners in the English as respects us*." (p. 164.)—"It was positive *dislike and distrust*." (p. 167.)—"One must eat a *peck of dirt*, they say; and look you, Madam, I charge to this affair at least a *quart of mine*."—(*ibid.*)—that is, one-eighth part of all the mortification and affronts Mr. Cooper had suffered in the whole course of his life, as cabin-boy and all.

But what was this stupendous affront? After dining at ——— House,

"Mr. ——— and myself proceeded to Berkeley Square, to make a call"—[*'make a call'* after dinner?].—"As we were in the hall, Lord ———, one of the guests, understanding our intention, offered to take us in his chariot. On reaching the house to which we were going, we alighted, in the order in which we sat, which brought Lord ——— in advance. In this manner, as a matter of course, we ascended the stairs. When about half-way up my companion stopped, and appeared to be examining a vase filled with rose leaves, one of the customs that the extreme luxury of the age has introduced in London. It was some little time, however, before I discovered the *real cause of the delay*, which was merely to allow Lord ———, who was a fat old man, and walked slow, to get up stairs before us. This he did, was announced, and entered the drawing-room first, we following and entering as if we had not come in his party! It was very good-natured in this gentleman to offer a stranger the use of his carriage; but, now I understand the conditions, I shall not accept it the next time."—vol. i. pp. 161–4.

There! Mr. Cooper's nameless companion, Mr. A——, allowed Lord B——, a fat old gentleman, who had kindly brought them thither in his chariot, and who happened "to alight first, and to be thus in *advance*," to keep his relative position, and to walk up stairs and into the drawing-room, *before them*, instead of taking advantage—as Mr. Cooper would have done—of the good-natured old peer's age and infirmity, and *passing him on the stairs*. This is a proof not only of personal want of manners, but of "*national dislike and distrust*"—the natural consequence of the political relations between the countries—in short, "*a quart of dirt*;" and

"*I ask with confidence if the anecdote I have just related is not eloquence itself on the subject of the estimation in which WE are held?*"—vol. i. p. 167.

And so on through seven pages. Now, without at all venturing to attenuate so gross an instance of undue precedence allowed to rank—to age—to infirmity, and to the accidental local position of the parties, we would humbly entreat Mr. Cooper not to make it a national quarrel, for he must see that his friend, Mr. A——, whom we suppose to be an Englishman, was just as ill-treated as Mr. Cooper, and we can assure him that exactly the same thing would have happened to the Speaker of the House of Commons, or the most wealthy and respected commoner in England, and that this matter was certainly not *got up* (as Mr. Cooper seems to imagine) between Lord B—— and Mr. A—— for the purpose of making Mr. Cooper, in his individual person, a victim of national hostility.

But besides the moral and political consequences

which Mr. Cooper so eloquently deduces from this incredible event, he also takes a practical and utilitarian view of the matter: after proving at greater length and with more argument than we should have thought the theorem required, "that names, titles, and local [personal?] distinctions can only be obtained by superiors, at the expense of inferiors!" a proposition which honest Dogberry had more concisely established—"an' two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind;" after expatiating, we say, on this point, he adds—

"You compel the inferior to stop in the middle of the stairs, without walking—*like a man*—to the top; but you do not elevate the other one inch. My companion and myself got into the drawing-room later for this *coup de politesse*; but Lord — got there no sooner."—vol. i. p. 166.

Now, as all the details of so grave a matter should be well considered, we are obliged to say that we do not think that Mr. Cooper is wise in quitting the high moral ground on which he had assumed so noble an attitude, and condescending to take the question by its mere *practical* bearings; for the *delay* which he and his companion suffered on the stairs could not have been very tedious; and he should recollect that if the old lord had not so insolently carried them to Berkeley Square, they would have had either to walk, or to call a hackney coach, and, in either case, would not have "got into the drawing-room" so early by ten minutes as they did (notwithstanding the truly unfortunate delay on the stairs) by accompanying his lordship.

In the course of this affair, and, indeed, throughout his volumes, Mr. Cooper is very severe on the social injustice and moral absurdity of *titles*. He is not a person worthy of a serious discussion on that or any other subject; but we will take leave to ask him why then, or on what pretence, he calls himself and his relations *esquires*? *Esquire* is as clear, though not so high, a title of honour as *duke* or *earl*; and *Squire* Cooper is careful to inform us that "the English gentry are noble according to the standard of the rest of Europe, and that *esquires* were formerly created by patent."—(vol. i. p. 108.) But how are these American citizens *esquires*?—How does a common seaman grow up to be an *esquire* in the land of equality?—Mr. Cooper indeed seems to be one of the family of the *Shallows*, and probably thinks himself therefore entitled to "write himself *armigero*, in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation—*armigero*:"—it may be so—but then, he should not be so hard on his fellow *nobles* the lords and *esquires* of England.

Mr. Cooper proceeds to give further proofs of the rancorous antipathy of the English to every thing American.

"It is not easy for an American to imagine the extent of the prejudice which exists against his country in England, without close and long observation. One of its effects is frequently to cause those who were born on our side of the water, or who have connexions there, to wish to conceal the fact. Two anecdotes connected with this feeling have come to my knowledge, and I will relate them.

A gentleman of one of our well-known families was put young in the British army. Circumstances favoured his advancement, until he rose early to a situation of high honour, and of considerable emolument. Speak-

ing of his prospects and fortune, not long since, to a near relative, who mentioned the anecdote to me, he felicitated himself on his good luck, adding, that 'he should have been the happiest fellow in the world had he not been born in America!'

An Englishman married an American wife, and their first child was born in the country of the mother. Alluding to the subject, one day, an American observed, 'But you are one of us; you were born in the United States. Observing his friend to *change colour*, he asked him if he really had any feeling on the subject; when the other frankly admitted, 'there was so strong a prejudice against America in England, that he felt a reluctance to own that he was born there!'—vol. i. pp. 168, 169.

Now we certainly do not see how we English can be blamed because Americans are thus ashamed of their country: or what, since Mr. Cooper's apparition in Europe, is more probable—their countrymen. But we fear that the publication of these volumes, however well meant, may have the effect of rendering American gentlemen still more reluctant to acknowledge their compatriotism with Mr. Cooper. For our own parts, we most sincerely assert, that if we were Americans, there is nothing that Mrs. Trollope, Mr. Hamilton, Captain Hall, or Mrs. Butler have said about America, which even if taken in the worst sense, would inflict on us so much mortification and shame as these volumes of Mr. Cooper.

At another house he happens to meet a bishop at dinner, and takes offence at an incident still slighter in our judgment than the foregoing.

"The dinner offered nothing worth repeating, except a short conversation I had with my neighbour, the bishop. He asked me if I knew Dr. *Hubbart*. I was obliged to answer 'No.'—'From what part of America do you come?' 'From New York.'—'I thought Dr. *Hubbart* well known in that state. Is he not its bishop?' 'You must mean Dr. *Hobart*, who was lately in England, I think.'—'Hubbart or Hobart; we have a noble family in this country of the name of Hobart, which we pronounce *Hubbart*, and we called your bishop *Hubbart* too, thinking it might flatter him.'—Here was a finesse for a successor of St. Peter and St. Paul!"—vol. i. pp. 153, 154.

Now, we ask, what *finesse* is there here!—or what excuse, or shadow of an excuse, is there either for Mr. Cooper's impertinence at table, or for the vulgar sneer about St. Peter and St. Paul? The bishop called an English name as the English call it:—How in common sense, or common civility, could he have done otherwise? And when he saw that Mr. Cooper, in his own peculiar style of sense and manners, took the matter in dudgeon and grew impertinent, the bishop with equal truth and politeness said, apologetically, that he could not imagine that it could be otherwise than flattering to the American doctor to hear his name pronounced, as it was always pronounced by the noble family, to whom it belongs. Suppose for a moment the bishop had affected to talk of Doctor *Hobart*, what exclamations would not Mr. Cooper have made on the national and aristocratic insolence which had thus made a marked, and therefore offensive, difference in the pronunciation of the very same name when it belonged to an English peer—or to an American doctor!

This matter seems to have rankled so deeply in

Mr. Cooper's mind, that, unmindful of what he professes on other occasions to acknowledge, the honourable obligations of private hospitality, he throughout these volumes pursues this prelate—whom he sufficiently designates, and delicately calls, “my bishop,” as if he were his *game*—with every species of sneer and imputation. The bishop would probably never hear (unless, perhaps, in our pages,) of Mr. Cooper's impertinence, and would certainly only smile at it; but very different must be the feelings of the gentleman who had the misfortune of bringing his lordship into contact with such a companion—compared to whom “Stephen Simpson, of Kennebunk,” (vol. ii. p. 213,) must have been a polished gentleman.

Another portentous insult, the details of which occupy fourteen pages, was shortly as follows:—He went to dine with ———, (Lord Somebody we presume,) who had been civil enough to send him two or three invitations, and he “now went a little out of his way to manifest a sense of his persevering politeness;” that is, in common parlance, he accepted an invitation to dinner. This *persevering politeness* might, we should have thought, have soothed the most jealous *egoisme*: no such thing—a distinguished company was assembled—this again ought to have been flattering—by no means!—there was a duke, and a couple of earls, and two or three lords, and a baronet, and several members of parliament, and there being almost an equality of ladies and gentlemen, each of the men of rank handed a lady to dinner, and Mr. Cooper and a young gentleman belonging to the family, were left to bring up the rear: the young man took his seat at the foot of the table, and Mr. Cooper sat beside him. Our readers will see nothing very offensive in all this; but Mr. Cooper was indignant even to fury at being so neglected, while “a swarthy, dark-haired, common-looking young man, whom he took for a duke,” should sit next the mistress of the house.

“I could not divest myself of the idea, that had I been anything but an American, this *cutting neglect* would not have occurred; and when I found that precisely the lowest seat at the table was left for me, I endeavoured to recall that passage in Holy Writ, where one is directed to take the lowest place at a feast, as a course good for the soul.* Although we have no established religion in America, I will be bold enough to say, that no one else, that day, bethought him of this text.”—vol. ii. p. 297.

His mortification at the preference shown to the “swarthy, dark-haired dignitary” was not soothed by observing that the duke had also taken place of the two earls, and of “old Lord ———, a full general in the army,” as well as of Mr. Cooper: now—he could see in the whole arrangement nothing but a premeditated insult to *himself* and his country. In vain did one of his neighbours, on finding him to be an American, endeavour to be civil, and to turn the conversation in a transatlantic direction—the wound in Mr. Cooper's temper continued to rankle and fester. The young man made some observation with regard to America, which Mr. Cooper felt to be just—but

* We shall make no other observation on Mr. Cooper's manifest ignorance of the meaning of the text to which he thus profanely alludes, than to express a wish that he would endeavour to understand and profit by it.

“I did not admit this, however, for I had been put at the foot of the table on account of that country, and one never receives *scurry treatment*, even for a defect or a misfortune that cannot be helped, that he does not begin to defend it.”—vol. ii. p. 302.

As the conversation grew general, Mr. Cooper states—

“I longed for an opportunity to let men, who had so unceremoniously *exalted* themselves, understand whereabout America lay, and the sort of stuff of which she was made—chance favoured me.”—*Id.*

And then he launched out upon the “American war”—“Bermuda”—“impressment,” and such-like conciliatory subjects, which no doubt he treated with an elegance and discretion akin to the good temper in which they were commenced. For “the only way,” he thinks, “to put down the indifference of the English to the feelings of foreigners,”—

“Is to become *belligerent* yourself, by introducing pauperism, radicalism, Ireland, the Indies, or some other sore point. I have uniformly retorted in kind, if there was the smallest opening for such retaliation.”—vol. ii. p. 273.

By this time the guests in general seem to have discovered, for the first time, that he was an American, and so far from either showing any national antipathy, or resenting his obvious vulgarity and ill manners, he adds, that on adjourning to the drawing-room, half a dozen lords tendered him civilities. This attention he generously attributes to the rough lesson he had just given them,—

“And I dare say, if the dinner were to be given over again, the *bearings and distance* from the salt would have been materially altered. I shook the dust off my feet in quitting that house.”—vol. ii. p. 307.

This is what Mr. Cooper calls “*self-respect and national pride*,” (ib. 172.) To us it seems the extravagance of vanity, morbid as Bedlam, and impudent as Billingsgate.

We shall close this topic of alleged insults, much the most copious of the whole work, (of which, indeed, it occupies, in one shape or other, full three-fourths,) by a couple of instances which, although not so outrageous as the last, afford perhaps a still more conclusive proof of the morbid obliquity of Mr. Cooper's vision, because they have not even the miserable excuse of personal vexation.

“You have heard the heads of Washington and the other American officers, which are on a bas-relief of Andre's monument, have been knocked off. This fact of itself furnishes *proof of the state of feelings here, as respects us*; but an answer of our cicerone, when showing us the church, gives still stronger evidence of it. ‘Why have they done this?’ I demanded, curious to hear the history of the injury. ‘Oh! sir, there are plenty of evil-disposed people get in here: some American has done it, no doubt.’ So you perceive we are not only accused of hanging our enemies, but of beheading our friends!”—vol. i. pp. 76, 77.

Now, we confess that we do not believe that his cicerone told him any such thing, or ever dreamt of the Americans in the matter, because he must have known, as every one does, and as Mr. Cooper himself must have seen, though he conceals the fact, that this

mischievous mutilation of the monuments was not confined to that of *André*. Mr. Thynne's, for instance, we believe, was mutilated before *André*'s was even erected. Mr. Cooper is welcome to be as severe as he pleases on the school-boy vandalism, or John-Bullism, which perpetrated such mischief, but we can assure him that it was older than the American war, and has no more relation to "Washington and the other American officers," than it has to Epaminondas. Captain Slidell, with more good sense, sees that, if the mutilation could imply offence towards any party, it must have been towards *André* himself, whose figure was not spared;

"but as there was nothing in his fate to excite other sentiments than pity, the mutilation of his monument can only be taken as evidence of the popular propensity for destruction."—*American in England*, p. 30.

But, for the next instance, there is absolutely no colour or pretence whatsoever—the gangrene is in Mr. Cooper's own heart, or it would perhaps describe the organ better, to say his own spleen.

"That the reader may understand the nature and extent of the prejudices that are inculcated in England against this country [America,] I extract a sentence from a school book, of a good deal of reputation, written by a clergyman. The edition is of 1830. 'The women [of the United States] every where possess, in the highest degree, the domestic virtues; they have more sweetness, more goodness, perhaps as much courage, and more sensibility and liberality than the men.' Prejudice must have taken deep root, indeed, in England, where the bad taste of a sneer on the courage of America was not self-evident."—vol. iii. p. 46.

This we take to be unparalleled in the annals of perverseness and perversion—to say that the women of a country possess in the highest degree all the softer virtues, "with perhaps as much courage as the men," is, through the distorted medium of Mr. Cooper's malignity, a sneer against the latter—an exemplary instance of national antipathy!!!

We shall see, by-and-by, that Mr. Cooper does not draw quite so favourable a picture of his countrywomen as this which he complains of.

We need give no further instances of Mr. Cooper's perverse and rancorous ingenuity in turning every thing, even hospitality and praise, into personal affronts and national insult: but his absurdities on minor topics are too characteristic of the man, and too amusing in themselves to be omitted. So rich is the collection before us, that we have no difficulty but in selecting passages short enough to suit our limits.

We remember being exceedingly amused by certain letters published some years ago in the *New Whig Guide*, purporting to be written by *Ezekiel Grubb*, an American Quaker in London, to his friend in New York, and giving, *inter alia*, an account of the then House of Commons, in a style which—till we had read Mr. Cooper—we thought—as such pleasantries usually are—somewhat exaggerated—but Mr. Cooper out-Grubbs Grubb.

"Whitbread," says *Ezekiel*, speaking of the House of Commons in 1815, "hath more weight than the leader (Mr. Ponsonby.) He is a very facetious and lengthy speaker, and puts me in mind of *Bully Pycroft* of Kentucky, whom thou knowest—though he is inferior to *Pycroft* in taste and elegance."

VOL. XXXII.—FEBRUARY, 1838.

24

Is this any exaggeration of the absurd nationality of such passages as the following!—

"Lord John Russell is a small, quiet man, with an air of ill-health, reminding me a little, in his mouth and manner of speaking, of Captain Ridgley of the navy, though the latter has altogether the best physique."—vol. i. p. 124.

Sir James Mackintosh found great favour in his eyes as "the best talker he had ever heard"—but still he cannot refrain from observing, in the true spirit of *Grubb*—

"—that Colonel C—, of Georgia, is perhaps neater and closer in his modes of expressing himself."—vol. i. p. 125.

Again;—

"The voice of Mr. Peel is pleasant and well modulated—and not unlike that of Mr. Wirt—though not as melodious."—vol. i. p. 275.

Of a verity *Ezekiel* was a prophet, and shadowed forth Cooper as a letter-writer, even while he was yet an embryo in the womb of a New York trader.

We are not at all surprised that Mr. Cooper should have been "disappointed" in Windsor Castle, which, instead of being magnificent, is only "quaint;" and in Richmond Hill, which in his opinion—and in that, no doubt, of *Ezekiel Grubb*—is far inferior to the prospect "from the belfry at Albany." We are not ignorant of the grandeur and beauty of American prospects, but we are surprised that so sensitive a person as Mr. Cooper should have been so egregiously duped by the late facetious Mr. Charles Mathews, as to be induced to quote him as authority on the picturesque. "When I took him," says Mr. Cooper, in the amiable simplicity of his heart, "to the belfry at Albany"—

"He stood gazing at the view a minute, and then exclaimed, 'I don't know why they make so much fuss about Richmond: now, to my notion, this is far better than Richmond Hill.'"—vol. ii. p. 145.

This we take to have been a transcendent triumph of the great mimic and mystifier—indeed we think we have heard Mathews tell the story himself with abundance of glee, though he had the delicacy to conceal the name of his dupe.

Holland House is, he tells us,

"A quaint old house, of the time of Elizabeth, separated from the highway, or rather the street, with a high, blind wall. The proximity to London and the value of land forbids the idea of a park, but the lawn was ample and prettily enough arranged."—vol. i. p. 137.

So far so good; but the spirit of *Grubb* immediately breaks out—

"The lawn is about the size of yours at Rye, and I should think the house might contain twice as much room as that of the Patron."—vol. i. p. 138.

That is, a lawn, almost in the streets of London which he tells us would let "for some thousands a-year, as building-ground," (p. 140,) is gravely compared for extent with some lawn in the state of New York; while the similitude is completed by discovering that there is somewhere in the same territory a

house half as large. We should have thought that Mr. Cooper, instead of one or two, might have found in the state of New York twenty lawns larger, and some hundreds of mansions smaller than Holland House.

But in some essential points of domestic refinement and luxury, Holland House is quite outdone by New York.

"I believe the table of Holland House is a little peculiar in London; at least, such is its character according to my limited experience. As to the mere eating and drinking, New York is a better town than London. We set handsomer tables too, on the whole, with the exception of the size (our own being invariably too narrow,) the plate, and the attendants. In porcelain, glass, cutlery, table linen, and the dishes, I am clearly of opinion that the average of the respectable New York dinners is above the average of those in London."—vol. i. p. 143.

This may be so; but we have a lurking suspicion—arising, perhaps, from national prejudice—that "the porcelain, glass, cutlery, table-linen, and dishes at Holland House," are not much inferior to those of the very best table "set" in Broad street.

The edifice itself affords him occasion to exhibit his historic lore—

"The building is of bricks, and I should think of the time of Elizabeth, though less quaint than most of the architecture of that period; at any rate *Lady Holland told me* that in the room in which we dined Sully had been entertained; and his embassy occurred in 1603."—vol. i. p. 137.

If Sully dined in that room in 1603, Mr. Cooper is not very extravagant in his conjecture that the house might have been of the time of Elizabeth, as the old queen died in that year, after a reign of near half a century; but all the authorities that we have ever seen state the house to have been begun in 1607, four years after Sully's embassy. *Lady Holland* may indeed have said that *Bassompierre* was entertained in Holland House, which he certainly was, but his embassy was in 1626.

Mr. Cooper proceeds:—

"This building was once in a family different from the present, and is also celebrated as having been the abode of Addison, after his marriage with *Lady Warwick*. There were formerly Earls of Holland, too, of another race, but I cannot tell you any thing of their history."—*Ibid.*

Mr. Cooper will be surprised to learn that "the family different from the present"—the first husband of *Lady Warwick*—and the former Earls of Holland of another race—of whose history he knows nothing—were all of the same family; and he must know little of the history of England in its perhaps most interesting period, who could tell nothing of the sudden favour—the base ingratitude—the dishonourable life, and the unpitied death of the first Earl of Holland. He seems, however, not to have understood the present occupiers of Holland House much better than their predecessors, and they seem not to have found much favour in the eyes of this fastidious critic. Why, we could not have imagined, if we had not had such proof of Mr. Cooper's skill in culling affront from attention and insult from hospitality. Amidst a

good deal of sneer we arrive at the following important incident, which may be taken as a measure of the narrator's judgment in selecting subjects worthy of notice and comment:—

"During dinner, as the stranger, I had the honour of a seat next to *Lady Holland*. She offered me a plate of herrings between the courses. Being in conversation at the moment, I declined it, as I should not have done, according to strict etiquette, especially as it was offered by the mistress of the house. But my rule is the modern one of pleasing one's self on such occasions: besides, I never suspected the magnitude of the interest involved in the affair. 'You do not know what you say,' she good-humouredly added—'they are Dutch.' I believe I stared at this, coming as it did from the mistress of a table so simply elegant and so *recherchée*. 'Dutch!' I involuntarily repeated, though I believe I looked at the same time as if it was a herring after all. 'Certainly; we can only get them through an ambassador.' What a luxury would a potato become, if we could contrive to make it contraband! I shall hold a Dutch herring in greater respect as long as I live."—vol. i. pp. 144, 145.

After two pages more of this solemn chapter on Dutch herrings, strongly inculcating the inflexible rule of English etiquette, (quite new, however, to us,) that every one must eat Dutch herrings if offered by the lady of the house, he adds—

"I was asked by the mistress of this house where I had learned to speak so good English? this surprising me quite as much as the herring!"—vol. i. p. 157.

This subject of the *English* tongue is a very sore one with Mr. Cooper, and not, it seems, without reason; for we suspect that it was rather *Lady Holland's* desire to praise something in a guest so obviously hungry for attention, than her taste, which induced her to applaud his English. He very early and very frequently gives us to understand that he considers the language of America to be the standard both as to idiom and pronunciation, and that any *English* variation from that golden rule is erroneous and heterodox; in short, he is seriously of opinion of the language-master of Copenhagen, who, during Buonaparte's proscription of everything English, inscribed on his sign—"American taught here."

He graciously admits that the higher classes in England are hardly distinguishable from those of the "middle states," but has no difficulty in deciding that "certainly, as a nation, the Americans speak better [English] than the English."—vol. iii. p. 107.

"I found with Mr. Rogers, Mr. Carey, the translator of Dante, and his son. I was asked if the language of America differed essentially from that of England. I thought not so much in words and pronunciation, as in intonation, and in the signification of certain terms. Still I thought I could always tell an Englishman from an American, in the course of five minutes' conversation. The two oldest gentlemen professed not to be able to discover any thing in my manner of speaking to betray me for a foreigner, but the young gentleman fancied otherwise. 'He thought there was something peculiar—provincial—he did not know what exactly.' I could have helped him to the word—'something that was not cockney.'"—vol. i. pp. 62, 63.

Now we must just observe that Mr. Cooper does not help us, as he had promised, to the word; but,

proud as he is of the American tongue, we shall see presently that he took no small offence at young Mr. Carey's hinting, ever so delicately, that he should hardly have mistaken him for an Englishman:—

"The young man, however, was right in the main, for I could myself have pronounced that all three of my companions were not Americans, and I do not see why they might not have said that I was no Englishman. The difference between the enunciation of Mr. Rogers and Mr. Carey and one of our educated men of the middle states, it is true, was scarcely perceptible, and required a nice ear and some familiarity with both countries to detect, but the young man could not utter a sentence without showing his origin."—vol. i. pp. 63, 64.

That is, the two gentlemen who flattered Cooper that he was not distinguishable from an Englishman, are honoured with an assurance that they are themselves not distinguishable from Americans; but their more frank companion (son and pupil of one of them) could not open his mouth without showing, by his pronunciation of *English*, that he was—*proh nefas!*—an *Englishman*. We are very well aware that well-bred and well-educated Americans speak and write our common language exceedingly well, without more and perhaps with rather less of provinciality than our brethren of Ireland and Scotland; but we trust there is nothing unpardonably offensive in saying that we can distinguish an American, as we do the Irish and Scotch; and that, on the whole, we venture to opine that Englishmen are still the best authorities on the English language. What would Mr. Cooper think if the *Canadian French* set up as rivals to the *Parisians*, and M. Papineau should pretend to be a better authority on the French language than M. de Chateaubriand?

But, really, in this class of well-bred Americans, who speak and write our language with undistinguishable correctness, we cannot include Mr. Cooper, whose habitual *slip-slop* is frequently enlivened by very startling blunders. We say little of his abundant vulgarisms, because they are not all *un-English*—on the contrary, they are often such as an Englishman, bred in the merchant-service, and learning his first rudiments of English in Wapping, might use. One, however, is so peculiar, that we may quote it as a curiosity, which we believe even Wapping could not match. In describing Mr. Coleridge's singular flow of elocution, he says—

"Coleridge reminded me of a barrel to which every other man's tongue acted as a spigot, for no sooner did the latter move than it set his own contents in a flow."—vol. ii. p. 35.

But we pass by these *unaffected* elegancies of style, to notice some displays of the *peculiarly English* phraseology on which he prides himself. Speaking of Covent Garden theatre, he says—

"The circumstances that the lower tier was reserved for people in evening dress, and that the men sat with their hats off, gave the spectacle an appearance of respectability and *comfort* (to use an Anglicism) that is now seldom seen in any of our own places of public resort."—vol. iii. p. 99.

Why the word *comfort*, when properly used, should be more an Anglicism than any other word in the sentence, we cannot guess; but, as Mr. Cooper uses it,

it may be an Americanism, a Gallicism, or any other *ism* he pleases, except only *Anglicism*; for assuredly no Englishman would emphatically apply the word *comfort* on such an occasion.

Again—

"Some of the most *uncomfortable*, (you see how English I am getting,) some of the most *uncomfortable* objects I have seen in Europe, have been women in the 'sear and yellow leaf,' tricked out for courts and balls, and bedizened with paint and jewels."—vol. iii. p. 119.

How *English* he is getting! An Englishman might say that such a sight was melancholy, or offensive, or any thing in the world but *uncomfortable*. Mr. Cooper had just before said the incongruity between age and the toilet produced an *unearthly* and *unseemly* effect:—"unseemly," it may be; but how "*unearthly*," except in Mr. Cooper's peculiar vocabulary?

At Canterbury he sees the houses of the prebendaries, in the neighbourhood of the cathedral, which afford him an opportunity of exhibiting his high ignorance and low malevolence.

"I believe this is called a *close*," a word that we do not use, but which has the same signification as *place*, or *cul de sac*, not being a thoroughfare. Perhaps the term *close fellow* came from these churchmen; no bad etymology, since it has a direct reference to the pocket. It has always been matter of astonishment to me that a man of liberal attainments should possess one of these clerical sinecures, grow sleek and greasy on its products, eat, drink, and be merry, and fancy all the while that he was serving God!"—vol. i. p. 31.

Is it possible that this man does not know that *close* means neither a *place* nor a *cul de sac*, but a precinct—from the Latin *clausus*, shut in! We do not pretend to be critics in the American tongue, and it may not have the word in the sense of a *cathedral* precinct, because they have no buildings of that character; but we are surprised to hear that they do not use the word in its general and legal sense; for *close* is a term of our law that we should have thought must have been in old times familiar in America. As to the impertinence about *sleek* and *greasy* churchmen, which he engrafts on this specimen of vocabulary ignorance, we shall only say that it is entirely characteristic of the good taste and good manners of Mr. Cooper.

A similar instance of the decency and politeness of Mr. Cooper's style occurs on his visit to St. Paul's. He thus describes some of the officiating clergy whom he happened to see:—

"A number of the officials were loitering about the church. Who they were, I cannot say; but several of them had the sleek, pampered air of well-fed coach-horses—animals that did nothing but draw the family to church on Sundays, and enjoy their stalls. There was one fellow, especially, who had an unpleasantly greasy look: he was in orders, but sadly out of his place, Nature having intended him for a cook."—vol. i. pp. 102, 103.

This compliment to one of the *Prebendaries* of St. Paul's will, we hope, recommend Mr. Cooper to the indignation of our reverend and facetious friend, Mr.

* *Close* occurs in Webster's American Dictionary with the sense of "an enclosed place."

Sydney Smith, who, though he will see no resemblance to himself in Mr. Cooper's gross caricature, may we hope be inclined to take up the cudgels on the part of his order.

In the following instance, also, Mr. Cooper makes his ignorance a vehicle for his malice:—

"England is singularly a begrudging country.—Every thing is appreciated by its price. They have an expression always in their mouths that is *pregnant of meaning*, and which I fancy was never heard any where else. They say a thing is '*ridiculously cheap*.' Now when one becomes ridiculous from buying a thing at a low price, common sense is in a bad way."—vol. i. p. 147.

The man does not understand the import of the word on which he builds all this theory. The epithet "*ridiculous*," in this trivial phrase, is applied not in disparagement—either of the article—or of the *buyer*; who, on the contrary, piques himself on having made an excellent bargain; but against the *seller*, who is supposed (generally very falsely) to have parted with an article for much less than it was worth. So that the meaning, "*of which the phrase is pregnant*," is exactly the reverse of that which this nice critic and moralist attributes to it.

In a youthful visit to London—having walked, in company with his early friend and preceptor Stephen Stempson of Kennebunk, from Wapping to the West-end and the Parks—he had hesitated about entering Kensington Gardens:—

"Young as I then was, I knew enough about royal *appanages*, and the uses of royal parks, to understand that the public entered them as a favour, and not as a right."—vol. iii. pp. 217, 218.

Mr. Cooper says, "he *knew enough* about royal *appanages*," when it is quite clear that he knew nothing. He clearly neither had nor has the most remote idea of what an *appanage* is; though we see by the American papers of last week, that he has been endeavouring to prevent the vulgar public from *pic-nicking* on his own "*appanages*" (as he would call them) at *Coopersville*, in a spirit of aristocratical exclusion, which the sovereign of England does not exercise in Windsor park.

"The manner of speaking is identically the same as our own. There is none of the pedantry of 'I can not,' for 'I can't,'—'I do not,' for 'I don't,'—and all those schoolboy and boarding-school affectations, by which a parade is made of one's *orthography*! These are precisely our own good old New York forms of speech."—vol. i. pp. 241, 249.

Now, with all submission to Mr. Cooper, he seems here to make a parade of his "*orthography*," with no better success than Mrs. Malaprop of her "*orthodoxy*," or old Daniel Dowlas of his "*kakology*."

Out of many similar blunders we have been induced to notice the foregoing by the flourish of trumpets with which in each of these cases Mr. Cooper "*parades*" his ignorance.

The form of Mr. Cooper's work is a series of letters to different correspondents; but there does not seem to be much appropriation of the topics treated to the individuals addressed; and indeed we suppose that some of his correspondents will not be much flattered by the supposition that they stand in need of

some of the information which Mr. Cooper bestows on them respectively—as when he tells a captain of the United States' navy—

"the rise and fall of the tides is so great in these high narrow seas, that vessels are sometimes on a level with the quays, and at others three or four fathoms below them;"

and that

"it is possible to see across the Straits of Dover in clear weather;"

or when he tells *James Stetenson, Esquire*—

"you probably may not know that *birth*, of itself, entitles no one to wear a decoration, or the badge of an order."—vol. i. p. 2.

But to his friend Thomas Floyd-Jones, Esquire, of Fortneek, he imparts some curious information concerning our horses, carriages, and equipages. He begins, however, with another question of *orthography*:—

"The men here are a great deal in the saddle. This they call '*riding*;' going in a vehicle of any sort is '*driving*.' The distinction is arbitrary, though an innovation on the language. Were one to say he had been '*riding*' in the park, the inference would be inevitable that he had been in the saddle, as I know from a ludicrous mistake of a friend of my own. An American lady, who is no longer young, nor a feather-weight, told an acquaintance of hers that she had been *riding* in the Bois de Boulogne, at Paris. 'Good heavens!' said the person who had received this piece of news, to me, 'does Mrs. — actually exhibit her person on horseback, at her time of life, and in so public a place as the Bois de Boulogne?'—'I should think not, certainly. Pray, why do you ask?'—'She told me herself that she had been '*riding*' there all the morning.' I defended our countrywoman; for our own use of the word is undeniably right."—vol. i. pp. 176, 177.

Right, it may be, but certainly not *undeniably*; for we should consider the lady's use of the word *ride* as decidedly wrong, though not peculiar to America—for what this great American critic calls "*our own use of the word*," has been for a hundred years a noted vulgarity in England. But whatever may be Mr. Cooper's merit as an *orthographist*, it is certain that he is no very skilful equestrian, and that his ideas of *riding* and *driving* are obviously rather derived from theory than practice: nor can his friend Thomas Floyd-Jones, Esquire, of Fortneek, be much more learned in these matters, since Mr. Cooper thinks it necessary to inform him, that when Englishmen trot their horses—

"The rider invariably rises and falls,—a most ungraceful and, in my poor judgment, ungracious movement, for I cannot persuade myself a horse *likes* to have a Mississippi sawyer on his back."—vol. i. p. 180.

We should like of all things to see Mr. Cooper trotting one of Lord Westmoreland's hacks without condescending to imitate—as he phrases it—"a Mississippi sawyer."* But everything connected with riding—we beg pardon—"with *being in the saddle*," seems wonderful to Mr. Cooper.

"Nothing is more common than to see a man, here,

* A Mississippi sawyer is a half-sunken tree which sways up and down by the action of the current.

scattering the gravel through one of the parks, leaning over the neck of his beast, while the groom follows at the proper distance, imitating his master's movements, like a shadow.

"I have frequently breakfasted with young friends, and found three or four saddle-horses at the door, with as many grooms in waiting for the guests, who were on their way to one or the other of the houses."—vol. i. pp. 180, 181.

Certainly nothing is more common than to see a gentleman riding in the park followed by his groom: it is moreover so notorious that members of parliament do sometimes ride down to the houses, that we wonder that Mr. Cooper thinks it worth mentioning; but we must say, that in his over anxiety to give his transatlantic friend an idea of his familiarity with young members of parliament, he seems to have fallen into a little rhodomontade. It is highly improbable—in indeed hardly possible—that he should have breakfasted, in the year 1828, with young friends who were on their way to the houses, because neither house, in those days, ever sat before four o'clock in the afternoon. But what is a paltry matter of fact in competition with the éclat of "breakfasting with young friends, members of one or the other House?"

We must for a moment quit Mr. Cooper's chapter of horsemanship to allude to the subject of *breakfasting*, which is one of great importance with him:—

"The dinners are not as easy in London as in Paris, especially while the women are at table; but either I have fallen into a peculiar vein of breakfasts, or the breakfasts have fallen into my vein, for I have found some twenty of them, at which I have already been present, among so many of the pleasantest entertainments I have ever met with.

"Mr. Rogers, who is my near neighbour, you already know, asked me a second and a third time in the course of a few days.

"The *petits déjeuners* of Mr. Rogers have deservedly a reputation in London."—vol. i. pp. 22, 23, 131.

Poor Mr. Cooper had heard of the *petits soupers*—the snug abridgments of the usually large suppers—of old Paris, and he thinks it fine to call Mr. Rogers's breakfasts *petits déjeuners*, though more numerous attended than the usual domestic breakfasts.

After a long eulogium on these admirable *petits déjeuners*, he concludes by a fine burst of enthusiasm well worthy the sublimity of the subject:—

"Commend me, in every respect, to the delicious breakfasts of St. James's-place."—vol. i. p. 132.

His gratitude to Mr. Rogers, however, makes him a little ungrateful to others and inconsistent with himself, for after boasting that he had "fallen into a vein of breakfasts, so many as twenty of the pleasantest entertainments he ever met with"—and this within the first few weeks of his residence—he soon after says, that but for Mr. Rogers's

"admirable breakfasts, I should be apt to pronounce the meal one of whose rare qualities and advantages the English in general have no proper notion."—vol. i. p. 131.

We do not pretend to reconcile this inconsistency, but we suspect that Mr. Cooper will not think Mr. Rogers's breakfasts quite so admirable, nor the other twenty so transcendently agreeable when he hears

that it is by no means usual to invite strangers to breakfast in London, and that such breakfasts are generally given when the guest is one about whose manners, character, or social position, there is some uncertainty—a breakfast is a kind of *mezzoto-terme*, between a mere visit and the more intimate hospitality of a dinner. It is, as it were, a state of probation. We learn that in process of time Mr. Rogers invited his American acquaintance to dinner, but he thought it safer to begin with the less ir retrievable civility of a breakfast. And here is a convenient opportunity to notice again what we have more than once had occasion to allude to, the reluctance of the Tory gentry to admit these book-making foreigners into their private society. Mr. Cooper says:—

"One thing has struck me as at least odd. Coming, as I did, into this country without letters, (those sent by Mr. Spenser excepted,) I had no right to complain, certainly, had I been permitted to go away entirely without a visit: but I have been noticed by more than I had the smallest right to expect; and yet among all those who have knocked at my door, I am by no means certain there is a single Tory! I except the case of Sir Walter Scott, for we were previously acquainted.

"I do not know the political opinions of Mr. Sotheby, though he is evidently too mild a man to feel strong antipathies on this account; but, I believe, these two excepted, not only every man who has visited me, or asked me to his house, but nearly every man whom I have met at dinners and breakfasts, has been a Whig! Is this accident, or is it really the result of feeling?"—vol. ii. pp. 269—271.

We answer, that it was neither the one nor the other. Mr. Cooper evidently owes all the attention he received from the noblemen and gentlemen whose hospitality he so ungratefully repays, to Mr. Spenser's letters to his Whig friends. The Tory circles, we will venture to say, never so much as heard of this western luminary. For our humble selves, we were not aware that he had honoured us with a visit till long after his departure, when we heard a Whig—who had happened to meet him—amuse a dinner-table with instances of his vulgarity and impertinence. But if the Tories had heard of him, he would not have been a step nearer their dinner or drawing-rooms. They do not condescend to hunt for popularity with a strange pack; and they have their reward: while the unhappy Whigs, who pursue so low an object, have also their reward in finding themselves gibbeted, either by absurd flattery or unmannerly censure, in the patibulary pages of such executioners as Puckler, Raumer, and Cooper.

But we must return to the chapter of horses and carriages. Mr. Cooper, though commonly a pretty bold assertor, seems to feel himself, when "in the saddle," a little out of his element, and to be inspired with an unusual but becoming diffidence:—

"Our [American] horses have none of the grand movement that the cattle are trained to in Europe generally, and these of London seem, as they dash furiously along, as if they were trampling the earth under their feet."—vol. i. p. 174.

"Seem as if"—we assure Mr. Cooper that he need not have any doubt on the subject, and that English—and we believe most European—horses, when they dash furiously along, do really trample the earth under their feet. Perhaps Mr. Cooper's surprise arises from

the fact, that on many of the roads and even in some of the streets of America horses generally trample, not the earth, but *logs of wood*.

He next proceeds to discuss the colour of our horses:—

"The colours most frequent are a dull bay and chestnuts, very few of the true *sorrels* being seen. It was said the other day, that this word was *American*; but Lord H—n replied that it was a provincial term, and still in use in the north, being strictly technical. Johnson has '*Sorrel*: the buck is called the first year a fawn; the third, a *sorrel*.' He cites Shakespeare as authority. Can the term as applied to a horse, come from the resemblance in the colour?"—vol. i. pp. 181, 182.

We know not how Mr. Cooper would distinguish a word's being *American* or *English*, nor what he supposes Lord H—n to have meant by *technical* and *provincial*, in contradistinction to *American*, but we do know that the quotation from Johnson and Shakespeare is arrant nonsense, and that *sorrel*, for the colour of a horse, is an old English word, to be found in all our earlier dictionaries (Cotgrave, for instance, in 1650; Phillip, 1657; Skinner, 1671;) and as to its derivation, it is well known to come from the same root as the French *sauret* ("pronounced *sorét*," says Menage,) and the Italian *sauro*, which signify the same hue. We can forgive Mr. Cooper for being no great proficient in French or Italian, when we find him so much at sea in *American*.

Sometimes he sees things which we have never seen.

"The king is seldom seen; but I have witnessed his departure from St. James's for Windsor, lately. He was in a post-chariot, with one of his sisters, another carriage following. Four horses were in the harness, held by two postillions, while two more rode together, on horses with blinkers and *collars*, but quite free from the carriage, a few paces in advance."—vol. i. p. 183.

And collars!—this must have been a *collar-day* such as we never saw at St. James's; but Mr. Cooper is such a "mere accurate observer!"

We were startled at reading in the next page—

"You have not the smallest conception of what a livery is."—vol. i. p. 185.

This addressed to "Thomas Floyd-Jones, Esquire, of Fortneck," certainly surprised us—that *Thomas Floyd-Jones, Esquire*, should not see liveries in a land of republican equality, we perfectly understand; but that a gentleman acquainted with the language in which Shakespeare and Milton, Pope and Addison wrote, should "not have the *smallest conception* of what a livery is," would, if it had fallen from the pen of Mrs. Trollope, be considered as an offensive imputation. But be that as it may, if Mr. Thomas Floyd-Jones was ignorant before of what a livery was, he runs some risk of being led far astray if he puts faith in Mr. Cooper's description. A livery, he says, is—

"a coat of some striking colour, white perhaps, covered with lace, red plush vest and breeches, white stockings, shoes and buckles, a laced round hat with a high cockade, a powdered head and a gold-headed cane."—vol. i. p. 185.

If our pages reach Mr. Floyd-Jones's eye we warn him—should he meditate a visit to Europe—not to

order his liveries strictly after this pattern, which happens, by Mr. Cooper's usual good luck, not to contain one single item of the *essential* of a livery; the coat need *not* be a striking colour; it generally is not—blue, black, and drab, will do as well; it need *not* be covered with lace—the majority of liveries now-a-days have no lace: the vest and breeches need neither be red nor plush; the hat need be neither round nor laced, nor have a cockade, either high or low; and as to shoes, buckles, powdered heads, and golden-headed canes, though they may accompany livery, as they may accompany any other dress, they are no essential part of it. We notice all this otherwise contemptible stuff, because it shows that it is Mr. Cooper himself who has "no conception" of what he talks so flippantly about, and is so ignorant of the history as well as the present state of European society, as not to know either the origin or use of this relique of feudalism.

"All these things are brought in rigid subjection to the code of propriety. The commoner, unless of note, may not affect too much state. If the head of an old county family, however, he may trespass hard on nobility. If a *parvenu*, let him beware of cockades and canes."—vol. i. pp. 185, 186.

These *cockades* are perfect *ignes fatui* to poor Mr. Cooper. He had before told us that a friend of his, as they were walking together, pointed to a man who had just passed, saying—

"His father was in trade and left him a large fortune, and now he is dashing upon the town like a nabob. He actually had the *impudence lately to give his footmen cockades*. There was a fellow!"—vol. i. p. 143.

It would have been lucky for Mr. Cooper if his friend had told him that the cockade is the distinguishing mark of the servant of a military man, and that the groom-boy of "Ensign Sash, whose father was a sugar-baker in St. Mary Axe," has as much right to wear a cockade as the footman of the Duke of Wellington.

To show that he is as strong in heraldry as on etiquette he adds—

"The arms are respected with religious sanctity. None but the head of the family bears the supporters, unless by an especial concession"—vol. i. pp. 186, 187;

and he winds up all this laborious nonsense, of which every word that is not positively untrue is an egregious blunder, with pronouncing in a lofty tone—

"Now there is a great deal that is deadening and false in all this, mixed up with something that is beautiful, and much that is convenient."—vol. i. p. 187;

So "beautiful and so convenient," that in spite of all that is "deadening and false in the system," Mr. Cooper must needs have a footman himself—a footman, we need hardly add, chosen with Mr. Cooper's usual taste and discrimination, under the awful responsibility of the proverb,—"like master like man."

"The English footman I have engaged is a steady little old man, with a red face and powdered poll, who appears in black breeches and coat, but who says himself that his size has marred his fortune. He can just see over my shoulder as I sit at table. If my watch were as regular as this fellow, I should have less cause to complain of it. He is never out of the way; speaks

just
The
lived
first
fifty,
Cove

If th
man
years
the d
gives
own

"I
peara
on his
ecstas
which
p. 185

Mr.
and w
more
in his
vision
in a st
the del

meetin
—the l
ly elev
presum
ble infl
cannot
a futte
senses,
to the r

"Nor
al and
might
theory.
for this
may be
general
ple in a
few laug

"A d
cian han
the dinin
the stre
ears. R
etiquette
than a co
ment ha
say that
bird by
touch. N
a hint to
to make

Now we
have acc
have laic
and we d
etiquette,
the whole
one single
as one wo
at all. V
and never
phorically

just loud enough to be heard, and calls me *master* (!). The rogue has had passages in his life, too, for he once lived with Peter Pindar, and accompanied *Opie* in his first journey to London. He is cockney born, is about fifty, and has run his career between Temple Bar and Covent Garden."—vol. i. pp. 188, 189.

If this be so—he was an infant phenomenon, for the man of fifty in 1828 could have been barely three years old when *Opie* came to town; but in pursuing the description of his ridiculous footman, Mr. Cooper gives us, very unintentionally, some touches of his own character:—

"I found him at the hotel, and this is his first appearance among the quality whose splendour acts forcibly on his imagination. W— caught him in a perfect ecstasy the other day, reading the card of an earl, which had just been given him at the door."—vol. i. p. 189.

Mr. Cooper himself had got "among the quality," and we cannot believe that the earl's card produced more ecstasy in the old hacknied tavern waiter than in his *master*, whose own imagination, whenever the vision of a lord passes across it, seems to have been in a state of fever, between envy and vanity, between the delight of associating with a lord and the pain of meeting a superior, exhibiting—to use his own simile—the lively image of a *Mississippi sawyer*—alternately elevating his head by the buoyancy of personal presumption, and bending it again under the irresistible influence of social superiority. Indeed Mr. Cooper cannot so much as mention a lord without getting into a flutter between awe and envy, that confuses his very senses, and makes him pledge his own personal credit to the most ridiculous fables and fancies.

"Nor is the English noble always as absolutely natural and simple as it is the fashion to say he is, or as he might possibly be demonstrated to be by an ingenious theory. Simple he is certainly in mere deportment, for this is absolutely a rule of good breeding; and he may be simple in dress, for the same law now obtains generally, in this particular; but he is not quite so simple in all his habits and pretensions. I will give you a few laughable proofs of the contrary.

"A dozen noblemen may have laid their own patrician hands on my knocker within a fortnight. As I use the dining-room to write in, I am within fifteen feet of the street-door, and no favour of this sort escapes my ears. Ridiculous as it may seem, there is a species of etiquette established, by which a peer shall knock louder than a commoner! I do not mean to tell you that parliament has passed a law to that effect, but I do mean to say that so accurate has my ear become, that I know a lord by his knock, as one would know *Velluti* by his touch. Now a loud knock may be sometimes useful as a hint to a loitering servant, but it was a queer thought to make it a test of station."—vol. i. pp. 113, 115.

Now we, too, have had visits from lords—nay, we have accompanied "noblemen" to doors, where "they have laid their own patrician hands on the knocker," and we do mean to say, that there is no such law nor etiquette, nor even practice, nor anything like it—that the whole statement is a fable, in which there is but one single line of truth—"I know a lord by his knock, as one would know *Velluti* by his touch,"—that is—not at all. *Velluti*, Mr. Cooper should know, was a singer, and never touched anything but his salary, and metaphorically our feelings.

It is thus his ignorance and vanity, combined with his anxiety to disparage everything in England, betrays him into statements which might almost excite doubts even of his veracity. The following is of the same class:—

"You may perhaps be ignorant that, by the actual law, game cannot be sold at all in England. My wife was ill lately, and I desired our landlady to send and get her a bird or two; but the good woman held up her hands and declared it was impossible, as there was a fine of fifty pounds for buying or selling game. The law is evaded, however; hares, it is said, passing from hand to hand constantly in London under the name of *lions*."—vol. ii. p. 53.

What a cruel people—what a tyrannous law, that refuses a poor "sick lady a bird or two" because the sale of game was prohibited! But mark—Mr. Cooper appears to have arrived in London about the end of February or beginning of March (vol. i. p. 1.) and to have quitted it early in June (vol. iii. p. 203.) Now if between March and June Mr. Cooper or his sick lady had had an unseasonable fancy for a brace of partridges, the landlady might well have held up her hands in surprise; but she never could have said "that it was impossible, because there is a penalty of 50*l.* for selling game"—though she might have told him that no game is ever killed in England between February and September.

Some of his modes of explaining away what have been hitherto considered indisputable advantages or beauties is very entertaining.

"The freshness of the English complexion is apt to deceive inconsiderate observers. This, I take it, is merely the effect of fog and sea-air!"—vol. i. p. 197.

What complexions the fair natives or Newfoundland must have!

We cannot pass over a few instances of his literary taste.

"The celebrated tapestry [in the House of Lords] is a rude fabric. It must have been woven when the art was in its infancy, and it is no wonder that such ships met with no success. It is much faded; which, quite likely, is an advantage rather than otherwise. 'The tapestry which adorns these walls' was a flight of eloquence that must have required all the moral courage of Chatham to get along with."—vol. i. p. 89.

What a chronologist! An art was "in its infancy" subsequent to the destruction of the Armada in 1588, for which Raphael almost a century before had designed the Cartoons.

We see no great proof of moral courage in Lord Chatham's allusion, but a wonderful lack of moral feeling in Mr. Cooper's criticism. He clearly thinks that nothing but some flaunting tapestry, fresh from the Gobelins, could justify the word *adorns*—he cannot comprehend that it was not the faded hangings, but the glorious recollections they revived, that inspired the great orator, and that it required no more moral courage "to get along with," as the critic of Lord Chatham elegantly says—"this flight of eloquence"—than an American might exercise in alluding to the faded and tattered flags of the Macedonian and Java, which we presume "adorn" the Capitol at Washington.

The following specimen of critical taste and intel-

lectual elevation is still more exquisite. Landing at Dover he thinks it necessary to quote Shakspeare's beautiful lines descriptive of the cliff, which we gladly copy—for familiar as the passage is to every tongue and ear, nothing more beautiful ever was written—it is, as it were, a picture set to music.

—“Half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head:
The fishermen that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yon tall anchoring bark
Diminish'd to her cock; her cock a buoy
Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge,
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high.”—vol. i. p. 14.

On this Mr. Cooper remarks—

“It is quite evident Edgar did not deal fairly with the old man, little of this fine description being more than poetically exact.”—vol. i. p. 14.

Mr. Cooper could quote the play, but it seems he never read, or at least did not understand it.—Why! the whole scene turns on Edgar's “not dealing fairly with the old man,” whom he persuaded that he was on the edge of Dover Cliff when he really was not; and the description is not of a scene before the speaker's eyes, but a picture from memory or fancy—so beautiful, indeed, and so true in its generalities, that it fits Dover Cliff as it would Culver Cliff, or Beachy-Head, or any other precipice on the coast. But then follows a verbal criticism still more surprising.

“Dr. Johnson has complimented Shakspeare for his knowledge of nautical phrases; but this is a mistake into which neither you nor I will be so likely to fall. In the quotation I have just given you, the great bard makes the gradation in diminutiveness pass from the ship to her boat, and from the boat to the buoy! This is poetry, and as such it is above comment; but one of the craft would have been more exact.”—vol. i. p. 15.

We really can hardly believe our eyes that any man could write such stuff. Mr. Cooper seems to think that Edgar was bound to mathematical proportions, and called upon to prove that as the ship is to the boat, so the boat is to the buoy, and because these three proportionals are not, in Mr. Cooper's ideas, algebraically correct, Shakspeare is convicted of a blunder. Alas! alas! for such criticism—even if it were correct in cubic inches; but it is as false in fact as in taste; and every eye which has ever seen a bark at anchor with her boat and her buoy, recognises at once the admirable precision of the fancied imagery.*

Amusing as all these absurdities are individually, we feel that a repetition of such trash soon palls upon the senses like the blundering agility of a clown in a pantomime, and that an over-dose of ridicule ends in disgust—we shall therefore not venture to push any further over extracts from Mr. Cooper's picture of England; but we should not do justice to him, nor to his subject, if we did not produce

* We have taken the trouble of inquiring how the proportion really is, and we are informed that of a sloop of war—the jolly-boat is in round numbers about one-sixth of the length of the hull, and the buoy one-sixth of the jolly-boat—so that even in this miserable detail our nautical critic is absolutely wrong.

some sketches which he incidentally gives us of his own country, in the back or the fore-ground of his English portraits. We do not pretend to judge whether these sketches are correct or not—they are certainly not flattering. We English readers, if we cared a fig for Mr. Cooper's vituperation of England, might thank our stars that, with all his rancour, he has said nothing of us so bad as, with all his partiality, he has recorded against his own country; and our American readers, when they see what a picture he has painted of them, may be induced to hesitate charitably as to the justice of his caricatures of us. We shall present our readers with Mr. Cooper's evidence as to his own country under the three general heads of *national character—domestic manners—and arts, literature, and taste.* We must limit our selection to those passages which are less diffuse than Mr. Cooper's rambling descriptions usually are, but we could have nearly doubled or trebled the quantity. We have to preface them with an important observation:—Mr. Cooper's darling theme is the *progressive* strength and *increasing* blessings of the institutions of his country—yet there is hardly a page in which he is not obliged to confess that *morally* the country has been receding; and whenever he refers to a laudable state of society, he talks of *thirty years ago*, and is even obliged to go back to the times of those who were born and educated before these boasted institutions were established. *A priori* we should have guessed as much; but it is curious that we should have out of Mr. Cooper's own mouth frequent admissions which positively overturn all the main points of his theory. In fact Mr. Cooper is as silly as illogical, and as ill-tempered a fellow in America as he was in England.

“Cælum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.”

With these prefatory observations we shall submit to an admiring world “*America by an American.*”

NATIONAL CHARACTER—PUBLIC MORALS:—

“It has long struck me that the term ‘happy country’ is singularly misapplied as regards America.”—vol. iii. p. 135.

—“The English are to be distinguished from the Americans by greater independence of personal habits.”—vol. iii. p. 192.

—“I believe there is more honesty of public sentiment in England than in America.”—vol. iii. p. 199.

—“The spirit of traffic is gradually enveloping every thing in the country [*America*] in its sordid grasp.”—vol. ii. p. 13.

—“The worst tendency we have at home [*America*] is manifested by a rapacity for money, which, when obtained, is to be spent in little besides eating and drinking.”—vol. ii. p. 54.

—“In America all the local affections are sacrificed to the spirit of gain.”—vol. iii. p. 136.

—“Let the reason be what it will [of the weakness of the family tie in *America*], the effect is to cut us off from a large portion of the happiness that is dependent on the affections.”—vol. iii. p. 139.

—“An evident dishonesty of sentiment pervades the public itself, which is beginning to regard acts of private delinquency with a dangerous indifference, acts too that are inseparably connected with the character,

“We that re-
even th
of the n
mon of
VOL. 2

security, and right administration of the state."—vol. ii. p. 265.

—" *Au reste*, the Americans, more particularly those of New England, are a gossiping people; and though the gossip may not be a liar, he necessarily circulates much untruth. In this manner the American lies with his tongue, while the rest of the world lie only in their thoughts."—vol. iii. p. 9.

—"As a people, I believe we are in favour in no part of Europe."—vol. ii. p. 270.

—"As to distinctive American *sentiments* and American *principles* [these Italics are Mr. Cooper's,] a majority of that [the reading] class of our citizens hardly know them when they see them—a more *wrong-headed* and *deluded* people there is not on earth than our own, on all such subjects, and one would be almost content to take some of the English prejudices, if more manliness and discrimination could be had with them."—vol. iii. p. 51.

—"We are nearly destitute of *statesmen*, though overflowing with *politicians*."—vol. iii. p. 76.

—"We are almost entirely wanting in national pride, though abundantly supplied with an *irritable vanity*, which might rise to pride had we greater confidence in our facts."—vol. iii. p. 179.

—"Were I an office-seeker, I would at once resort to *meanesses* that obtain for an American the outward favour of the aristocracies of Europe, whatever may be their secret opinions, as the most certain method of being deemed worthy of the confidence of the government at Washington."—vol. ii. p. 282.

—"The besetting, the *degrading vice* of America is the moral cowardice by which men are led to truckle to what is called public opinion—though nine times in ten these opinions are mere engines set in motion by the most corrupt and least respectable portion of the community, for the most unworthy purposes. The English are a more respectable and constant [unconstant?] nation than the Americans, as relates to this peculiarity."—vol. iii. p. 201.

—"We have the sensitiveness of provincials, increased by the consciousness of having our spurs to earn, on all matters of glory and renown, and our *jealousy extends even to the reputations of the cats and dogs*."—vol. iii. p. 183.

FINE ARTS, LITERATURE, TASTE:—

—"We know little or nothing of music, painting, statuary, or any of those arts whose fruits must be studied to be felt and understood."—vol. ii. p. 257.

—"The music of America is beneath contempt."—vol. iii. p. 143.

—"This defect [tendency to exaggeration] pervades the ordinary language of the country [America,] and, sooner or later, will totally corrupt it, if the proportion of unformed [uninformed?] to the formed [informed?] goes on increasing at the rate it has done in the last ten years."—vol. iii. p. 112.

—"We have a *one-sided* liberty of speech and of the press, that renders every one right valorous in eulogies; but even the *pulpit* shrinks from its sacred duties on many of the most besetting, the most palpable, and most common of our *vices*."—vol. i. p. 101.

VOL. XXXI.—FEBRUARY, 1839.

—"In England, the highest intellectual classes give reputation; while in America, it is derived from the mediocrity I have mentioned, through the agency, half the time, of as impudent a set of literary quacks as probably a civilized world ever tolerated."—vol. ii. p. 239.

—"Every honest man appears to admit that the press in America is fast getting to be *intolerable*. In escaping from the tyranny of foreign aristocrats, we have created in our bosoms a *tyranny of a character so insupportable*, that a change of some sort is getting indispensable to peace."—vol. ii. p. 265.

—"I found Mr. Sotheby living in a house that, so far as I could see, was American, as American houses *used to be*, before the taste became corrupted by an uneducated pretension."—vol. ii. p. 24.

—"At home [in America] we build on a large scale, equip with cost, and take refuge in expedients as things go to decay. . . . He who insists on having things precisely as they ought to be, is usually esteemed an unreasonable rogue. . . . We satisfy ourselves by acknowledging a standard of merit in comforts, but little dream of acting up to it."

—"If we had Holland House in New York, we should pull the building down; firstly, because it does not stand in a thoroughfare, where one can swallow dust free of cost; secondly, because it wants the two rooms and folding-doors; and thirdly, because it has no iron *chevaux de frise* in front."—vol. i. p. 139.

DOMESTIC AND FEMALE MANNERS:—

—"The manners of the country [America] are *decidedly worse now in every thing* than they were *thirty years since*."—vol. iii. p. 108.

—"An American is lucky indeed, if he can read a paper in a house without having a stranger looking over each shoulder. Exaggerated as this may appear, the writer [Cooper] has actually been driven away by strangers leaning over him, in this manner, no less than eleven times, at the Astor House, within the last twelve months."—vol. iii. p. 193.

—"I am not disposed to quarrel with any Englishman who says frankly—'Your society is not to my liking; it wants order, tone, finish, simplicity and manliness; having substituted in their stead, pretension, noise, a childish and rustic irritability, and a confusion in classes.' These defects are obvious to a man of the world."—vol. iii. p. 105.

—"Travellers are [in American inns] indiscriminately elevated or depressed to the same level of habits; it being almost an offence against good morals in America for a man to refuse to be hungry when the majority is ravenous, or to have an appetite when the mass has dined. In the midst of noise and confusion one would be expected to allow that in such a caravansery he was living in what, in American parlance, is called 'splendid style'; 'splendid misery' would be a better term."—vol. i. p. 11.

—"Our deportment is *fast tending* to mediocrity under the present gregarious habits of the people. When there is universal suffrage at a dinner table or in the drawing-room, numbers will prevail, as well as in the ballot boxes, and the majority in no country is particularly polite and well bred. The great taverns that are springing up all over America are not only evils in their way, of comfort and decency, but they are actu-

ally helping to injure the tone of manners."—vol. i. p. 45.

—"It would be unfair to compare the company at a dinner [in London] with that wine-discussing, trade-talking, dollar-dollar set that has made an inroad on society in our commercial towns, not half of whom are cultivated, or indeed, Americans; but I speak of a class vastly superior, which, *innovated* on, as it is, by the *social Vandals* of the times, still clings to its habits, and retains much of its *ancient* simplicity and respectability."—vol. i. p. 248.

—"The audience [at Covent Garden Theatre] had a well-dressed and respectable air, and although its taste might sometimes be questioned, it was well-mannered. In short, it was very much like what our own better theatres *used* to exhibit *before the inroad of the Goths*."—vol. iii. p. 98.

—"The women in this country [England] have a distinct, quiet, regulated utterance, which is almost unknown in their own sex in America. Their voices are more like *contraltos* than those of our own women, who have a very peculiar shrillness, and they manage them much better. Indeed we are almost in a state of nature on all these points."—vol. iii. pp. 107, 8.

—"As to the essential points of deportment, the distinctions [between *English* and *American* manners] are more obvious than one could wish, especially among the men, and among the very youthful of your own [the female] sex."—vol. ii. p. 191.

—"Time, reflection, and perhaps necessity, impart more *retenue* of manner here than it is common to see with us, though girls of good families, certainly the daughters of good mothers, at home [in *America*,] come pretty nearly up to the level of English deportment."

—"No women do so much injustice to themselves as the Americans; their singularly feminine exterior, requiring softness and mildness of voice and deportment, a tone that their unformed habits have suffered to be supplanted by the rattle of hoydens, and the giggling of the nursery."—vol. ii. p. 198.

—"We have party ladies as well as England . . . but how rare is it to find one who is capable of instructing a child in even the elementary principles of its country's interests, duties, or rights! . . . it would be much better were our girls kept longer at their books before they are turned into the world to run their light-hearted career of trifling."—vol. ii. 38.

And all these, be it remembered, are the mere *incidental* and *palliative* admissions of a writer whose object is to depreciate and libel England and to vindicate and exalt America. We learn from an appendix to the volumes, that Mr. Cooper is already in very bad odour in America, and he confesses that "he has never been so well-treated in any country, *not even in his own*," as in this England, which he has thus endeavoured to revile, (p. vii.) and he talks of the "*odium*," "*persecution*," and so forth, which he suffers at home, very angrily, and we dare say truly. With his temper he is sure to meet unpopularity every where; and we shall be much surprised if this last publication does not give him the *coup de grace* both at home and abroad.

Before we take our leave of Mr. Cooper we must observe, that amidst all the trash which carries on its very face ridicule and refutation, there are two

statements of alleged facts so audaciously false as to require special notice, and on which it is, in a peculiar degree, our bounden duty to make a direct and personal appeal to Mr. Cooper, and to invite both the British and American public to expect his answer.

One is on the subject of the old—but lately-revived—French lie; that the English government were the secret accomplices of the worst excesses of the French revolution. This, of course, the congenial mind of Mr. Cooper believes, nor do we quarrel with his belief, but he supports it by an anecdote which we can assert to be in its letter and its spirit an *infamous falsehood*.

"One anecdote related to me by General Lafayette, in person, I consider so remarkable that it shall be repeated; substituting, however, initials of names that do not apply to those that were actually mentioned, as some of the parties are still living. I select this anecdote from a hundred, because I so well know the integrity of the party from whom it is derived, that I feel confident there is no exaggeration or colouring in the account; and because it is, *fortunately, in my power to prove that I had it from General Lafayette, almost in the words in which it is given to you*. We were conversing on the subject of the probable agency of the monarchs and aristocrats of Europe in bringing about the excesses of the revolution. 'Count N—— was in England during the peace of Amiens,' said our venerable friend, 'and he dined with Lord G——, one of Mr. Pitt's cabinet. They were standing together at a window of the drawing-room, when Lord G—— pointed to a window of a house at a little distance, and said, 'that is the window of the room in which F—— lodged, when in England.' 'F——' exclaimed Count N——, 'what can you know, my lord, of such a man as F——?' The English minister smiled significantly, and replied, 'Why, we sent him to France!'

"By substituting for 'Count N——' the name of a Frenchman who has been a minister under nearly every government in France for the last forty years, and whose private and public character is one of the best of that country; for that of Lord G——, a well-known English statesman; and that of F——, one of the greatest monsters to which the Reign of Terror gave birth, you will have the story almost in the words in which it was related to me by General Lafayette, who told me he had it from Count N—— himself."—vol. iii. pp. 155-7.

The very idea of the British cabinet having any share in those horrors is so ridiculous as to require no refutation; but in order that the malignant credulity of such men as Mr. Cooper should thenceforth have no excuse, we several years ago took what really was the *superfluous* trouble,* of adding to the authority of public notoriety and common sense, that of Mr. Pitt, Lord Grenville, and several other members of the cabinet and government between 1790 and 1797—that the imputation was a falsehood equally monstrous for its atrocity and its absurdity. We shall, however, never permit this calumny to be repeated in any book likely to be circulated among the less-informed classes, which falls under our notice, without repeating our contradiction—and though it never could appear in a more contemptible channel than in Mr. Cooper's "*England*," we shall throw away a few words on the details of the anecdote, as related by him.

Our readers will have observed that he only gives initials of the names, and, strange to say, these initials

* Quarterly Review, vol. xxviii. p. 463.

are *not*, he says, the initials of the *real* names. Why not? when he gives, at full length, the names of Mr. Pitt and M. Lafayette? Because he says "*some of the parties are still living.*" Now we, on the contrary, cannot but think that when so atrocious an imputation on the character of such a man as Mr. Pitt is made, it ought to be considered very lucky that its truth might be tested by living evidence—nor could there be any breach of confidence in giving the *other* names, for he does give that of the person who told him, and he, moreover, volunteers an offer to substantiate the fact by proof, "for it is," says he, "*fortunately in my power to prove that I had it from Lafayette.*"

To that proffered proof we now invite him.

But again; "*some of the parties are alive.*"—The only parties alluded to, are Mr. Pitt and Lafayette—"Lord G—, a member of Mr. Pitt's cabinet"—"F—, one of the greatest monsters of the Reign of Terror"—"and the Count N—." Now Lafayette is dead—Mr. Pitt is dead—every member of his cabinet at the period in question is dead—we are almost certain that there is not *any* monster of the Reign of Terror now living; and therefore we have reduced Mr. Cooper to his imaginary Count N—, who might have been one of the parties—but who, *alone*, could not, *with truth*, be designated as *some* of the parties. Here, again, Mr. Cooper's statement requires explanation.

But this is not all—this alleged conversation with "the member of Mr. Pitt's cabinet" took place during the peace of Amiens—the inventor of the lie, whoever he was, had forgotten that Mr. Pitt was not in office for two years before, nor for two years after, the peace of Amiens. And again, the main gist of the whole is that the British ministry "sent over to France one of the greatest monsters to which the Reign of Terror gave birth." We are not ignorant of the history of the Reign of Terror, nor of the persons who figured in that gigantic tragedy, and we think that we can venture to say that no person who can be said to have been "one of the greatest monsters to whom the Reign of Terror gave birth" was ever in England, under any circumstances that could admit the possibility of such an intrigue; Marat visited England about 1774; Danton made a short visit about the middle of 1789, before the revolution had taken its ferocious hue; and Petion attended Madame de Genlis in her journey in 1790, and stayed a very few days. We say nothing of the private visits or diplomatic missions of Orleans-Egalité, in and prior to 1789, because all the world knows that the British government could have had no hand in them; and, moreover, these three persons—Danton, Petion, Egalité—monsters as they were, were rather the *victims* than the *births* of the Reign of Terror. Now we think we are entitled to summon Mr. Cooper, as a man of veracity, to fulfil his pledge. He states voluntarily and ostentatiously, that "*it is fortunately in his power to prove that he had this story from General Lafayette.*" This offer of collateral proof justifies us in requiring that the collateral proof shall be produced. Lafayette was a weak, foolish fellow, but we believe him to have been quite incapable of inventing so gross a lie, and almost so of repeating it—and we therefore call on Mr. Cooper, in the face of the world, to produce the proof which he has tendered, and to give us the names and all other details of the anecdote, as he heard it. If he does not, we shall leave him and his story to

the judgment of every man of honour in Europe and America.

The other point on which we have to make a personal appeal to Mr. Cooper is the following:—

"There is scarcely a doubt, that articles, unfavourable to America,—low, blackguard abuse, that was addressed to the least worthy of the national propensities of the English,—were prepared under the direction of the government, and inserted in the Quarterly Review. Mr. Gifford admitted as much as this to an American of my acquaintance, who has distinctly informed me of the fact."—vol. ii. p. 251.

We do not complain that Mr. Cooper should think *our* style "low and blackguard;" he means, of course, that it is the reverse of his own, and that is the sole approbation which we desire from him; but to the assertion which implicates the name of our lamented friend Mr. Gifford we give the most indignant denial, with absolute certainty as regards the fact, with moral certainty as regards the confession attributed to Mr. Gifford. He could not have made any such admission, because there never was the slightest colour for the allegation; and we, therefore, in the most solemn manner call on Mr. Cooper to prove the sincerity of his own solemn execration of "*any one who should indulge in low calumnies that mark equally ignorance and vulgarity.*" (vol. iii. p. 163.) and to produce the American acquaintance, "who distinctly informed him" of what we denounce to the world as another CALUMNIOUS FALSEHOOD.

From the Quarterly Review.

THE PICKWICK PAPERS.

1. *The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club; containing a faithful Record of the Perambulations, Perils, Travels, Adventures, and Sporting Transactions of the corresponding Members.* Edited by "Boz." With Illustrations. Nos. 1. to XVII.
2. *Sketches by Boz: illustrative of Every-day Life—and Every-day People.* The Third Edition; in 2 vols. London. 1837.
3. *Sketches by Boz, &c.* The Second Series. Second Edition. London. 1837.

THE popularity of this writer is one of the most remarkable literary phenomena of recent times, for it has been fairly earned without resorting to any of the means by which most other writers have succeeded in attracting the attention of their contemporaries. He has flattered no popular prejudice and profited by no passing folly: he has attempted no caricature sketches of the manners or conversation of the aristocracy; and there are very few political or personal allusions in his works. Moreover, his class of subjects are such as to expose him at the outset to the fatal objection of vulgarity; and, with the exception of occasional extracts in the newspapers, he received little or no assistance from the press. Yet, in less than six months from the appearance of the first number of the Pickwick Papers, the whole reading public were talking about them—the names of Winkle, Wardell, Weller, Snodgrass, Dodson and Fogg, had become familiar

in our mouths as household terms; and Mr. Dickens was the grand object of interest to the whole tribe of "Leo-hunters," male and female, of the metropolis. Nay, Pickwick chintzes figured in linendrapers' windows, and Weller corduroys in breeches-makers' advertisements; Box cabs might be seen rattling through the streets, and the portrait of the author of "Pelham" or "Crichton" was scraped down or pasted over to make room for that of the new popular favourite in the omnibusses. This is only to be accounted for on the supposition that a fresh vein of humour had been opened; that a new and decidedly original genius had sprung up; and the most cursory reference to preceding English writers of the comic order will show, that, in his own peculiar walk, Mr. Dickens is not simply the most distinguished, but the first.

Admirers and detractors will be equally ready to admit that he has little, if anything, in common with the novelists and essayists of the last century. Of Fielding's intuitive perception of the springs of action, and skill in the construction of the prose epic—or Smollet's dash, vivacity, wild spirit of adventure and rich poetic imagination—he has none: still less can he make pretensions to the exquisite delicacy, fine finish, and perfect keeping of Steele's and Addison's pet characters,—Sir Roger de Coverley, Will Wimple, Will Honeycombe, Sir Andrew Freeport, and the rest; though we know few things better in conception than Sam Weller, with his chivalrous attachment to his master, his gallantry to the fair sex, his imperturbable self-possession, and singularly acquired knowledge of the world. A microscopic observer might detect some points of analogy in the Vicar of Wakefield and Beau Tibbs, but certainly not enough to form the foundation of a parallel; and it seems hardly necessary to add, that there are literally none at all between the writer now before us and the other writers of the preceding century (Swift, Sterne, &c.) who come under the denomination of humorous. An examination of the leading humorous writers of the present day will lead to a nearly similar result;—meaning by *humorous*, those whose peculiar aim and object it is to excite laughter; for we are by no means desirous of engaging in a controversy as to the precise limits of wit and humour, and therefore prefer substituting the popular sense of the word for the metaphysical one.

Far in advance of all other contemporary writers of this class stand the Rev. Sydney Smith and Mr. Theodore Hook—*magis pares quam similes*—and we gladly avail ourselves of the opportunity to pay our tribute of admiration to their acknowledged merits whilst endeavouring to mark out the distinguishing peculiarities of the two.

In our last number we were under the painful necessity of censuring the (as it seemed to us) unbecoming levity with which Mr. Sydney Smith had thought proper to obtrude himself upon the notice of Majesty. But it was the preacher, not the man, we protested against: we frankly admitted the talent in which he shines pre-eminent, at the very moment we were lamenting the particular application of it; and we shall always have much pleasure in bearing testimony to the strong good sense and sound logical understanding which distinguish many of his controversial writings, and act by way of balance to his jocularity. But, in the present case, we have only to do with him as a humorist or "joker of jokers," and

seek merely to determine the class, genus, or species to which he belongs, or which he constitutes, in that capacity. With this view we have been at the pains—or rather, we should say, the pleasure—of analyzing a great many of his happiest passages; and, unless we are much mistaken, we think we can name with confidence the grand arcanum of his art; which consists, in nine cases out of ten, in ludicrous exaggeration, or in what logicians call, the *reductio ad absurdum*; i. e., in carrying out the consequences of any given statement or reasoning to the utmost limits of the ridiculous;—as in his well-known apprehension, that, if Sir Andrew Agnew's principles progressed, "whist and cribbage would be exiled to the wilderness, and we might live to see four elderly gentlemen playing at sixpenny shorts among the hills, with scouts on the look-out for dragoons;" or in his remark to a friend who was mentioning a literary lady's distress at discovering a straw (symptomatic of a hackney-coach,) in her drawing-room:—"Why, as to that, I have been at literary soirées when the carpet looked like a stubble-field." The following passage from Peter Plymley's Letters will more fully illustrate our position:—

"Out of sight, out of mind, seems to be a proverb which applies to enemies as well as friends. Because the French army was no longer seen from the cliffs of Dover; because the sound of cannon was no longer heard by the debauched London bathers on the Sussex coast; because the "Morning Post" no longer fixed the invasion sometimes for Monday, sometimes for Tuesday, sometimes (positively for the last time of invading) on Saturday; because all these causes of terror were suspended; you conceived the power of Buonaparte to be at an end, and were setting off for Paris, with Lord Hawkesbury the conqueror. This is precisely the method in which the English have acted during the whole of the revolutionary war. If Austria or Prussia armed, doctors of divinity immediately printed those passages out of Habakkuk, in which the destruction of the Usurper by General Mack, and the Duke of Brunswick, are so closely predicted. If Buonaparte halted, there was a mutiny, or a dysentery. If any one of his generals were eaten up by the light troops of Russia, and picked (as their manner is) to the bone, the sanguine spirit of this country displayed itself in all its glory. What scenes of infamy did the Society for the Suppression of Vice lay open to our astonished eyes! tradesmen's daughters dancing; pots of beer carried out between the first and second lesson; and dark and distant rumours of indecent prints."

This peculiarity in the construction of his pleasantries, however, is far from being the only characteristic of Mr. Sydney Smith. His high breeding and whiggery enter into and influence the whole current of his humour; so much so, indeed, that his most felicitous passages appear to have been composed expressly for the Holland or Lansdowne House circle, or some other *coterie* of the old Whig school, made up of men distinguished in letters, politics or society, and conversant with all that is richest, rarest, best and freshest in each department of intellect,—with a fair sprinkling of lettered and accomplished women to give a zest to allusions often touching on, but seldom passing, the limits of conventional propriety. Take, for instance, such a paragraph as this:—

"As for the spirit of the peasantry, in making a gal-

lant defence behind hedge-rows, and through plate-racks and hen-coops, highly as I think of their bravery, I do not know any nation in Europe so likely to be struck with panic as the English; and this from their total unacquaintance with scenes of war. Old wheat and beans blazing for twenty miles round; cart-mares shot; sows of Lord Somerville's breed running wild over the country; the minister of the parish wounded sorely in his hinder parts; Mrs. Plymley in fits;—all these scenes of war an Austrian or a Russian has seen three or four times over; but it is now three centuries since an English pig has fallen in a fair battle upon English ground, or a farm-house been rifled, or a clergyman's wife been subjected to any other proposals of love than the connubial endearments of her sleek and orthodox mate. The old edition of Plutarch's Lives, which lies in the corner of your parlour-window, has contributed to work you up to the most romantic expectations of our Roman behaviour. You are persuaded that Lord Amherst will defend Kew Bridge like Cæsar; that some maid of honour will break away from her captivity, and swim over the Thames; that the Duke of York will burn his capitulating hand; and little Mr. S. B. give forty years' purchase for Moulsham Hall while the French are encamped upon it. I hope we shall witness all this, if the French do come; but in the mean time, I am so enchanted with the ordinary English behaviour of these invaluable persons, that I earnestly pray no opportunity may be given them for Roman valour and for those very un-Roman pensions which they would all, of course, take especial care to claim in consequence."

A tory of those days could hardly have been expected to relish the allusions to Lord Amherst, the Duke of York, Mr. S. B., and the Pension List: to enjoy the laugh at Lord Somerville and his sows, the reader should have been personally acquainted with him or mixed in the set familiar with his agricultural propensities; and we fear few but the high-bred women of the higher circles, removed by rank and the conscious refinement from all apprehension of a charge of coarseness or vulgarity, would venture to look otherwise than scandalized at the fate impending over the ministers of country parishes and their wives. Every one, however, is capable of appreciating the apt selection and juxta-position of laughable particulars in the above passage; and this again is a mode of exciting merriment in which it would be no easy matter to equal our divine. If any individual has anything laughable about him in manners, private history, deportment, or dress, and has no very vehement ambition to be embalmed in amber for the amusement of his friends, we recommend him to keep clear of Mr. Sydney Smith, or at least not to make himself the legitimate object of his railery. The punishment inflicted on Mr. Hawkins Brown for one heedless expression were alone sufficient to scare hosts of puny opponents from the lists:—

"Then comes Mr. Isaac Hawkins Brown (the gentleman who danced* so badly at the court of Naples), and asks, if it is not an anomaly to educate men in an-

other religion than your own? It certainly is our duty to get rid of error, and above all, of religious error; but this is not to be done *per saltum*, or the measure will miscarry, like the queen. It may be very easy to dance away the royal embryo of a great kingdom; but Mr. Hawkins Brown must look before he leaps, when his object is to crush an opposite sect in religion; false steps aid the one effect as much as they are fatal to the other; it will require not only the lapse of Mr. Hawkins Brown, but the lapse of centuries, before the absurdities of the Catholic religion are laughed at as much as they deserve to be."

His mode of turning Mr. Perceval's policy into ridicule is of the same order of pleasantry. There was nothing at all absurd in that statesman's supposition that the French would be much less disposed for war when they found themselves deprived of many of the comforts and necessities of life; indeed, M. de Tocqueville considers the resolution taken by the Americans, at the commencement of their disputes with the mother country, to discontinue the use of tea, as one of the greatest sacrifices ever made by a people to liberty. Upon the same principle a Frenchman deprived of *café noir* and *eau sucrée* might reasonably be expected to contract a growing inclination towards measures which promised him a restoration of such luxuries. But when some injudicious adherent of the minister proceeded to mention drugs amongst the articles to be intercepted by our ships, the image of a mighty nation destitute of physic suggested itself, and the opportunity was too tempting to be lost:—

"What a sublime thought, (exclaims Plymley,) that no purge can now be taken between the Weser and the Garonne; that the bustling pestle is still, the canorous mortar mute, and the bowels of mankind locked up for fourteen degrees of latitude! When, I should be curious to know, were all the powers of crudity and flatulence fully explained to his Majesty's ministers! At what period was this great plan of conquest and constipation fully developed? In whose mind was the idea of destroying the pride and the plasters of France first engendered? Without castor-oil they might for some months, to be sure, have carried on a lingering war; but can they do without bark? Will the people live under a government where antimonial powders cannot be procured? Will they bear the loss of mercury? 'There's the rub.' Depend upon it, the absence of the *materia medica* will soon bring them to their senses, and the cry of *Bourbon and Bolus* burst forth from the Baltic to the Mediterranean."

These two last extracts are almost the only passages we remember in Mr. Sydney Smith's writings in which there is a sustained play on words; and even in conversation, we understand, he is rarely guilty of a pun. In this respect he presents a striking contrast to the gentleman whose claims we are next to consider, Mr. Theodore Hook; who not merely delights, but revels and runs riot, in the mazes of double meanings, and is indebted for no trifling portion of his fame to his skill in detecting and applying

* "In the third year of his present Majesty, and in the thirtieth of his own age, Mr. Isaac Hawkins Brown, then upon his travels, danced one evening at the court of Naples. His dress was a volcano silk, with lava buttons. Whether (as the Neapolitan wits said) he had studied dancing under St. Vitus, or whether David,

dancing in a linen vest, was his model, is not known; but Mr. Brown danced with such inconceivable alacrity and vigour, that he threw the queen of Naples into convulsions of laughter, which terminated in a miscarriage, and changed the dynasty of the Neapolitan throne."

Mr. Plymley's note.

them. Others (Mr. Hood, for one) may boast of an equal proficiency in mere punning, but Mr. Hook stands alone and unapproachable in the art of crowding a whole comic situation into a word. Thus, in "Maxwell," where the surgeon's son breaks out into ecstasies on the beauty, grace, and innocence of a damsel whom he has just saved from being run over or run away with in the street, dwelling with rapture on the accent with which she ejaculated, "My deliverer!" and his friend quietly rejoins, "Probably she took you for your father;" (who practised midwifery along with the other branches of his profession)—how irresistible the turn given to the young lover's sentimentality, and what a ludicrous combination of images is called up! His names, again, are in themselves a jest—as the firm of "Hobbs, Dobbs, Bumble, and Davis;" and the specimen of an African vocabulary, in a late number of the Gurney Papers, is a capital example of the art of making sound an echo to the sense, or nonsense, as the case may be:—

"Swigglee mogou, Give me something to drink; Swinkee sow, I am hot; Mombro mullygrubou, I am ill, Bumbariombleeou, thunder; Fiz, lightning; Wada-wantou, How much do you ask? Coodleadoo, I love you; Gitouto, Go away; Kisinée, a lover."

As a writer of fictitious narrative, Mr. Hook's chief excellence consists in the great variety and thorough reality of his humorous incidents; which is sufficiently accounted for by the circumstance of their being almost all the result of his own individual observation in society. He himself has been heard to say, that he has neither imagination enough to invent a plot, nor patience enough to manage one when found for him: be this as it may, he certainly resembles Le Sage much more than Fielding, so far as unity of action is concerned, for in his latest and most successful productions, there is about as much connexion between the scenes as between a series of *tableaux vivans* represented by the same company of actors, or a set of Hogarth's prints simply professing to embody some striking passages in a life. His favourite subjects, and the best handled, are the abortive efforts of mock gentility, and the tricks and shifts of adventurers,—the ambitious longings of a Firkins, the practical jokes of a Daly, and the practical blunders of a Brag. All these are fair game, particularly the radical essential vulgarity, (to which allusion is made in a preceding article,) unhappily conspicuous among the middle classes, of aping the manners and habits of the aristocracy. But we think Mr. Hook is a little too severe on a particular quarter of the metropolis, the luckless parish of Bloomsbury, where rents have been falling yearly since he first made it the butt of his satire and a distinguished privy councillor publicly professed an unacquaintance with its site. Lord Byron's sneer at "the leaven of Devonshire Place and Baker Street," was much better aimed, for in that quarter there may exist some affectation of fashion, whilst in Russell Square and its neighbourhood there can be none. The following dinner, however, can hardly be considered as out of keeping with the locality, and the description presents as fair a specimen of Mr. Hook's peculiar vein as could well be selected:—

"I have said this much to show, that in a family like Mr. Palmer's, the non-arrival of the 'company' would

have been a severe disappointment. Mrs. Overall was known to be a lady of fortune, used to everything 'nice and comfortable;' she kept her own carriage, her men servants, and all that, and therefore they must be very particular, and have everything uncommonly nice for her—and so Miss Palmer, the night before, had a white basin of hot water up into the parlour to bleach almonds, with which to stick a 'tipsy cake,' after the fashion of a hedgehog, and Miss Palmer sent to the pastry-cook's for some raspberry jam, to make creams in little jelly glasses, looking like inverted extinguishers, and spent half the morning in whipping up froth with a cane whisk to put on their tops like shaving lather. And Miss Palmer cut bits of paper, and curled them with the scissors to put round the 'wax ends' in the glass lustres on the chimney-pieces, and the three-cornered lamp in the drawing-room was taken out of its brown holland bag, and the maid sent to clean it on a pair of ricketty steps; and the cases were taken off the bell-pulls, and the picture frames were dusted, and the covers taken off the card-tables,—all in honour of the approaching fête.

"Then came the agonies of the father, mother, and daughter, just about five o'clock of the day itself, when the drawing-room chimney smoked; and apprehensions assailed them lest the fish should be overdone; the horrors excited by a noise in the kitchen, as if the cod's head and shoulders had tumbled into the sand on the floor; that cod's head and shoulders which Palmer had himself gone to the fishmonger's to buy, and in determining the excellence of which, had poked his finger into fifty cods, and forty turbot, to ascertain which was firmest, freshest, and best; and then the tremor caused by the stoppages of different hackney-coaches in the neighbourhood, not to speak of the smell of roasted mutton, which pervaded the whole house, intermingled with an occasional whiff of celery, attributable to the assiduous care of Mrs. Palmer, who always mixed the salad herself, and smelt of it all the rest of the day; the disagreeable discovery just made that the lamp on the staircase would not burn; the slight inebriation of the cook bringing into full play a latent animosity towards the housemaid, founded on jealousy, and soothed by the mediation of the neighbouring green-grocer, hired for five shillings to wait at table on the great occasion.

"Just as the Major and Mrs. Overall actually drove up, the said attendant green-grocer, the cock Pomona of the neighbourhood, had just stepped out to the public-house to fetch 'the porter.' The door was of course opened by the housemaid. The afternoon being windy, the tallow candle which she held was instantaneously blown out; at the same instant the back kitchen-door was blown to, with a tremendous noise, occasioning by the concussion the fall of a pile of plates put on the dresser ready to be carried up into the parlour, and the overthrow of a modicum of oysters, in a blue basin, which were subsequently, but with great difficulty, gathered up individually from the floor by the hands of the cook, and converted in due season into sauce for the before-mentioned cod's head and shoulders.

"At this momentous crisis, the green-grocer (acting waiter) returned with two pots of Meux and Co.'s Entire, upon the tops of which stood heads, not a little resembling the whipped stuff upon the raspberry creams—open goes the door again, puff goes the wind, and off go the 'heads' of the porter pots, into the faces of the refined Major Overall and his adorable bride, who was disrobing at the foot of the stairs.

"Mrs. Palmer at this period suddenly disappeared to

direct the 'serving up,' and regulate the precedence of butter-boats, and the arrangements of the vegetables, which were put down to steam on the dinner-table in covered dishes, two on a side; a tureen of mock-turtle from Mr. Tiley in Tavistock-place, being at the bottom, and our old friend, the cod's head and shoulders, dressed in a horse-radish wig, and lemon-slice buttons at the top. An oval pond of stewed calves' head, dotted with dirt balls, and surrounded by dingy brain and egg pancakes, stood next the fish, and a couple of rabbits, smothered in onions, next the soup. In the centre of the table towered a grotesque pyramid, known as an epergne, at the top of which were large pickles in a glass dish, and round which hung divers and sundry cut-glass saucers, in which were deposited small pickles and lemons, alternately dangling gracefully. At the corners of the table were deposited the four masses of vegetable matter before mentioned, and in the interstices a pretty little saucer of currant-jelly, with an interesting companion full of horse-radish; all of which being arranged to her entire satisfaction, Mrs. Palmer again hurried up to the drawing-room as red as a turkey-cock, in order to appear as if she had been doing nothing at all, and to be just in time to be handed down again by the Major."—*Maswell*, vol. i.

There is an incident in another of his novels which is even better than any contained in this description; where Sir Frederick Brashleigh at the schoolmaster's table discovers that his cutlet *à la Maintenon* is wrapped up in the leaf of a copy-book, with "Evil communications corrupt good manners," in large text between ruled lines inscribed upon it. The opening scene of "Jack Brag," is also highly characteristic:—

"My dear Johnny," said the respectable widow Brag to her son, "what is the good of your going on in this way? Here, instead of minding the business, you are day after day galloping and gallivanting, steeple-chasing, fox-hunting, lord-hunting, a wasting your time and your substance, the shop going to old Nick, and you getting dipped instead of your candles."

"Mother," said Jack, "don't talk so foolishly! You are of the old school,—excellent in your way, but a long way behindhand: the business is safe enough. You cannot suppose, with the education I have had, I can meddle with moulds, or look after sixes, tens, fours to the pound, or farthing rushlights;—no, thanks to my enlightenment, I flatter myself I soar a little higher than that."

"No nonsense, Johnny!" said Mrs. Brag. "All you have now, and all you have spent since your poor father's death, was gained by your father's enlightenment of his customers: and how do you suppose I can carry on the trade if you will not now and then attend to it?"

"Take my advice, my dear mother," said Jack, "and marry. I'm old enough now not to care a fig for a father-in-law;—marriage is the plan, as I say to my friend Lord Tom—straight up, right down, and no mistake. Get a sensible, stir-about husband, who does not mind grubbing, and hasn't a nose—"

"Hasn't a nose?" interrupted Mrs. Brag.

"I don't mean literally," said Jack, "but sportingly;—does not mind the particular scent of tallow—you understand. Let him into the tricks of the trade: you will still be queen-bee of the hive, make him look after the drones while you watch the wax."

"And while you, Johnny, lap up the honey," said the queen-bee.

"Do what you like," said her son, "only marry—'marry come up,' as somebody says in a play."

"But, John," said Mrs. Brag, "I have no desire to change my condition."

"Nor I that you should," said Jack; "but I wish you would change your name. As long as 'Brag, wax and tallow-chandler,' sticks up on the front of the house, with three dozen and four dangling dips swinging along the shopfront, like so many malefactors expiating their crimes, I live in a perpetual fever lest my numerous friends should inquire whether I am one of the firm or the family."

"Johnny," said Mrs. Brag, "you are a silly fellow. What is there to be ashamed of in honest industry? If all the fine folks whom you go a-hunting with, and all the rest of it, like you, and are really glad to see you, it is for yourself alone: and if they, who must know by your name and nature that you can never be one of themselves, care a button for you, your trade, so as you do not carry it about with you, will do you no harm. What difference is it to them how you get your thoroughbred horses, your smart scarlet coat, neat tops, and white cords, so as you have them?—they won't give you any new ones when they are gone."

"It is all very well talking," said Johnny, "but I never should show my face amongst them if I once thought they guessed at my real trade. I live in a regular worry as it is. If ever a fellow asks me if I was at Melton last year, that moment I think of the shop—'pretty mould of a horse' tangles in my ears—'sweet dip of the country' sets me doubting; and, only last week, a proposal to go 'cross country and meet Lord Hurricane's harriers at Hampton Wick nearly extinguished me.'"

In enumerating the leading humorous writers of the day, it would be unjust to omit all mention of Captain Marryat, Mr. Lover, and Mr. Crofton Croker; but their range of subjects so completely distinguishes them, that it is quite unnecessary for our immediate purpose to subject them to analysis or give specimens of their styles. Professor Wilson's fun, too, is altogether peculiar to him, and to the full as characteristic of the physical as of the intellectual constitution of the man, being the result of high animal spirits, an ever-teeming fancy, and a rude, rough, frolicsome consciousness of power. A joke flies from him like a cork from a heated bottle of champagne, or bounds off like a ball from a cricket-bat in the hands of a player like himself,—and is pretty nearly as difficult to stop. He was one day engaged in vehement discussion as to the generalship of Napoleon and the Duke of Wellington—"You will allow, at all events," urged his antagonist, "that Napoleon surprised the Duke at Waterloo?" "Aye," exclaimed the Professor, "but didn't the Duke astonish him?" The half-angry thorough-in-earnest manner with which this retort was given, made it irresistible at the moment—but things of this kind are comparatively tame at second-hand, and it is difficult to induce his friends or family to reproduce them. "What on earth"—he once broke out in our hearing, after vainly appealing to the memory of the circle,—"what on earth is the use of a man's having half-a-dozen daughters if they won't remember his jokes?" The readers of the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," however, will require no further illustration of his manner, and our only regret is, that all reference to these is already assuming a retrospective character—

"Why slumbers Gifford? once was ask'd in vain,
Why slumbers Gifford? let us ask again."

We may now, therefore, proceed at once to consider to what peculiar quality, or combination of qualities, Mr. Dickens is indebted for his success, indicating, as we go along, such points of analogy between him and other writers as may suggest themselves. These will be very few; for though like Mr. Sydney Smith, he excels in ludicrous exaggeration, and like Mr. Hook, delights in middle-life and low-life vulgarity, his mode of dealing with his materials is, generally speaking, so perfectly his own, that, in our opinion, he would have been identically the same, had no one of the writers already mentioned preceded him. The only writer who appears to have exercised any marked influence on his style is Mr. Washington Irving, whom he undoubtedly has imitated in parts; but these (with one exception, the "Bagman's Story," a palpable plagiarism from the "Adventures of my Grandfather") are far from being the most applauded; and the observation applies more to the "Sketches" than to the "Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club," generally regarded as his *magnum opus*, by which (if ever) the names of Boz and Dickens are to descend to posterity. The plan, however, is so altogether anomalous, that it is no easy matter to determine in what class of composition to place them, or in what their peculiar excellence consists. The opening chapter introduces us to a learned society, whose proceedings bear so close a resemblance to those of sundry learned societies recently founded for the avowed purpose of enlightening mankind as to the date, formation, composition, monstrosities, probable duration, &c. &c. of the globe, that, at the first view, we were led to anticipate a prolonged quiz upon the whole race of scientific charlatans, who, by the aid of meetings and associations, have contrived to fussy themselves into a notoriety which passes current amongst the uninitiated for fame. The subsequent chapters speedily undeceived us, and we were not long in finding out that the title of "corresponding member of the Pickwick Club" was merely conferred as a travelling name; that no satire was intended against F. R. S.'s, F. Z. S.'s, F. G. S.'s, or any other of the distinguished personages who have purchased the privilege of appending forty or fifty letters to their designations, at (according to Mr. Babbage) the moderate rate of ten pounds ten shillings per letter—and that the adventures, rather than the researches of the Pickwickians were intended to constitute the leading feature of their history. But their adventures, though the transitions are remarkably easy and natural, are still too disconnected, and interspersed with too many episodes, to admit of that concentration of interest which forms the grand merit of a narrative. The only part of the plot calculated to keep the reader in suspense, the great cause of Bardsley and Pickwick, does not commence till the eleventh number, and the final result is declared in the seventeenth—most of the intervening space being occupied with extraneous topics—so that it can hardly be as a story that the book before us has attained its popularity.

Our next proposition, that Mr. Dickens does not strikingly excel in his sketches of character or descriptions, is, we feel, open to dispute, and it is far from our intention to deny that he has considerable merit in both respects, but certainly not enough to found a reputation, or account for a tide of his popu-

larity. Incomparably the best sustained of the characters is that of Mr. Pickwick, whose every action seems influenced by the same untiring and enlightened spirit of philanthropy throughout. As Mr. Southey said of Charles Lamb—"Others might possess the milk of human kindness, but he had monopolized the cream." But Mr. Pickwick is endowed with too much good sense to have been a founder or corresponding member of such a club; there is little or nothing in his conversation or conduct to remind us of the author of "Observations on the Theory of Title-bats," and the only weakness that can be charged against him springs not from the overweening vanity or undirected enthusiasm of a would-be discoverer—(a Professor Muff or Nogo)—but from an overflowing goodness of heart, from an excess of *bonhomie* that forbids him to think ill of anybody. A still stronger objection lies against the Wellers, father and son. They both talk a language and employ allusions utterly irreconcilable with their habits and station. Sam says of himself—"I was a carrier's boy at starting; then a vagginer's, then a helper, then a boots; now I'm a gen'l'm'n's sarvant." A stage-coachman's education may be guessed. The remarks of such persons may be shrewd, metaphorical and witty, full of quaint terms and apt illustrations—but their sentences will be short and elliptical, their expressions idiomatic, their illustrations borrowed from ordinary life; they will seldom (to borrow a phrase common in their class) speak like a printed book, and their wit or humour will never consist in applying terms, generally appropriated to grave and serious subjects, to light or ridiculous ones—a species of facetiousness necessarily limited to the higher classes. Yet no inconsiderable portion of Sam Weller's pleasantry is of this description, and we constantly detect both him and his father in the nice and even critical use of words and images borrowed from sources wholly inaccessible to them. Thus in the colloquy between these originals (for originals they are at all events) as to the best mode of sending Sam to keep his master company in the Fleet:—

"And now, Sammy," says the old gentleman, when the whip-lashes, and the buckles, and the sample, had been all put back, and the book once more deposited at the bottom of the same pocket, "Now, Sammy, I know a gen'l'm'n here, as 'll do the rest o' the b'ness for us, in no time—a limb o' the law, Sammy, as has got brains like the frog, dispersed all over his body, and reachin' to the very tips of his fingers; a friend of the Lord Chancellorship's, Sammy, who'd only have to tell him what he wanted, and he'd lock you up for life, if that was all."

"I say," says Sam, "none o' that."

"None o' wot?" inquired Mr. Weller.

"Vy, none o' them unconstitutional ways o' doin' it," retorted Sam. "The *have-his-carcase, next to the perpetual motion, is run o' the blessedest things as was ever made*. I've read that 'ere in the newspapers wery o' en."

Or Sam's reflection on dead donkeys:

"There's another thing that no man ever did see, and that's a dead donkey. No man never see a dead donkey, 'cept the gen'l'm'n in the black silk smalls, as know'd the young 'ooman as kept a goat, and that was a French donkey, so wery likely he warnt one of the reg'lar breed."—No. xviii. p. 544.

Or when the old gentleman proposes Mr. Pickwick's escape:—

“ ‘The ‘Merrikin’ gov’m’t vill never give him up, ven vunce they finds as he’s got money to spend, Sammy. Let the gov’n’er stop there till Mrs. Bardell’s dead, or Mr. Dodson and Fogg’s hung, vich last ewent I think is the most likely to happen first, Sammy; and then let him come back and write a book about the ‘Merrikins as’ll pay all his expenses and more, if he blows’m up enough.’ ”

Surely hits at book-making are as much out of place in old Weller’s mouth, as references to Sterne’s *Sentimental Journey*, or allusions to Latin law-terms and the discovery of perpetual motion, in his son’s. “Tell me if Congreve’s fools be fools indeed,” says Pope. Tell us if these be stage-coachmen and ex-boot-cleaners indeed, say we.

In description, again, he is sometimes very happy;—nothing, for example, can well be better than the sketch of Mr. Pickwick’s sliding:—

“Mr. Pickwick paused, considered, pulled off his gloves and put them in his hat, took two or three short runs, baulked himself as often, and at last took another run and went slowly and gravely down the slide, with his feet about a yard and a quarter apart, amidst the gratified shouts of all the spectators.

“ ‘Keep the pot a bilin’, Sir,’ said Sam; and down went Wardle again, and then Mr. Pickwick, and then Sam, and then Mr. Winkle, and then Mr. Bob Sawyer; and then the fat boy, and then Mr. Snodgrass, following closely upon each other’s heels, and running after each other with as much eagerness as if all their future prospects in life depended on their expedition.

“It was the most intensely interesting thing, to observe the manner in which Mr. Pickwick performed his share in the ceremony; to watch the torture of anxiety with which he viewed the person behind, gaining upon him at the imminent hazard of tripping him up; to see him gradually expend the painful force which he had put on at first, and turn slowly round on the slide, with his face towards the point from which he had started; to contemplate the playful smile which mantled on his face when he had accomplished the distance, and the eagerness with which he turned round when he had done so, and ran after his predecessor, his black gaiters tripping pleasantly through the snow, and his eyes beaming cheerfulness and gladness through his spectacles: and when he was knocked down, (which happened upon the average every third round,) it was the most invigorating sight that can possibly be imagined, to behold him gather up his hat, gloves, and handkerchief, with a glowing countenance, and resume his station in the rank, with an ardour and enthusiasm which nothing could abate.”

This scene, with all its bearings, is brought fully home to the mind’s eye without the aid of Phiz’s illustrative sketch; but the success of many other passages is due in a great measure to the skill of that artist in embodying them. Indeed, only a faint notion could be formed of the outward man of the great Pickwick himself from the scattered hints afforded in the letter-press; namely, that he wore *tights*, gaiters, and spectacles. It is the pencil, not the pen, which completes the vivid conception we undoubtedly possess of his personal appearance; and how tame, without that, would be such situations as those in which he is detected holding Mrs. Bardell in his arms, or represented peeping through the bed-curtains at the un-

known lady at the inn! A still graver objection, even than want of distinctness and individuality, lies against Mr. Dickens as a describer and portrait-painter: he too frequently condescends to be a copyist, and almost always on such occasions betrays a marked inferiority to his prototypes. In proof of this charge, we shall first quote an admirable passage from the “Sketch Book:”—

“And here, perhaps, it may not be unacceptable to my untravelled readers to have a sketch that may serve as a general representation of this very numerous and important class of functionaries who have a dress, a manner, a language, an air, peculiar to themselves, and prevalent throughout the fraternity; so that, wherever an English stage-coachman may be seen he cannot be mistaken for one of another craft or mystery.

“He has commonly a broad full face, curiously mottled with red, as if the blood had been forced, by hard feeding, into every vessel of the skin. He is swelled into jolly dimensions by frequent potations of malt liquor, and his bulk is still farther increased by a multiplicity of coats, in which he is buried, like a cauliflower, the upper one reaching to his heels. He wears a broad-brimmed low-crowned hat; a huge roll of coloured handkerchief about his neck, knowingly knotted, and tucked in at the bosom; and has, in summer time, a large bouquet of flowers in his button-hole, the present, most probably, of some enamoured country lass. His waistcoat is commonly of some light colour, striped; and his small-clothes extend far below the knees, to meet a pair of jockey boots which reach about halfway up his legs.

“All this costume is maintained with much precision. He has a pride in having his clothes of excellent materials; and, notwithstanding the seeming grossness of his appearance, there is still discernible that neatness and propriety of person which is almost inherent in an Englishman. He enjoys great consequence and consideration along the road; has frequent conferences with the village housewives, who look upon him as a man of great trust and dependence; and he seems to have a good understanding with every bright-eyed country lass. The moment he arrives where the horses are to be changed, he throws down the reins with something of an air, and abandons the cattle to the care of the hostler, his duty being merely to drive from one stage to another. When off the box his hands are thrust in the pockets of his great coat, and he rolls about the inn yard with an air of the most absolute lordliness. Here he is generally surrounded by an admiring throng of hostlers, stable-boys, shoe-blacks, and those nameless hangers-on that infest inns and taverns, and run errands, and do all kinds of odd jobs, for the privilege of fattening on the drippings of the kitchen and the leakage of the tap-room. These all look up to him as to an oracle, treasure up his cant phrases; also his opinions about horses, and other topics of jockey lore; and, above all, endeavour to imitate his air and carriage. Every raggamuffin that has a coat to his back, thrusts his hands in the pockets, rolls in his gait, talks slang, and is an embryo coachey. Perhaps it might be owing to the pleasing serenity that reigned in my own mind that I fancied I saw these feelings in every countenance throughout the journey. A stage-coach, however, carries animation always with it, and puts the world in motion as it whirls along. The horn, sounded at the entrance of a village, produces a general bustle. Some hasten forth to meet friends; some with bundles and band-boxes to secure places, and, in the hurry of the moment, can hardly take leave of the group that

accompanies them. In the mean time the coachman has a world of commissions to execute. Sometimes he delivers a hare or pheasant; sometimes jerks a small parcel or newspaper to the door of a public-house; and sometimes, with knowing leer and words of sly import, hands to some half-blushing half-laughing house-maid an odd-shaped billet-doux, from some rustic admirer. As the coach rattles through the village, every one runs to the window, and you have glances on every side of fresh country faces and blooming giggling girls. At the corners are assembled juntos of village idlers and wise men, who take their stations there for the important purpose of seeing company pass; but the sagest knot is generally at the blacksmith's, to whom the passing of the coach is an event fruitful of much speculation. The smith, with the horse's heel in his lap, pauses as the vehicle whirls by; the cyclops round the anvil suspend their ringing hammers, and suffer the iron to grow cool; and the sooty spectre in brown paper cap, labouring at the bellows, leans on the handle for a moment, and permits the asthmatic engine to heave a long-drawn sigh, while he glares through the murky smoke and sulphurous gleams of the smithy."

The portrait of Mr. Weller senior, and a scene on the journey from Eatonswill to Bury St. Edmunds, are the passages we wish the reader to compare:—

"In a small room in the vicinity of the stable-yard, betimes in the morning, which was ushered in by Mr. Pickwick's adventure with the middle-aged lady in the yellow curl-papers, sat Mr. Weller senior, preparing himself for his journey to London. He was sitting in an excellent attitude for having his portrait taken; and here it is:—It is very possible that at some earlier period of his career, Mr. Weller's profile might have presented a bold and determined outline. His face, however, had expanded under the influence of good living, and a disposition remarkable for resignation; and its bold fleshy curves had so far extended beyond the limits originally assigned them, that unless you took a full view of his countenance in front, it was difficult to distinguish more than the extreme tip of a very rubicund nose. His chin, from the same cause, had acquired the grave and imposing form which is generally described by prefixing the word 'double' to that expressive feature, and his complexion exhibited that peculiarly mottled combination of colours which is only to be seen in gentlemen of his profession, and underdone roast beef. Round his neck he wore a crimson travelling shawl, which merged into his chin by such imperceptible gradations that it was difficult to distinguish the folds of the one from the folds of the other. Over this he mounted a long waistcoat of a broad pink-striped pattern, and over that again, a wide-skirted green coat, ornamented with large brass buttons, whereof the two which garnished the waist were so far apart, that no man had ever beheld them both, at the same time. His hair, which was short, sleek, and black, was just visible beneath the capacious brim of a low-crowned brown hat. His legs were encased in knee-cord breeches, and painted top-boots; and a copper watch-chain terminating in one seal, and a key of the same material, dangled loosely from his capacious waist-band."

"As the coach rolls swiftly past the fields and orchards which skirt the road, groups of women and children, piling the fruit in sieves, or gathering the scattered ears of corn, pause for an instant from their labour, and shading the sun-burnt face with a still browner hand, gaze upon the passengers with curious eyes, while some stout urchin, too small to work, but too

mischievous to be left at home, scrambles over the side of the basket in which he has been deposited for security, and kicks and screams with delight. The reaper stops in his work, and stands with folded arms, looking at the vehicle as it whirls past; and the rough cart-horses bestow a sleepy glance upon the smart coach team, which says, as plainly as a horse's glance can, 'It's all very fine to look at, but slow going, over a heavy field, is better than warm work like that, upon a dusty road, after all.' You cast a look behind you, as you turn a corner of the road. The women and children have resumed their labour, the reaper once more stoops to his work, the cart-horses have moved on, and all are again in motion."

The analogy between these passages is too striking to be accidental, and we cannot compliment Mr. Dickens on having improved upon the original. A broad full face, "curiously mottled with red, as if the blood had been forced by hard feeding into every vessel of the skin," is ill replaced by a complexion exhibiting "that peculiarly mottled combination of colours which is only to be seen in gentlemen of his profession, and underdone roast beef;" which exhibits no mottled combination of colours at all. The fact is, the old race of coachmen were going out when Mr. Washington Irving first visited England, and were altogether gone before Mr. Dickens's time. The modern race are more addicted to tea than beer; the cumbersome many-caped great-coat is rapidly giving way to the Mackintosh; and, with the change of habits and the increase of numbers, they have been doomed to see their authority over stable-boys and their awe-inspiring influence over country people pass away; thus sharing the fate of the other privileged orders, who have been gradually declining in authority from the time that titles might be had for the asking, and the distinctive style of dress was laid aside. Mr. Dickens failed, therefore, because he had never seen what he pretended to describe.

What, then, it may fairly be asked,—if he is super-excellent neither in descriptive narrative nor character—what is the talent or quality that has procured him so unprecedented a share of popularity? In our opinion he has obtained and well merited it, by being the first to turn to account the rich and varied stores of wit and humour discoverable amongst the lower classes of the metropolis, whose language has been hitherto condemned as a poor, bald, disjointed, unadorned, and nearly unintelligible slang, utterly destitute of feeling, fancy or force.

The Edgeworths, father and daughter, in a joint Essay on Irish Bulls,—written to prove that the Irish make no more bulls than other nations, and proving, incontestably, that they make as many as all the other nations of Europe put together,—thus triumphantly contrast the language of the lower Irish in this respect:—

"The first evidence we shall call is a Dublin shoe-black. He is not in circumstances peculiarly favourable for the display of figurative language: he is in a court of justice upon his trial for life or death. A quarrel happened between two shoeblacks, who were playing at what in England is called pitch-farthing, or heads and tails, and in Ireland, head or harp. One of the combatants threw a small paving-stone at his opponent, who drew out the knife with which he used to scrape shoes, and plunged it up to the hilt in his companion's breast. It is necessary for our story to say

that near the hilt of this knife was stamped the name of Lamprey, an eminent cutler in Dublin. With a number of significant gestures, which on his audience had all the powers which Demosthenes ascribes to action, he, in a language not purely attic, gave the following account of the affair to the judge:—Why, my lord, as I was going past the Royal Exchange, I meets Billy. Billy, says I, will you sky a copper? Done, says he: done, says I; and done and done's enough between two jantlemen. With that I ranged them fair and even with my hook-em-snivey—up they go. Music!* says he. Skulls! says I; and down they came three brown mazards. By the holy! you flesh'd em,† says he. You lie, says I. With that he ups with a lump of a two-year-old,‡ and lets drive at me. I outs with my bread-carter,§ and gives it him up to Lamprey in the bread-basket.”

We cannot afford to quote the witty but long commentary on the various figures contained in this address.

“Let us now (continue the authors) compare this Irish shoeblack's metaphorical language with the sober slang of an English blackguard, who, fortunately for the fairness of the comparison, was placed somewhat in similar circumstances. Lord Mansfield, examining a man who was a witness in the Court of King's Bench, asked him what he knew of the defendant?

“Oh, my lord, I knew him: *I was up to him.*”

“*Up to him,*” says his lordship; “what do you mean by being up to him?”

“Mean, my Lord, why, *I was down upon him.*”

“*Up to him and down upon him,*” says his lordship, turning to Counsellor Dunning, “what does the fellow mean?”

“Why, I mean, my lord, as deep as he thought himself, *I staggered him.*”

“I cannot conceive, friend,” says his lordship, “what you mean by this sort of language. I do not understand it.”

“Not understand it!” rejoined the fellow with surprise, “*what a flat you must be!*”

“Though he undervalued Lord Mansfield, this man does not seem to have been a very bright genius. In his cant words *up to him, down upon him, staggered him, &c.*, there are no metaphors; and we confess ourselves to be as great *flats* as his lordship, for we do not understand this sort of language.”

Were the question to be decided by these specimens, the Irish would certainly have the best of it; but in the first place, the Englishman's expressions are presented without the running commentary with which they are ordinarily employed—“*Down upon you*, as the beefsteak said to the gridiron,” “*into you*, as the fork said to the mutton-chop,” &c., which, though it does not make them witty, deducts somewhat from the baldness of such terms. In the second place, the person who chooses the examples virtually awards the palm; and we are quite sure that an occasional perusal of the police reports in the London newspapers (particularly the “Morning Herald”) would supply abundant parallels to the Dublin shoe-

black's defence.* The author of a work entitled “The Great Metropolis” (who ought to know something of the lower classes, for he betrays the most striking ignorance of the rest) has also collected some amusing specimens.

“How dared you sell me that odious lobster on Saturday as a fresh one?” “Did your honour mean to say that it was not fresh?” said the woman, with the most perfect coolness. “*Did I say it? I do say it; the stench on opening was most insufferable.*” “Well, then, your honour, and whose fault is it that it was not fresh? Didn't I call at your window on Monday, and all the week, and you wouldn't have it when it was fresh?”

“Harry, my boy,” said a cobbler, the other day, to a journeyman tailor, “can you lend me a shilling?”

“Bless your soul,” said the knight of the thimble, “*I have not got so much about me as would pay the toll at a turnpike-gate for a broom-stick.*”

“Ned, my jolly old fellow,” said one cartman to another, as they both sat quaffing a pot of porter in a tap-room, “Ned, won't you have a slice of this here loaf?”

“I'm not a bit hungry,” said Ned.

“Take a slice, there's a good fellow.”

“Well, if I do,” said Ned, “*let it be only the bigness of a bee's knee.*”

“Holloa, Jack, is that you?” said one country-looking personage with a smock-frock to another in the same dress, while both Houses of Parliament were on fire, in October, 1834.

“Vy, Jem,” said the other, “I did not expect to see you in this here crowd.”

“There's a fine go of it, eh!” meaning the conflagration.

“Vy, yes, Jem, I calls that a little bit of a blaze, and no mistake; it will soon take the shine out of those there engine-men.”

“I should think so. They'll never put it out; they might as soon think as how they could extinguish it by spitting on it.”

“Put it out! Heaven bless you, Jack, they wouldn't put it out, *though they were to pour the whole Thames on it like a sack of potatoes.*”

“One of the most popular writers of the present day (adds the author) mentions to me, that he regards the image of the ‘sack of potatoes’ as one of the boldest and most poetical he has heard made use of for a considerable time.”

We are inclined to agree with the popular writer, and we also admire the metaphor of the bee's knee exceedingly. We have heard a French waiter highly commended for saying to a lady who had just declined a dish, “*Encore un soupçon, Madame,*” and surely the English carter's reply is in no ways inferior in delicacy or in point. In the quiet, reflective style of humour, the English undoubtedly stand first.

“Ay,” said a coalheaver at a public-house, “he might expect his wife to keep a secret. I've earned the folly of that ere at home.—*Waiter, bring me another pint of beer and a pipe and backy.*” Equally

* See *Mornings at Bow Street*. By John Wight (Bow Street Reporter to the Morning Herald.) Mr. James Smith and the other authors of the late Charles Matthews' *At Homes*, have also embodied several striking specimens of low humour.

* Alluding to the harp on the Irish halfpenny. *Skulls* stands for *heads*, and *mazard* is the face.

† Touched with the fleshy part of the thumb.

‡ A middling-sized stone. The metaphor is borrowed from the grazier's vocabulary.

§ *Bread-carter* means the knife with which he scraped shoes.

good was a coachman's soliloquy, overheard by a friend of ours:—"Here, waiter, bring me another glass of brandy-and-water—*cold without*—for I'm weary of this wicked world."

Instances such as these afford strong ground for suspecting that Mr. and Miss Edgeworth's conclusions have been rather hastily caught up, but it was reserved for Mr. Dickens to complete the vindication of our national honour in this respect, and most satisfactorily has he executed the task; for he has contrived to endow Sam Weller alone with as much quaint humour, fanciful illustration, and expressive language, as would set up half a dozen of the cleverest shoeblacks in Dublin, or the best rapparees in Edgeworthstown. Nor does he appear to us to have drawn much on his own invention for the embellishments of this universal favourite's discourse; on the contrary, most of Sam's turns and figures will be instantly recognized by all who have paid attention to the style of thinking and talking prevalent amongst the order he represents. Sam's first appearance as "Boots" affords an apposite example:—

"A loud ringing of one of the bells was followed by the appearance of a smart chambermaid in the upper sleeping gallery, who, after tapping at one of the doors, and receiving a request from within, called over the balustrades—

"Sam!"

"Halloo," replied the man with the white hat.

"Number twenty-two wants his boots."

"Ask number twenty-two, vether he'll have 'em now, or wait till he gets 'em," was the reply.

"Come, don't be a fool, Sam," said the girl coaxingly, "the gentleman wants his boots directly."

"Well, you *are* a nice young 'ooman for a musical party, you are," said the boot-cleaner. "Look at these here boots—eleven pair o' boots; and one shoe as b'longs to number six, with the wooden leg. The eleven boots is to be called at half-past eight, and the shoe at nine. Who's number twenty-two, that's to put all the others out? No, no: reg'lar rotation, as Jack Ketch said, when he tied the men up. Sorry to keep you a waitin', Sir, but I'll attend to you directly."

"Saying which, the man in the white hat set to work upon a top-boot with increased assiduity.

"There was another loud ring; and the bustling old landlady of the White Hart made her appearance in the opposite gallery.

"Sam," cried the landlady,—"where's that lazy, idle—why, Sam—oh, there you are; why don't you answer?"

"Wouldn't be gen-teel to answer till you'd done talking," replied Sam gruffly.

"Here, clean them shoes for number seventeen directly, and take 'em to private sitting-room, number five, first floor."

"The landlady flung a pair of lady's shoes into the yard, and bustled away.

"Number 5," said Sam, as he picked up the shoes, and taking a piece of chalk from his pocket, made a memorandum of their destination on the soles—"Lady's shoes and private sittin' room! I suppose *she* didn't come in the vaggin."

"She came in early this morning," cried the girl, who was still leaning over the railing of the gallery, "with a gentleman in a hackney-coach, and it's him as wants his boots, and you'd better do 'em, and that's all about it."

"Vy didn't you say so before, said Sam, with great

indignation, singling out the boots in question from the heap before him. "For all I know'd he was one o' the regular threepennies. Private room! and a lady too! If he's any thing of a gen'lm'n, he's wurth a shillin' a day, let alone the arrands."

"We want to know," said the little man, solemnly; "and we ask the question of you, in order that we may not awaken apprehensions inside—we want to know who you've got in this house, at present."

"Who there is in the house," said Sam, in whose mind the inmates were always represented by that particular article of their costume, which came under his immediate superintendence. "There's a vooden leg in number six, there's a pair of Hessians in thirteen, there's two pair of halves in the commercial, there's these here painted tops in the snuggery inside the bar, and five more tops in the coffee-room."

"Nothing more," said the little man.

"Stop a bit," replied Sam, suddenly recollecting himself. "Yes; there's a pair of Vellington's a good deal vorn, and a pair o' lady's shoes in number five."

This figure of speech, as bold and fine a one as even Miss Edgeworth could desire, is now in every-day use. You may hear the cad of an omnibus composedly informing the driver that he is to take up "two elephants and a bricklayer;" meaning two passengers at The Elephant and Castle, and one at the Bricklayer's Arms: the chambermaid answers the landlady's inquiries about the lady who arrived last night, by stating that she is changed from *twenty-seven to fifty-four*: the head-waiter at a chop-house calls to his subordinates to look sharp, because "a boiled beef and greens" has just gone down stairs without paying; and the landlord of a suburban tea-garden shouts out—"I'm blowed if there an't two brandies-and-water getting over the pales."

Mr. Weller's account of his early life and education is another good specimen:—

"Delightful prospect, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Beats the chimbley pots, Sir," replied Mr. Weller, touching his hat.

"I suppose you have hardly seen anything but chimney-pots and bricks and mortar all your life, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, smiling.

"I worn't always a boots, Sir," said Mr. Weller, with a shake of the head. "I was a vagginer's boy once."

"When was that?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"When I vas first pitched neck and crop into the world, to play at leap-frog with its troubles," replied Sam. "I vas a carrier's boy at startin': then a vagginer's, then a helper, then a boots. Now I'm a gen'lm'n's servant. I shall be a gen'lm'n myself one of these days, perhaps, with a pipe in my mouth, and a summer-house in the back garden. Who knows? I should'n't be surprised, for one."

"You are quite a philosopher, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick.

"It runs in the family, I b'lieve, Sir," replied Mr. Weller. "My father's wery much in that line, now. If my mother-in-law blows him up, he whistles. She flies in a passion, and breaks his pipe; he steps out, and gets another. Then she screams wery loud, and falls into 'sterics; and he smokes very comfortably 'till she comes to again. *That's philosophy, Sir, an't it?*"

"A very good substitute for it, at all events," replied Mr. Pickwick, laughing. "It must have been of great service to you, in the course of your rambling life, Sam."

"Service, Sir!" exclaimed Sam. "You may say that. After I run away from the carrier, and afore I took up with the vagginer, I had unfurnished lodgings for a fortnight."

"Unfurnished lodgings?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Yes—the dry arches of Waterloo Bridge. Fine sleeping-place—within ten minutes' walk of all the public offices—only if there is any objection to it, it is that the situation's *rayther* too airy. I see some queer nights there."

"Ah, I suppose you did," said Mr. Pickwick, with an air of considerable interest.

"Sights, Sir," resumed Mr. Weller, "as 'ud penetrate your benevolent heart, and come out on the other side. You don't see the reg'lar wagrants there; trust 'em, they knows better than that. Young beggars, male and female, as hasn't made a rise in their profession, takes up their quarters there sometimes; but it's generally the worn-out, starving, houseless crecturs as rolls themselves up in the dark corners o' them lonesome places—poor crecturs as an't up to the twopenny rope."

"And pray, Sam, what is the twopenny rope?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"The twopenny rope, Sir," replied Mr. Weller, "is just a cheap lodgin' house, vere the beds is twopence a night."

"What do they call a bed a rope for?" said Mr. Pickwick.

"Bless your innocence, Sir, that an't it," replied Sam. "Ven the lady and gen'l'm'n as keeps the Hot-el, first begun business, they used to make the beds on the floor; but this would'n't do at no price, 'cos instead o' taking a moderate twopenn'orth o' sleep, the lodgers used to lie there half the day. So now they has two ropes, 'bout six foot apart, and three from the floor, which goes right down the room; and the beds are made of slips of coarse sacking, stretched across 'em."

"Well," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Well," said Mr. Weller, "the advantage o' the plan's hobvious. At six o'clock every mornin', they lets go the ropes at one end, and down falls all the lodgers. 'Consequence is, that being thoroughly waked, they gets up wery quietly, and walks away!"

As we have taken objection to sundry erudite terms and allusions which occur occasionally in other dialogues of the kind, it may be as well to say that we make an exception for "philosophy"—a term constantly employed by the lower orders to express what exceeds their comprehension. When Captain Parry's men were vying with each other in admiration of the play got up and acted by the officers, an old boatswain's mate exclaimed, "Clever! I call it philosophy, by George!"

A Cockney critic says pathetically of Ben Jonson, that we generally find ourselves in low company, and see no hope of getting out of it. The same might be said of the Pickwick Papers, with the addition that we have generally no wish to get out of it, for there is nothing offensive to the severest delicacy in Mr. Dickens's delineations, and it is a remarkable fact that his writings are most popular amongst the women of the higher circles. We once heard a celebrated beauty jocularly propose a party, to which none were to be admissible who did not consider Sam Weller essentially a gentleman. With such testimony in his favour, Mr. Dickens may well afford to disregard the imputation of vulgarity, invariably and indiscriminately levelled by the tawdry affecters of gentility

against every man of genius who ventures to take human life, in all its gradations, for his subject-matter. Fielding has a chapter headed: "Of many things natural, but low," and his novels teem with allusions to this class of objectors, well personified in his Slipshods and Graveairs, who shrink instinctively from contact with stage-coach passengers, and have "low," and "low creatures," eternally in their mouths.—Fielding, however, evidently writhed under the reproach; and few modern writers have attempted the class of subjects which exposed him to it, without ever and anon giving the reader to understand that in so doing they are descending from their sphere, or described scenes of what they call fashion, without insinuating that they are there thoroughly at home—whence, probably, it happens that the most essentially vulgar productions of the day are those which treat of marquesses and dukes. There is none of this weakness or want of self-respect in Mr. Dickens; he moves as naturally and as easily amongst his favourite characters, as if there were no such things as conventional proprieties to offend against, and no more dreams of being accused of coarseness for the appropriate and idiomatic language he places in their mouths, than a Wilson or a Gainsborough would dream of incurring such a penalty for placing a pigstye in a landscape. This perfect good faith and straightforwardness on his part greatly enhance the verisimilitude and consequent effect of his delineations, and there is, moreover, a healthy, manly, independent spirit diffused over them, which (as a northern critic would say,) is positively "refreshing," after the sickly affectation and superciliousness of the silver-fork and fine-gentleman school of writers, when they condescend to describe the manners and modes of thought of persons living beyond the pale of what is termed, *par eminence*, society.

The primary cause, then, of this author's success, we take to be his felicity in working up the genuine mother-wit and unadulterated vernacular idioms of the lower classes of London—for he grows comparatively common-place and tame the moment his foot is off the stones, and betrays infallible symptoms of Cockneyism in all his aspirations at rurality. As for game and game-keepers, he appears to possess about the same amount of general knowledge concerning them, that Winkle and Tupman display during the shooting excursion; and Wardle's Manor House, with its merry doings at Christmas-time, is neither more nor less than Bracebridge Hall at second-hand. Indeed, one throughout distinguishes at a glance the scenes drawn from actual observation from those copied, imitated, or imagined. Thus, we much doubt whether Mr. Dickens was ever present at one of Mrs. Leo Hunter's *déjeuners*; but we feel quite sure that he was acquainted with Mr. Bob Sawyer, and accompanied Mr. Pickwick to the supper party given by that young gentleman to his associates. The following colloquy must clearly have taken place:—

"I should be very sorry, Sawyer," said Mr. Noddy, "to create any unpleasantness at any friend's table, and much less at your's, Sawyer,—very; but I must take this opportunity of informing Mr. Gunter that he is no gentleman."

"And I should be very sorry, Sawyer, to create any disturbance in the street in which you reside," said Mr. Gunter, "but I'm afraid I shall be under the neces-

sity of alarming the neighbours by throwing the person who has just spoken, out o' window.'

"What do you mean by that, Sir?" inquired Mr. Noddy.

"What I say, Sir," replied Mr. Gunter.

"I should like to see you do it, Sir," said Mr. Noddy.

"You shall *feel* me do it in half a minute, Sir," replied Mr. Gunter.

"I request that you'll favour me with your card, Sir," said Mr. Noddy.

"I'll do nothing of the kind, Sir," replied Mr. Gunter.

"Why not, Sir?" inquired Mr. Noddy.

"Because you'll stick it up over your chimney-piece, and delude your visitors into the false belief that a gentleman has been to see you, Sir," replied Mr. Gunter.

"Sir, a friend of mine shall wait on you in the mornings," said Mr. Noddy.

"Sir, I'm very much obliged to you for the caution, and I'll leave particular directions with the servant to lock up the spoons," replied Mr. Gunter."

Equally good is the sketch of the same gentleman's domestic arrangements, after he has passed his examination as a surgeon and apothecary, and set up for himself:—

"But he had no opportunity of pondering over his love just then, for Bob Sawyer's return was the immediate precursor of the arrival of a meat pie from the baker's, of which that gentleman insisted on his staying to partake. The cloth was laid by an occasional charwoman, who officiated in the capacity of Mr. Bob Sawyer's housekeeper; and a third knife and fork having been borrowed from the mother of the boy in the grey livery (for Mr. Sawyer's domestic arrangements were as yet conducted on a limited scale,) they sat down to dinner; the beer being served up, as Mr. Sawyer remarked, 'in its native pewter.'

"After dinner, Mr. Bob Sawyer ordered in the largest mortar in the shop, and proceeded to brew a reeking jorum of rum-punch therein, stirring up, and amalgamating the materials with a pestle in a very creditable and apothecary-like manner. Mr. Sawyer being a bachelor, had only one tumbler in the house, which was assigned to Mr. Winkle as a compliment to the visitor, Mr. Ben Allen being accommodated with a funnel with a cork in the narrow end, and Bob Sawyer contenting himself with one of those wide-lipped crystal vessels inscribed with a variety of cabalistic characters, in which chemists are wont to measure out their liquid drugs in compounding prescriptions. These preliminaries adjusted, the punch was tasted, and pronounced excellent; and it having been arranged that Bob Sawyer and Ben Allen should be considered at liberty to fill twice to Mr. Winkle's once, they started fair, with great satisfaction and good-fellowship."—pp. 408, 9.

He is by no means equally happy in delineating the rival profession of the law and its dependents. Little Parker, the bustling, dapper man of business, is well enough, but his clerk Lowten, at his orgies, was evidently suggested by Paulus Pleydell's at High Jinks, and Mr. Pickwick's preliminary interview with Serjeant Stubbins is improbable, as well as dull—at least the only probable thing in it is the Serjeant's eagerness to get rid of a client who seemed to have no definite object in coming to him, beyond that of delivering a roundabout and unnecessary address. It

generally believed that the counsel in *Bardell versus Pickwick* are portraits, but we have tried in vain to discover more than a very faint resemblance in either of them, and Serjeant Buzfuz's speech is certainly not in the manner of the gentleman supposed to be intended under the name. It is simply a clever quiz on a style of oratory which was finally quizzed out of fashion by Lord Brougham many years ago, on an occasion which our professional readers will readily recall. Mr. Justice Stareleigh, however, is an admirable likeness of an ex-judge, who, with many valuable qualities of head and heart, had made himself a legitimate object of ridicule by his ludicrous explosions of irritability on the bench. The rebuke which Sam Weller receives for the incautious employment of an illustration, is a perfect piece of imitation in its way:—

"Now, Mr. Weller," said Serjeant Buzfuz.

"Now, sir," replied Sam.

"I believe you are in the service of Mr. Pickwick, the defendant in this case. Speak up, if you please, Mr. Weller."

"I mean to speak up, sir," replied Sam; "I am in the service o' that 'ere gen'l'man, and a wery good service it is."

"Little to do, and plenty to get, I suppose?" said Serjeant Buzfuz, with jocularity.

"Oh, quite enough to get, sir, as the soldier said ven they ordered him three hundred and fifty lashes," replied Sam.

"You must not tell us what the soldier, or any other man, said, sir," interposed the judge, "it's not evidence."

"Wery good, my lord," replied Sam.

In justice to the little judge, it should be added that such an interruption was full as likely to proceed from the late Lord Tenterden, who had contracted so strict and inveterate a habit of keeping himself and everybody else to the precise matter in hand, that once, during a circuit dinner, having asked a country magistrate if he would take venison, and receiving what he deemed an evasive reply somewhat to the following effect, "Thank you, my lord, I'm going to take some boiled chicken;" his lordship sharply retorted, "That, sir, is no answer to my question: I ask you again if you will take venison, and I will trouble you to say yes or no, without further prevarication."

Amongst the numerous secondary causes of the success of these papers, we have only space remaining to particularize two—the glancing vein of good-humoured satire which pervades the whole of them, like the ground colour in shot silks, and the stories, à la Longbow, with which they are so plentifully interspersed. It is a remark equally applicable to the satirical allusions and the stories, that the shortest, sharpest, most glancing, and least elaborated, are the best. Thus, Stiggins, the Marquis of Granby Tartuffe, becomes a dead bore from the pertinacity with which his hypocrisy is forced upon us, though we trust the advocates of the voluntary system will not fail to profit by so striking a personification of their principle; whilst Potts, the editor of the "Eatanswill Gazette," presents in the course of a scene or two a complete exposure of a class of pretenders who are doing the best that in them lies to neutralize the beneficial influence of the newspaper press. The borough justice, again, and his *posse comitatus*, are rendered compara-

tively ineffective by being overdone; whilst the bullying, blustering, brow-beating system of cross-examination pursued in the higher courts is satisfactorily shown up in the course of a few sentences. A fair specimen of Mr. Dickens's tact in stimulating the reader's attention by little sly allusions to contemporary events, is afforded by a paragraph of Serjeant Buzfuz's speech:—

"And now, gentlemen, but one word more. Two letters have passed between these parties, letters which are admitted to be in the hand-writing of the defendant, and which speak volumes indeed. These letters, too, bespeak the character of the man. They are not open, fervent, eloquent epistles, breathing nothing but the language of affectionate attachment. They are covert, sly, underhand communications, but, fortunately, far more conclusive than if couched in the most glowing language and the most poetic imagery—letters that must be viewed with a cautious and suspicious eye—letters that were evidently intended, at the time, by Pickwick, to mislead and delude any third parties into whose hands they might fall. Let me read the first:—'Garraway's, twelve o'clock.—Dear Mrs. B.—Chops and Tomata sauce. Yours, Pickwick.' Gentlemen, what does this mean? Chops and Tomata sauce. Yours, Pickwick! Chops! Gracious heavens! and Tomata sauce! Gentlemen, is the happiness of a sensitive and confiding female to be trifled away by such shallow artifices as these? The next has no date whatever, which is in itself suspicious.—'Dear Mrs. B., I shall not be at home till to-morrow. Slow coach.' And then follows this very remarkable expression—'Don't trouble yourself about the warming-pan.' The warming-pan! Why, gentlemen, who does trouble himself about a warming-pan? When was the peace of mind of man or woman broken or disturbed by a warming-pan, which is in itself a harmless, a useful, and I will add, gentlemen, a comforting article of domestic furniture? Why is Mrs. Bardell so earnestly entreated not to agitate herself about this warming-pan, unless (as is no doubt the case) it is a mere cover for hidden fire—a mere substitute for some endearing word or promise, agreeably to a preconcerted system of correspondence, artfully contrived by Pickwick with a view to his contemplated desertion, and which I am not in a condition to explain?"

The following extract, containing a palpable hit of much more general application, is given, in the hope that it may not be without its effect on a certain assembly just about to assemble; which, improved as it recently has been by the exclusion of many of the most disorderly and disreputable of its members, still retains enough of the new leaven to make it not improbable that altercation and recrimination, instead of legislation, will be still the order of the day. Mr. Pickwick is on his legs:—

"He was a humble individual. (No, no.) Still he could not but feel that they had selected him for a service of great honour, and of some danger. Travelling was in a troubled state, and the minds of coachmen were unsettled. Let them look abroad, and contemplate the scenes which were enacting around them. Stage coaches were upsetting in all directions, horses were bolting, boats were overturning, and boilers were bursting. (Cheers—a voice 'No.') No! (Cheers.) Let that honourable Pickwickian who cried 'No' so loudly come forward and deny it, if he could. (Cheers.) Who was it that cried 'No?' (Enthusiastic cheering.) Was it some vain and disappointed man—he would not

say haberdasher—(loud cheers)—who, jealous of the praise which had been—perhaps undeservedly—bestowed on his (Mr. Pickwick's) researches, and smarting under the censure which had been heaped upon his own feeble attempts at rivalry, now took this vile and calumnious mode of—

"Mr. Blotton (of Aldgate) rose to order. Did the honourable Pickwickian allude to him? (Cries of 'Order,' 'Chair,' 'Yes,' 'No,' 'Go on,' 'Leave off,' &c.)

"Mr. Pickwick would not put up to be put down by clamour. He had alluded to the honourable gentleman. (Great excitement.)

"Mr. Blotton would only say, then, that he repelled the hon. gent.'s false and scurrilous accusation with profound contempt. (Great cheering.) The hon. gent. was a humbug. (Immense confusion, and loud cries of 'Chair' and 'Order'.)

"Mr. A. Snodgrass rose to order. He threw himself upon the chair. (Hear.) He wished to know whether this disgraceful contest between two members of that club should be allowed to continue. (Hear, hear.)

"The chairman was quite sure the hon. Pickwickian would withdraw the expression he had just made use of.

"Mr. Blotton, with all possible respect for the chair, was quite sure he would not.

"The chairman felt it his imperative duty to demand of the honourable gentleman, whether he had used the expression which had just escaped him in a common sense.

"Mr. Blotton had no hesitation in saying that he had not—he had used the word in its Pickwickian sense. (Hear, hear.) He was bound to acknowledge that, personally, he entertained the highest regard and esteem for the honourable gentleman; he had merely considered him a humbug in a Pickwickian point of view. (Hear, hear.)

"Mr. Pickwick felt much gratified by the fair, candid, and full explanation of his honourable friend. He begged it to be at once understood, that his own observations had been merely intended to bear a Pickwickian construction. (Cheers.)"

We have said that the stories, equally with the satire, are occasionally weakened by amplification: for example, the story of the man who killed himself with crumpets (occupying a page and a half in No. 16) is a prosy version of a story, told in four lines of Mr. Croker's "Boswell," of the Hon. Mr. D——, who, being assured by his physician that if he went on eating muffins he would die of them, ordered half-a-dozen, ate them, and then shot himself through the head. To give another instance—the story of the little man who never ventured outside the prison walls on leave, after the turnkey had threatened to shut him out altogether, is well told; but we get the whole point in the well-known anecdote of the man who, having obtained a day rule in the Fleet, and not knowing what other use to make of his holiday, spent it in the King's Bench prison. Still, *Number Twenty* is the best bit in the prison scenes, if we except the fellow who sleeps under a table because he had been used to a four-posted bed; and we believe Sam Weller himself was not more rejoiced at the termination of his master's imprisonment than ourselves. In fact, the wretchedness of prisons and madhouses is too real, physical, matter-of-fact and material for books of this sort, and we turn away repelled and sickening from such sights, instead of pausing to sympathise

with the sufferers. We suspect that Fielding has been the innocent cause of Mr. Dickens's error of judgment in this particular, for Fielding gives an extremely disagreeable account of the prisons and lock-up houses of his time; but he presents no pictures of absolute starvation, and he had at least the atrocious nature of the existing abuse, and the advantages of exposing it, to justify him; whilst Mr. Dickens invents and heightens with an exclusive view to effect, for most assuredly the state of things described by him bears a much closer resemblance to the state of things described in "Amelia," than to the present condition of the Fleet; and he cannot require to be told that exaggeration tends rather to the confirmation of an evil than to the correction of it. But there is no necessity for impugning his accuracy, since our objection rests on the plain principle of criticism,—that the detailed description of bodily pain and deprivation is not a legitimate mode of exciting terror or pity, or the diary of an hospital nurse would be the finest and truest of tragedies—a mistake into which the author of the "Diary of a Physician" actually fell, when he made the interest of his narrative turn on the symptoms of a loathsome disease, prolonged in agony and terminating in death;—nay, a comparatively delicate introduction of which sort of thing was sufficient to poison half the pathos of Miss Edgeworth's first novel—"Belinda." When the object is merely to soften or agitate, the ideal should greatly preponderate over the actual; there should be just facts enough for the imagination to build upon, and the last extremity should be rather suggested than expressed—as in the following reflections on the Inns of Court, which shows, that Mr. Dickens can exercise a complete mastery over the elements of genuine pathos when it pleases him:—

"'Aha!' said the old man, 'who was talking about the Inns?'"

"'I was, Sir,' replied Mr. Pickwick—'I was observing what singular old places they are.'"

"'You!' said the old man, contemptuously—'What do you know of the time when young men shut themselves up in those lonely rooms, and read and read, hour after hour, and night after night, till their reason wandered beneath their midnight studies; till their mental powers were exhausted; till morning's light brought no freshness or health to them; and they sank beneath the unnatural devotion of their youthful energies to their dry old books? Coming down to a later time, and a very different day, what do you know of the gradual sinking beneath consumption, or the quick wasting of fever—the grand results of 'life' and dissipation—which men have undergone in those same rooms? How many vain pleaders for mercy do you think have turned away heart-sick from the lawyer's office, to find a resting-place in the Thames, or a refuge in the gaol? They are no ordinary houses, those. There is not a panel in the old wainscoting but what, if it were endowed with the powers of speech and memory, could start from the wall, and tell its tale of horror—the romance of life, Sir, the romance of life. Common-place as they may seem now, I tell you they are strange old places, and I would rather hear many a legend with a terrific-sounding name, than the true history of one old set of chambers.'"

"'There was something so odd in the old man's sudden energy, and the subject which had called it forth, that Mr. Pickwick was prepared with no observation in reply; and the old man checking his impetuosity, and

resuming the leer, which had disappeared during his previous excitement, said—

"'Look at them in another light—their most common-place and least romantic; what fine places of slow torture they are. Think of the needy man who has spent his all, beggared himself, and pinched his friends, to enter the profession, which is destined never to yield a morsel of bread to him. The waiting—the hope—the disappointment—the fear—the misery—the poverty—the blight on his hopes, and to his career—the suicide perhaps, or, better still, the shabby, slipshod drunkard. Am I not right about them, eh?' And the old man rubbed his hands, and leered as if in delight at having found another point of view in which to place his favourite subject.

"Mr. Pickwick eyed the old man with great curiosity, and the remainder of the company smiled, and looked on in silence."

The anecdote with which the old gentleman follows up the impression is in Mr. Dickens's best manner, and may serve to show how much his anecdotes gain in point by condensation:

"'Talk of your German universities!' said the little old man. 'Pooh, pooh! there's romance enough at home, without going half a mile for it, only people never think of it.'"

"'I never thought of the romance of this particular subject before, certainly,' said Mr. Pickwick, laughing.

"'To be sure you didn't,' said the little old man, 'of course not. As a friend of mine used to say to me, 'What is there in chambers, in particular?' 'Queer old places,' said I. 'Not at all,' said he. 'Lonely,' said I. 'Not a bit of it,' said he. He died one morning of apoplexy, as he was going to open his outer door; fell with his head in his own letter-box, and there he lay for eighteen months. Everybody thought he'd gone out of town.'"

"'And how was he found at last?' inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"'The benchers determined to break his door open, as he hadn't paid any rent for two years. So they did. Forced the lock; and a very dusty skeleton in a blue coat, black knee-shorts, and silks, fell forward in the arms of the porter who opened the door. Queer, that, rather, perhaps; rather, eh?' And the little old man put his head more on one side, and rubbed his hands with unspeakable glee."

Having made up our minds as to the origin of Mr. Dickens's popularity, it remains to add a word or two as to its durability, of which many warm admirers are already beginning to doubt—not, it must be owned, without reason; for the last three or four numbers are certainly much inferior to the former ones, and indications are not wanting that the particular vein of humour which has hitherto yielded so much attractive metal, is worked out. This, indeed, from its very nature, must have been anticipated by any clear-sighted and calculating observer from the first, and we fear that the quantity of alloy mixed up with the genuine ore to fit it for immediate use, will materially impair its lustre when the polish of novelty has worn off. The essential question, therefore, seems to be, whether Mr. Dickens is endowed with the quality for which Lord Byron gave Sir Walter Scott credit, when he said, that the moment the public interest in Sir Walter's poetry began to flag, he turned about and flashed forth as a novelist, and were it possible for the public to become satiated with his novels, he would find or make for himself a third road to popularity—

in other words, whether Mr. Dickens be a true man of genius, assuming genius (according to Dr. Johnson's definition) to consist of large general powers capable of being directed to any given end or object. Before answering this question, we turn to the three volumes entitled *Sketches by Boz*, and in them we find much of the same nicety of observation and quaint perception of the ludicrous as in the *Pickwick Papers*; but the essays distinguished by these qualities bear a small proportion to those in which the laboured, the common-place, or the imitative style predominates. The longest, "The Boarding House," and "Passages in the Life of Mr. Wilkins' Tottle," have certainly no merit to compensate for their tediousness: "The Parish" lies too near Miss Mitford's Village: "Horatio Sparkins" is a prose and very prosy version of an incident in the life of Miss Biddy Fudge; and the story of the broker's man waiting at table at the execution-creditor's request, is one of the very oldest we remember to have heard. But "The Curate" is a clever sketch; "Public Dinners" are most graphically hit off; "Hackney Coach Stands" and "Gin Shops" are good; "The Last Cab-driver," capital; and we willingly make allowance for the occasional dullness of "The Great Winglebury Duel," (since dramatised by the author for Mr. Braham's theatre) for the sake of the "Boots," who, however, to judge from the likeness, must certainly belong to the Weller family:—

"You are the upper boots, I think" inquired Mr. Trott.

"Yes, I am the upper boots," replied a voice from inside a velvet case with mother-of-pearl buttons—"that is, I'm the boots as b'longs to the house; the other man's my man, as goes errands and does odd jobs—top-boots, and half-boots I calls us."

"You're from London?" inquired Mr. Trott.

"Drive a cab once," was the laconic reply.

"Why don't you drive it now?" asked Mr. Trott.

"Cos I over-drove the cab, and drove over a 'ooman," replied the top-boots, with brevity."—*Sketches*, vol. ii. p. 193.

The likeness is still more palpable in the following colloquy:—

"Spare my life!" exclaimed Trott, raising his hands imploringly.

"I don't want your life," replied the boots, disdainfully, "though I think it 'ud be a charity if somebody took it."

"No, no, it wouldn't," interrupted poor Mr. Trott hurriedly; "no, no, it wouldn't! I—I—'d rather keep it."

"O werry well," said the boots; "that's a mere matter of taste—every one to his liking, as the man said when he poisoned his-self. Hows'ever, all I've got to say is this here: You sit quietly down in that chair, and I'll sit hoppersite you here; and if you keep quiet, and don't stir, I won't damage you; but if you move hand or foot 'till half-past twelve o'clock, I shall alter the expression of your countenance so completely, that the next time you look in the glass, you'll ask vether you're gone out of town, and ven you're likely to come back again. So sit down."—*Sketches*, vol. ii. pp. 207, 8.

"The Last Cab-driver," however, is, in our opinion, the *chef-d'œuvre* of these volumes, and we are tempted to quote a short biographical notice of the

eccentric individual on whom this title has been bestowed:

"Mr. William Barker, then, for that was the gentleman's name—Mr. William Barker was born — but why need we relate where Mr. William Barker was born, or when? Why scrutinize the entries in parochial ledgers, or seek to penetrate the Lucinian mysteries of Lying-in-hospitals? Mr. William Barker *was* born, or he had never been. There is a son—there was a father. There is an effect—there was a cause. Surely this is sufficient information for the most Fatima-like curiosity; and, if it be not, we regret our inability to supply any further evidence on the point. Can there be a more satisfactory, or more strictly parliamentary course? Impossible.

"We at once avow a similar inability to record at what precise period, or by what particular process, this gentleman's patronymic, of William Barker, became corrupted into 'Bill Boorker.' Mr. Barker acquired a high standing and no inconsiderable reputation among the members of that profession to which he more peculiarly devoted his energies: and to them he was generally known either by the familiar appellation of 'Bill Boorker,' or the flattering designation of 'Aggrawatin Bill,' the latter being a playful and expressive *sobriquet*, illustrative of Mr. Barker's great talent in 'aggrawatin' and rendering wild such subjects of his Majesty as are conveyed from place to place, through the instrumentality of omnibusses. Of the early life of Mr. Barker little is known, and even that little is involved in considerable doubt and obscurity. A want of application, a restlessness of purpose, a thirsting after porter, a love of all that is roving and cadger-like in nature, shared in common with many other great geniuses, appear to have been his leading characteristics. The busy hum of a parochial free-school, and the shady repose of a county gaol, were alike inefficacious in producing the slightest alteration in Mr. Barker's disposition—his feverish attachment to change and variety nothing could repress; his native daring no punishment could subdue.

"If Mr. Barker can be fairly said to have had any weakness in his earlier years, it was an amiable one—love; love in its most comprehensive form—a love of ladies, liquids, and pocket-handkerchiefs. It was no selfish feeling; it was not confined to his own possessions, which but too many men regard with exclusive complacency. No; it was a nobler love—a general principle. It extended itself with equal force to the property of other people.

"There is something very affecting in this. It is still more affecting to know that such philanthropy is but imperfectly rewarded. Bow-street, Newgate, and Millbank, are a poor return for general benevolence, evincing itself in an irrepressible love of created objects. Mr. Barker felt it so—after a lengthened interview with the highest legal authorities, he quitted his ungrateful country, with the consent, and at the expense, of its government; proceeded to a distant shore, and there employed himself, like another Cincinnati, in clearing and cultivating the soil—a peaceful pursuit, in which a term of seven years glided almost imperceptibly away."—*Sketches, Second Series*, pp. 298–301.

The delicate irony of the two last paragraphs reminds us of the commencement of a prologue composed and spoken by Barrington on the occasion of opening of the theatre in New South Wales:—

"True patriots we, for be it understood,
We left our country for our country's good."

But, to be sure, what could equal the effect of such a couplet, pronounced on the stage of Sidney by the prince of London pickpockets transmuted into the *High-Sheriff* of a penal colony.

The reader is probably anxious to know in what manner Mr. Barker's genius most strikingly developed itself:—

"To recapitulate all the improvements introduced by this extraordinary man, into the omnibus system—gradually, indeed, but surely—would occupy a far greater space than we are enabled to devote to this imperfect memoir. To him is universally assigned the original suggestion of the practice which afterwards became so general—of the driver of a second buss keeping constantly behind the first one, and driving the pole of his vehicle either into the door of the other, every time it was opened, or through the body of any lady or gentlemen who might make an attempt to get into it—a humorous and pleasant invention, exhibiting all that originality of idea, and fine bold flow of spirits, so conspicuous in every action of this great man.

"Mr. Barker had opponents of course; what man in public life has not? But even his worst enemies cannot deny that he has taken more old ladies and gentlemen to Paddington who wanted to go to the Bank, and more old ladies and gentlemen to the Bank who wanted to go to Paddington, than any six men on the road; and however much malevolent spirits may pretend to doubt the accuracy of the statement, they well know it to be an established fact, that he has forcibly conveyed a variety of ancient persons of either sex, to both places, who had not the slightest or most distant intention of going any where at all.

"Mr. Barker was the identical cad who nobly distinguished himself, some time since, by keeping a tradesman on the step—the omnibus going at full speed all the time—till he had thrashed him to his entire satisfaction, and finally throwing him away when he had quite done with him. . . .

"It was in the exercise of the nicer details of his profession that Mr. Barker's knowledge of human nature was beautifully displayed. He could tell at a glance where a passenger wanted to go to, and would shout the name of the place accordingly, without the slightest reference to the real destination of the buss. He knew exactly the sort of old lady that would be too much flurried by the process of pushing in, and pulling out of the caravan, to discover where she had been set down until too late; had an intuitive perception of what was passing in a passenger's mind when he inwardly resolved to "pull that cad up to-morrow morning," and never failed to make himself agreeable to female servants, whom he would place next the door, and talk to all the way."—*ibid.* pp. 304—307.

There is an anecdote in this essay which may serve as an additional illustration of what has formerly been stated regarding the humour of the lower classes:—

"We have never seen him since, but we have strong reason to suspect that this noble individual was a distant relation of a waterman of our acquaintance, who, on one occasion, when we were passing the coach-stand over which he presides, after standing very quietly to see a tall man struggle into a cab, ran up very briskly when it was all over (as his brethren invariably do), and touching his hat, asked, as a matter of course, for 'a copper for the waterman.' Now the fare was by no means a handsome man; and waxing very in-

dignant at the demand, he replied—"Money! What for? Coming up and looking at me, I suppose."—"Vell, sir," rejoined the waterman, with a smile of immovable complacency, "That's worth twopence, at least."—*ibid.* pp. 297, 8.

Notwithstanding the merit of these and some other passages, we are under the sorrowful necessity of admitting that these Sketches are by no means calculated to dissipate the apprehensions which the decline visible in the later numbers of the *Pickwick Papers* has pretty generally diffused, and, in our opinion, the memoirs of "Oliver Twist," now in a course of publication in a new magazine edited (as stated in the advertisements) by "Boz," afford much higher promise of that gentleman's ability to sustain himself in the position he has won; for—(speaking simply of effect, and without reference to the tendency, which is most commonly to foster a prejudice)—there is a sustained power, a range of observation, and a continuity of interest in this series which we seek in vain in any other of his works. The fact is, Mr. Dickens writes too often and too fast; on the principle, we presume, of making hay whilst the sun shines, he seems to have accepted at once all engagements that were offered to him, and the consequence is, that in too many instances he has been compelled to

"forestall the blighted harvest of the brain,"

and put forth, in their crude, unfinished, undigested state, thoughts, feelings, observations, and plans which it required time and study to mature—or supply the allotted number of pages with original matter of the most common-place description, or hints caught from others and diluted to make them pass for his own. If he persists much longer in this course, it requires no gift of prophecy to foretell his fate—he has risen like a rocket, and he will come down like the stick; but let him give his capacity fair play, and it is rich, vigorous, and versatile enough to insure him a high and enduring reputation.

From the *Athenæum*.

CHATTERTON.

The Life of Thomas Chatterton; including his Unpublished Poems and Correspondence. By John Dix Hamilton, Adams & Co.

"SIXTY-SEVEN years," says the author of this volume, in his preface, "have elapsed since the death of Thomas Chatterton; and his memoirs, which have appeared from several pens, seemed to the author of this biography to have held up the shadowed side of his brief life to public observation, and to have studiously concealed those traits in his character, which should have rescued him from the ill nature of those who neglected him whilst living, and traduced him when dead. Much information respecting 'the marvellous boy' having fallen into the author's hands, he has with pleasure performed a task which has not been altogether devoid of difficulties. These, however, have been considerably lessened by the kind

offices of friends, and it is his pleasing duty to acknowledge the assistance he has received."

We hail the appearance of this kind-hearted, and unaffected piece of biography with very earnest pleasure; because, although it bears strong marks of being the production of an inexperienced author, and is, perhaps, less purely eloquent in its style than the high character of the genius whose sufferings and creations it describes, should naturally inspire, yet it brings the lights of the picture into light, and rubs off the dirt which had been suffered to accumulate and form a mass of shadow. How fine a day is in the true and beautiful course of nature coming upon the character of Chatterton! He began life as a dunce,—even in his mother's eye! But at the age of six years and a half, on his mother's showing him an old musical MS. in French, with *illuminated capitals*, he, to use the mother's words, "*fell in love*" with it! From this manuscript—(a key to his heraldic-passion and antiquated lore)—he learned his alphabet, and, in the language of his present biographer, "soon afterwards was able to read in an old black-lettered Bible." What a cradling for an antiquarian poet,—a black-letter Shakespeare! He is then promoted to a charity-school at St. Augustin's Back in Bristol, where he expressed his thought that "he should learn everything," and where he is garbed as a pauper-child, and taught "reading, writing, and arithmetic!" Thence again he is transferred to the office of a country attorney of little practice, but full professional selfishness of character; and here his love of poetry, his

Shame in crowds, his solitary pride,

began! In a small room at his mother's house, he had his "pounce bag full of charcoal," and the table covered with parchments and writings,—but no food! In this room, in all its gloom, poor Chatterton laboured at his dusky work of mind! Thence issued the "Extraordinary Pedigree for the pompous Tradesman Burgum" (price 5s. per *ad valorem* Burgum), thence issued the flattery of *Fitz-forefathers* (a strange compound) to Stephens of Salisbury, and thence came the Rowley MSS. The natural mind of the author, as a self-author, took from suffering and disappointment a satirical turn, and he may be said to have lampooned himself out of his native city, aided, and strongly aided, by the dismal literary prospect which Bristol offered to a very young, very poor, and very proud candidate for fame. London, to the youthful Rowley, was paved with gold; he came, and found it, after an enduring horror, not even paved with twopenny rolls! He struggled in hope towards his mother and sister, (mere sunshine upon a tombstone!) in pride to those around him, and in supreme disgust towards those at whose hands he condescended to ask for—not aid, but an open gate to the paths of industry. Death followed. The commission of life was thrown up. Great good men were instantly on the hunt to discover where he lived! Immediately he lived *everywhere*! Poets, divines, antiquarians, physicians, all dwelt upon his name, and crowded around his relatives to collect his manuscripts, which they would have rammed into the fire during his mere breath-day. He was accused of forgeries in his life, by the writer of the "Castle of Otranto," that miserable attempt at the then death art!—by Mason, who mimicked some promissory Cambrian notes, in his feeble "Elfrida"—by Gray, who, in his pieces from the Erse, had not even the

dingy covering of rust, which, until rubbed by the careless hand, gave an antique air to Mambrino's helmet. But the mist which obscured Chatterton's name and genius gradually departed; the fame which could not be withheld from Rowley, attached itself to its rightful owner, for, to use the language of Cottle, Time "plucked the borrowed plumes from the fictitious monk to place them on the brow of the real poet." The best of our later bards have all done him "honour due," and now, instead of being the little wily impostor, the heartless child, and the profligate suicide, truth, in its own exquisite sincerity, brings him out as the inspired poet loving an antique dress—as the best of sons and brothers, bestowing small but inestimable gifts, and keeping up kindnesses and hope in his family when he was himself starving and hopeless—as the quiet, undrinking, domestic student and literary drudge—as the sacrifice to high thoughts and unconquerable pride.* Day, however, is come to his memory, a day which, if he could be sentient of earthly bliss, would be to him bliss indeed. Would he not have been content with all his lot, to have foreknown that Keats (his brother in genius) would have dedicated Endymion to him, that Wordsworth would have spoken of him, as—

The Marvellous Boy!

The sleepless Soul, that perished in his pride.

and that Coleridge, the dreamy Chatterton grown up, of later days, should have sighed to have yielded the truest patronage, and like Burns to the Mountain Daisy, have gloomily dreaded his own fate in that of the object he was honouring and commiserating:—

Ev'n thou, who mourn'st the daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date;
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom!

Would not Chatterton have read the following lines

* Can anything be more fearful, true, and intense than his letter to Mr. Barrett, upon the discovery of one lying on the desk at Mr. Lambert's office, and addressed to Mr. Clayfield, announcing the poet's intention of committing suicide? This realizes Wordsworth's famous lines.—

"Sir,—Upon recollection I don't know how Mr. Clayfield could come by his letter, as I intended to have given him a letter, but did not. In regard to my motives for the supposed rashness, I shall observe, that I keep no worse company than *myself*. I never drink to excess, and have without vanity too much sense to be attached to the mercenary retailers of iniquity. No;—it is my *PRIDE*, my damned, native, unconquerable *PRIDE*, that plunges me into distraction. You must know that nineteen-twentieths of my composition is pride. I must either live a slave, a servant, have no will of my own, no sentiments of my own which I may freely declare as such, or *die*. Perplexing alternative!—But it distracts me to think of it. I will endeavour to learn humility, but it cannot be here. What it will cost me on the trial heaven knows."

It has been well said by an eminent critic, that "his ruling passion was not the vanity of a poet, who depends upon the opinion of others for its gratification, but the stoical pride of talent, which felt nourishment in the solitary contemplation of superiority over the dupes who fell into his toils."

of Coleridge (him of the Ancient Mariner,) "with eye upraised, as one inspired!"

Poor Chatterton! He sorrows for thy fate,
Who would have praised and loved thee—*ere too late!*
Poor Chatterton! farewell! Of darkest hues
This chaplet cast I on thy unshaped tomb;
But dare no longer on the sad theme muse,
Least kindred woes persuade a kindred doom!
For oh! big gall-drops, shook from Folly's wing,
Have blacken'd the fair promise of my spring;
And the stern Fate transpierced with viewless dart,
The last pale hope that shiver'd at my heart!

The natural course which the talent for verse took in the Boy Chatterton,—encircled as he was by the suspicious, plodding mercenaries of a trading city,—was, as we have already observed, the satirical. The mystic intercourse with the dark conjured-up spirits of Rowley and Canynge,—which, at his bidding, came like shadows and did so depart,—demanded all his imagination and high poetical energy. The light from his genius, when it streamed up in its full splendour, was as the light from the wizard's grave!

I would you had been there to see
How the light broke forth so gloriously;
Stream'd upward to the chancel roof,
And through the galleries far aloof;
No earthly flame blazed e'er so bright;
It shone like heaven's own blessed light,
And, issuing from the tomb,
Show'd the monk's cowl and visage pale,
Danced on the dark-brow'd warrior's mail,
And kiss'd his waving plume!

The verses, therefore, written by the young poet in his undress, and to his living acquaintance,—although not without occasional passages of great spirit or melody,—are not to be mentioned in the same breath with the immortal phantasies of Rowley.

The following lines, selected from a poem entitled "Kew Gardens," which has never been given entire until in the present volume, may challenge competition, for their musical beauty and vigour, with the productions of numberless bards who have enjoyed a living reputation far beyond that which Chatterton obtained.

What charms has music, when great * * * * * sweats,
To torture sound to what his brother sets.
With scraps of ballad tunes, and *gude Scotch songs*,
Which god-like Ramsay to his bagpipe twangs;
With tatter'd fragments of forgotten plays;
With Playford's melody to Sternhold's lays,
This pipe of science mighty * * * * * comes,
And a strange, unconnected jumble thrums.
Rous'd to devotion in a sprightly air,
Danc'd into piety, and jigg'd to prayer;
A modern hornpipe's murder greets our ears,
The heav'nly music of domestic spheres;
The flying band in swift transition hops
Through all the tortur'd, vile burlesque of stops.
Sacred to sleep, in superstitious key,
Dull, doleful diapasons die away;
Sleep spreads his silken wings, and lull'd by sound,
The vicar slumbers, and the snore goes round;
Whilst * * * * * at his passive organ, groans
Through all his slow variety of tones,
How unlike Allen! Allen is divine!
His touch is sentimental, tender, fine;

No little affectations e'er disgrac'd
His more refin'd, his sentimental taste:
He keeps the passions with the sound in play,
And the soul trembles with the trembling key.

The lines to Horace Walpole (Lord Orford,) now first published, are touched with that pathetic spirit which a deep sense of injury awakened in the heart of the young poet. We give them, because we think they are a fit prelude to a few observations we are desirous of offering upon the cruelty which Chatterton suffered at the hands of Walpole. The boy had appealed to the patron, saying he was athirst for literary fame; the patron held out, with a gracious turn of the hand, the gilded chalice to the lips, and snatched it away when he saw that those lips were the youthful earnest ones of pauper-genius!

Walpole, I thought not I should ever see
So mean a heart as thine has proved to be.
Thou who in luxury nurs'd behold'st, with scorn,
The boy, who, friendless, fatherless, forlorn,
Asks thy high favour—thou mayst call me cheat.
Say, didst thou never practise such deceit?
Who wrote Otranto? but I will not chide;
Scorn I'll repay with scorn—and pride with pride,—
Still, Walpole, still thy prosy chapters write,
And twaddling letters to some fair indite;
Laud *all* above thee, fawn and cringe to those
Who for thy fame were better friends than foes;
Still spurn the incautious fool who dares—

Had I the gifts of wealth and luxury shared,
Not poor and mean, Walpole! thou hadst not dared
Thus to insult. But I shall live and stand
By Rowley's side, when thou art dead and damned.

In the last line, indignation, in a spirit of awful prophecy, seems to have taken the strongest word, whether it would go in the harness of rhyme or not.

It is well that there should, for the general good of the young enthusiastic race of poets, be some check upon the heartlessness and coldness of the would-be Mæcenases of literary talent,—painful as the instance must be in which the experiment is tried. Surgical severities are haplessly desirable in cases where cruelty would be triumphant, but for the benefit arising to the whole of human kind. The wreck becomes the beacon, warning the world of ships against the rocks on which it has met its dreary doom! Poor Chatterton!—(yet why should he now be styled poor Chatterton, when he is immeasurably higher, and more distinguished, than the Frenchified Orford, whose patronage he sighed for;—when he is as an angel of light above the Pewterer shadow of a Burgum, and the dingy reputations, as antiquarian poets, of a Mason and a Gray!)—Chatterton, in the early hour of his beautiful and inspired mysteries, addressed, in the daringness and the confidence of youth, a letter, "with a specimen of the divine art," to Horace Walpole; and that agreeable letter-writer, dandy-historian, and heartless man,—conceiving that "Thomas Chatterton" must be some cautious abbey-antiquarian of the plodding and wealthy city of Bristol,—replied in the following gracious style:—

"Arlington Street, April 21, 1769.

"Sir,—I cannot but think myself singularly obliged by a gentleman with whom I have not the pleasure of being acquainted, when I read your very curious and

kind letter, which I have this minute received. I give you a thousand thanks for it, and for the very obliging offer you make me of communicating your manuscript to me. What you have already sent me is valuable, and full of information; but, instead of correcting you, sir, you are far more able to correct me. I have not the happiness of understanding the Saxon language, and without your learned notes, should not have been able to comprehend Rowley's text.

"As a second edition of my *Anecdotes* was published last year, I must not flatter myself that a third will be wanted soon, but I shall be happy to lay up any notices you will be so good as to extract for me, and send me at your leisure; for as it is uncertain when I may use them, I would by no means borrow and retain your MSS.

"Give me leave to ask you, where Rowley's poems are to be found. I should not be sorry to print them, or at least a specimen of them, if they have never been printed.

"The abbot John's verses, that you have given me, are wonderful for their harmony and spirit; though there are some words I do not understand. You do not point out exactly the time when he lived, which I wish to know; as I suppose it was long before John al Ectry's discovery of oil painting: if so, it confirms what I have guessed, and have hinted in my *Anecdotes*, that oil painting was known here much earlier than that discovery or revival.

"I will not trouble you with more questions now, sir, but flatter myself, from the urbanity and politeness you have already shown me, that you will give me leave to consult you. I hope, too, you will forgive the simplicity of my direction, as you have favoured me with none other.

"I am, sir, your much obliged
and obedient humble servant,

HORACE WALPOLE.

"P.S. Be so good as to direct to Mr. Walpole, Arlington Street."

The above letter is a rare specimen of what anglers style the pike's manner of "gorging the bait." Horace Walpole, in his polished cunning, thinks he is laying out his fawning periods in a rich antiquarian investment. In a second letter, Chatterton, lulled in return by the tongue (to him, until then, an unknown tongue) which

Would rob Hybla's bees, and leave them honeyless, frankly opened to the "fond deceiver" his dismal poverty, literary hopes, and "longings after immortality,"—to which acknowledgment Mr. Walpole replied in a cold letter of iced advice—a letter suggesting attention to the attorney's desk, a love of drudgery in filial respect and gratitude for his mother's exertions, and suggesting the blessed hint, that "when he had made a fortune, he might unbend himself with the studies more consonant with his inclinations." The letter conveying all this advice, but *no inclosure*, was one which Walpole styled a "guardian-like" letter;—while, at a not much later time, with his usual heartlessness, in reference to the condition of this inspired nightingale of English song, he writes, for the sake of the cold and profligate pleasantries, "*that singing birds should not be too well fed.*"

After the suicidal death of Chatterton, truth soon began to throw its proper darts with fearless aim, at his "butchers, and not sacrificers," (to reverse a line of Shakespeare's;) and Walpole at length considered

it necessary, being put upon his trial for being accessory to the murder of genius, *before* the fact,—to make a defence:—that defence is an elaborate display of cruel kindness, of tortured circumstance, of anxiously-besought inference, of guilt confirmed by the over-laboured proclamations of innocence! His argument looks "like a house that is over-insured." Eugene Aram's defence is couched in the same inimitable style of learned cunning and aggravated innocence; and, to our minds, the murder at Knaresborough was no more justifiable than the one at Bristol. Tried by posterity—the severest trial of all—and poor Walpole (for we will transfer the epithet) would bleach his bones (if character may be presumed to have bones) on some bleak eminence, looking down upon Bristol—the scene of the heartless crime!

The character of Chatterton is now clearly unassailed of all the malignities of friendship and envy. His genius is allowed to "hold its own," and the follies and light asperities of his youth are no longer set down in the calendar of crimes. The peevish, but pleasant little debtor and creditor account between himself and Beckford, the Lord Mayor of London, is no longer "black ingratitude;" and his tricks upon Barrett and Cateott are the freaks of his genius, which no one now could wish had not been played off. His death, too, is no longer the subject of scorn and vituperation. Lord Byron has said, "Chatterton, I think, was mad." Madness was in his family; and as that is apprehended to be an heir-loom, what must be feared as the result, when it finds genius of the most susceptible nature opening the door of the brain to welcome Insanity! This, too, with Famine standing by, infuriating the dreadful meeting and union of the two!

We had intended to go out of the present volume to make a few extracts from the inspired poems of Chatterton; but the length of our remarks has swallowed up the space of which we are able to avail ourselves. We rather think we should have astonished many of our readers with the discovery of unknown spots of beauty in,—to them,

Desolate shores and fairy lands forlorn!—

the fearless works of this poet—the works of

— Young Poesy,

Clad in the mask of hoar antiquity!

If we can but achieve a re-reading of this poet, "whose life and death will be the lasting honour and indelible disgrace of the eighteenth century," we shall consider that we have done more towards advancing a true taste in English poetry, than we have ever before accomplished in our most careful and zealous hours and labours. We are apprehensive, however, that the plumage of some of our birds of song must moult, if we succeed in the achievement. For those who peruse the fiery and spirited "Second Fytte" of the Battle of Hastings, will, in the frenzy and fulness of the *mêlée*, startingly call to mind the later-described Battle of Flodden Field in "Marmion;"—and the soft spirit of "Oure Ladies Chyrrhe" will dimly hover over the celebrated moonlight view of "fair Melrose aright." It would be difficult, too, to reconcile it to the mind, that the noble author of "Parisina" had not felt "The Dethe of Sir Charles Bawdin" when he sketched the vivid, ghastly, naked description of Hugo's execution. Some of the softer poems of Chatterton are as delicate and feeling as those of the most

classic pastoral writers. Indeed, it has been well observed, that "Chatterton possessed an anvil of all work, and with the same ease could sharpen a needle, or mould a colossus."

But we must close our remarks. Mr. Dix has our hearty thanks for all he has done. He might have written in a more popular style, although he could not have increased his sincerity. We see little good likely to arise to the fame of Chatterton by reprinting the political prose papers, contributed to the periodicals of the day:—the time is gone by for the publication of every temporary squib, or snatch of patriotism, written only for the moment and the momentary coin.

There is an interesting portrait of Chatterton, taken, it is conjectured, and apparently with truth, at the age of twelve, in which the ordinary and the extraordinary are strangely blended. The features are full and odd; but the lustre and beauty of the forehead, the mental shape of the head, the dark massive richness of the hair, and the solemn wisdom of the eye, take the gazer captive; and we think no one can part with the sight of it, without a strange and intense sense of the awful beauty of genius realized. With the following passage from Mr. Dix's work, harmonizing with the tone of our last remarks, we must bring ourselves to a conclusion:—

"Chatterton's face and person is stated by those few who knew him, and with whom I have conversed, to have been manly, and all agree that there was something about him which instantaneously prepossessed you in his favour. Mr. Barrett and Mr. Catcott speak particularly of his eye. Mr. Catcott said he could never look at it long enough to see what sort of an eye it was, but it seemed to be a kind of hawk's eye, he thought one could see his soul through it.

"Mr. Barrett, the surgeon, particularly noticed his eyes, from the nature of his profession. He never saw such—one was still more remarkable than the other. You might see the fire roll at the bottom of them, as you sometimes do in a black eye, but never in gray ones, which his were. Mr. Barrett used often to send for him from Colston's school, and differ from him in opinion, on purpose to make him earnest, and to see how wonderfully his eye would strike fire, kindle, and blaze up."

From the *Metropolitan*.

INTERESTING TALES.

BY J. H. JUNG-STILLING,

Including Incidents connected with his Life, which do not appear in his Biography. Translated from the German, by Samuel Jackson. 1 vol. 12mo.

For the original publication of these tales we are indebted to Caroline, the amiable daughter of the late revered Heinrich Stilling. Although this is not so beautiful a book as the autobiography of Stilling—one of the most exquisite little books we are acquainted with—it is still a book of great and rare merit, deserving of a cordial recommendation, especially to young readers. The ten short tales, of which it consists, are, with one exception, (the Way to the

Throne,) narratives of humble German life—not the life of fantastic metaphysicians and poets, but of real homely, honest burghers and peasants of the better class, between whom, and the same class of men in our own country, especially in the northern divisions of it, there is a striking affinity.

We have read the stories of "Conrad the Good," "The Emigrant," "Blind Leonard and his Guide," "The Watchman and his Daughter," and one or two others, with singular satisfaction. There is a *bon-homme* about them—a simplicity and straight-forwardness which contrast in a happy manner with the artificiality of most of our modern stories. The last story of all is not perhaps the best, but its shortness suits our limits, and we quote it here in order still more to direct attention to Mr. Jackson's excellent translations. The anecdote should have found a place in Walter Scott's volume on demonology. The horror-inspiring picture is a most striking incident, and what a picture would not a painter execute under such horrible circumstances!

"AN EXTRAORDINARY EFFECT OF IMAGINATION.

"There dwelt at Schaumburg, a worthy and wealthy citizen, who maintained himself by book-binding and watch-making. This upright individual was Doctor Stilling's friend, and when any one was unwell at his house, he availed himself of his counsel and aid. His wife, on one occasion, fell sick; he wrote, therefore, to his physician. Stilling hastily mounted his horse, and rode thither. He arrived in the evening, and was consequently obliged to pass the night at his friend's house.

"After the doctor had duly attended upon his patient, and refreshed himself, both in body and mind, at a friendly meal, the bookbinder conducted him to his bed-room. As soon as he had put down the candle upon the toilette, a portrait met Stilling's view, which hung beneath the looking-glass; it was painted on copper, and was a master-piece in its kind. He considered and admired the picture for a while; but a feeling of horror gradually came over him, for he observed something horrible in it, which developed itself more and more to his view, the longer he contemplated it. Although he endeavoured as much as possible to find out the characteristic features which made such an astonishing impression upon him; yet he found nothing particular in the detail, but that which occasioned such a deep and penetrating horror, was the effect of the whole. Stilling felt this so strongly, that he found it requisite to appeal to his reason, in order to be able to pass the night in the room.

"The portrait was about the size of a quarto page, and represented the bust of a man of from thirty to forty years of age. He had on a laced hat, wore a full-bottomed wig, and was dressed in scarlet galloon; all according to the costume of the former part of the last century.

"Stilling could not turn away his eyes from the picture. The longer he considered it, the more deeply was he struck with horror. The bookbinder observed it, and said to him, 'Doctor, does the painting please you?' The latter replied, 'I know not what to say; I see there a master-piece of painting, and the portrait of an extremely handsome man, and yet these very regular features impress me with a secret horror, the real cause of which I cannot discover. It is not veneration that I feel, but the sensation resembles that which Satan

perhaps would make upon me, if he stood before me in the disguise of a handsome man.'

"The bookbinder was surprised, and said, 'All that have seen the portrait have found something strange and awful in it; but you are the first upon whom it has had such a powerful effect. If you are not too weary and too drowsy, I will relate to you the extremely remarkable affair, to which I am indebted for this rarity.'

"Stilling was so much excited, that sleep had entirely forsaken him; both, therefore, sat down together, and his friend related as follows:—

"About five and twenty years ago, my late father, who was also a bookbinder in Schaumburg, travelled to D——. He there put up at a well-known inn, where he found, as usual, a number of persons of various ranks, sitting round the tables in the travellers' room, drinking wine. But he observed a well-dressed stranger, behind the stove, whose despairing and melancholy mien immediately excited his attention and curiosity. He therefore inquired of the landlord who the man was, and received for answer, that the stranger was a travelling painter, who had arrived there only a few days before, and was extremely melancholy; but whence he came, or whether he was going, could not be ascertained from him.

"This made my father still more inquisitive; he therefore took a chair, and placed himself near the stranger, so as to be opposite to him, but the painter took not the smallest notice of him.

"My father, by degrees, observed that this singular man sometimes looked behind him, with a dreadfully fearful look; then shrunk as it were together, and immediately averting his look gazed before him in raging despair.

"I must know what this means, thought my father—whatever it may cost. He drew therefore still nearer, that he might be able to speak in a low tone with the painter. He then began in his friendly and confidential manner as follows:—"Pardon me, sir, for addressing you; you are unhappy, and I am a friend of all such; perhaps I can alleviate your sufferings."

"Whoever knew my father, knows that his venerable and friendly mien, and manner of speaking, were irresistible. The stranger recovered himself, and replied, "I heartily thank you for the sympathy you feel in my fate; but it is of that nature, that there is no power mighty enough, either in heaven or on earth, that can alleviate it." On which my father replied, that religion was able to remove all sufferings, if we had only faith in God, and confidence in the Redeemer.

"However, all discourse was unavailing, the stranger continued insensible, his soul was incapable of consolation; yet he attached himself to my father, acted confidentially towards him, and kept company with him.

"My father, therefore, did not give up the hope of drawing his secret from him, and of afterwards making an impression upon him, by those incontestible grounds of consolation, which he would bring forward; he, therefore, requested the landlord to give him, if possible, a bed-room next to the stranger's. This, however, was occupied, but there were two beds in the painter's room; my father, therefore, with the consent of the stranger, took possession of that which was still unoccupied.

"When the two were alone in their chamber, after supper, and conversing together, the painter gradually became so open-hearted, that he revealed his whole soul to my father. His dreadful secret was an assassination, which had been occasioned by the following

circumstances:—He had been a painter to the court of D——. A certain cavalier had grossly insulted him at a ball. The painter laid in wait for him as he went home, in a dark and solitary place, ran him through the body with his sword, from behind, and fled. After feeling himself in safety, and after the raging passion of revenge had subsided, a deep remorse ensued, and with it the most frantic despair. The whole burden of this crime lay like a mountain upon his soul; he felt nothing else than damnation—an entire hell raged within him, and every thought of consolation was like a drop of water falling into a furnace, which evaporated in a moment. By degrees, the poor sinner, who was thus in a state of damnation whilst still in the body, began to see, close behind him, the murdered nobleman, with a dreadfully threatening mien; this terrible persecutor became more and more clear and lively to his view, and never left him. As often as he looked behind, the tormenting spirit stood at the distance of a few paces from him, in his perfectly natural form, and dressed as he had been at the ball; and he felt as if this avenger of blood would immediately fall upon him. It was this dreadful apparition which tortured the poor painter, so that he could not rest, day nor night, to which was added the inward consciousness of his blood-guiltiness, which pressed the poor spirit down to the ground!

"My father now knew what the pitiable man required. He therefore brought forward all the consolations of religion, and applied them to him; but they produced not the smallest effect. At length he proposed to him to return, and give himself up to the hands of justice, or to do it there. But he refused this also. In short, all my father's endeavours in order to save him were in vain. He passed the whole night in moaning and lamenting; but in the morning, after he had dressed himself, he drew this picture out of his trunk, presented it to my father, and said, "This portrait of my horrible persecutor, which I completed only a few days ago, I will give you as a memorial of your kind sympathy; let it remind you of one that is eternally lost, and ever devote to him a compassionate tear."

"My father accepted the dreadful present with pleasure, and again used every possible effort to soften his heart, and impart consolation to him, but in vain. The painter refused every remedy, and solemnly affirmed, that it was impossible to help him. He then took leave of my father, by saying, that he had some business to attend to in the day, but would appear again at table, either dinner or supper, at the inn. But during the time that my father was engaged in seeking advice from sensible people, for the man's recovery, the report was spread that he had jumped into the river, and was drowned.

"Such, dear doctor, is the remarkable history of this painting."

"Stilling again placed himself before the picture, and considered it with renewed interest; it seemed to him as if he had himself seen the threatening phantom. He slept little in its vicinity, and rode home the next morning, quite filled with the idea of this horrible tale.

"This phenomenon is of importance to the psychologist, because the painter, or rather the sufferer, had not the phantom continually before his eyes, but only when he looked behind him. There are various instances of this nature, in which, however, the sufferer always saw the figure before him, as soon as he opened his eyes. This may be comprehended; but that a person should only see the apparition on looking be-

hind him, is something rare. But this very remark has induced *many rational people*, to whom I have related the tale, to believe that the spirit of the murdered man really followed the murderer.”*

From Johnston's Magazine.

MRS. MARGARET WHARTON.

This lady, who was a single woman of considerable fortune, well known during the early part of the last century, in several places in Yorkshire, was nicknamed *Peg Pennyworth*. She was said to have been possessed of about £200,000. She had some inoffensive oddities, but more excellencies; she made a present to her nephew of one hundred thousand pounds,—an act of generosity practised by few.

She chose to be her own cateress. Purchasing some eels, she put them into her pocket, entered her coach, and called upon a lady to take with her an airing. The warmth of the body revived the condemned prisoners, and one of them took the liberty of creeping out for a little air, being deprived of water. The friend cried out in horror, “Lord, Madam! you have an adder creeping about you! Coachman, stop! stop! let me get out.”—“You need not be frightened, Madam,” she said coolly: “I protest one of the eels is alive!”

Though she resided in York, she visited Scarborough in the season; and frequently sending for a pennyworth of strawberries, and a pennyworth of cream for supper, the people conferred on her the name of *Peg Pennyworth*, which never forsook her.

Her charities were boundless, but always private; nothing hurt her so much as to have them divulged. An accident occurred, in which she displayed her aversion to public charity. Some gentlemen, soliciting her favour, whom she could scarcely deny, she pulled out a number of guineas, and selected one of the lightest. This produced a few winks and smiles; but the matter did not end here. Foote, of comic memory, laid hold of the incident, and drew her character in a farce, under the name of *Peg Pennyworth*.

When she was informed of this circumstance, she exclaimed, with a smile, “I will see it acted as I live.” She did, and declared with joy, “they had done her great justice.” A gentleman took her in his arms, before the whole audience, and cried, “This is the greatest fortune in Yorkshire!” which delighted her more. The entertainment over, a cry was repeated, “Peg’s coach!”—“They might have called me *Margaret*, however,” said she.

In one of her visits to Scarborough, she, with her usual economy, had a family pie for dinner; she directed the footman to take it to the bake-house, who rather declined it, as not being his place. She then moved the question to the coachman, but found a stronger objection. To save the pride of both, she

* “The position of the apparition seems easily accounted for by the circumstance of his being stabbed from behind, and consequently desiring to convey the idea to the murderer, that he was always about to fall upon him in the same manner.”—*Note of the Translator*.

resolved to take it herself; and ordered one to harness the horses and bring out the carriage, and the other to mount behind, and took the pie thus dignified to the bakehouse. When baked, coachee was ordered to put to a second time, and the footman to mount, and the pie returned in the same honourable state. “Now,” said she to the coachman, “you have kept your place, which is to drive; and yours (to the footman) is to wait.”

She was tall, and of a spare habit, and lived nearly to the age of ninety-one.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

It was the calm and silent night!

Seven hundred years and fifty-three
Had Rome been growing up to might,
And now was queen of land and sea!
No sound was heard of clashing wars—
Peace brooded o’er the hush’d domain:
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, and Mars

Held undisturb’d their ancient reign
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago!

’Twas in the calm and silent night!

The senator of haughty Rome
Impatient urged his chariot’s flight,
From lordly revel rolling home!
Triumphal arches gleaming swell
His breast with thoughts of boundless sway;
What reck’d the Roman what befell
A paltry province far away,

In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago!

Within that province far away,

Went plodding home a weary boor;
A streak of light before him lay,
Fallen through a half-shut stable door
Across his path. He pass’d—for nought
Told what was going on within;
How keen the stars, his only thought,
The air, how calm, and cold, and thin,

In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago!

Oh strange indifference! low and high
Drownd over common joys and cares;
The earth was still—but knew not why
The world was list’ning—unawares!
How calm a moment may precede
One that shall thrill the world for ever!

To that still moment none would heed,
Man’s doom was link’d no more to sever,
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago!

It is the calm and solemn night!

A thousand bells ring out, and throw
Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
The darkness—charm’d and holy now!
The night that erst no shame had worn,
To it a happy name is given;

For in that stable lay new-born
The peaceful Prince of earth and heaven,
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago!

From the New Monthly Magazine.

LIFE IN THE EAST.

BY MICHAEL J. QUIN,

AUTHOR OF "A STEAM VOYAGE DOWN THE DANUBE, ETC."

UNTIL I travelled in Turkey, I think I never really knew the degree which woman holds on the scale of the creation. In the towns, in the villages, in the hamlets, in the fields, on the rivers, in the depths of the forest, or on the open plains, I beheld, day after day, only the face of man. Now and then, at a cottage door, I espied from a distance, a white veil, which denoted the presence of a female. But the moment my horse was seen approaching the sacred spot—for sacred it then seemed to me—away fled the sweet vision, and in its place appeared the frowning turbaned forehead of my own sex, or perhaps a ferocious dog, preparing to devour me if I should venture too near the domain entrusted to his charge. I was positively sick of the face of man. His swarthy countenance—his strong beard—his glaring eye—his brawny, muscular hand—his thick beshawled waist, with pistols and ataghan stuck therein—his long pipe—his longer cane—his clumsy slipped foot—became offensive to my eye. I longed to behold once more the roseate cheek—the soft look—the ruby lip—the tapering fingers of some descendant of Eve. Nor in the vale—nor by the fountain—nor in the vineyard—nor on the hill—nor amidst the herds or groves, was she. 'Twas man everywhere.

Often on my ear came the tinkle of the sheep or goat bell. Assuredly upon the declivity, where the animals wandered in search of herbage, there must be a shepherdess, thought I; and up the declivity I rode, to botanize, as I told my guide, but in fact to appease the yearning of my soul by catching a glimpse—were it only for an instant—of the maiden, haply sleeping beneath the shadow of a rock or a clump of brushwood, whose gentle voice or oaten pipe held them under control. I cared not for costume: be her figure wrapped in the undyed lamb skin, the winter-stained blanket, or the shreds of what once served as a mantle for her sire—it signified but little or rather nothing to me, provided I could detect through her disguise the bashful gaze of the feminine race. But disappointment still was my portion. Rumbled up in a rude canvass bag, or the hide of a rhinoceros, or something of that kind, appeared a little savage, half monkey, half Robinson Crusoe, fast asleep, his wallet (slenderly stored!) beneath his shaggy head, and a poor imitation of a pastoral crook by his side. Frankenstein was not half so tired of his troublesome creation as I was of masculine noises, with whose origin I had nothing whatever to do.

At night we came late to what would be called in France an *auberge*, in the midst of a small cluster of houses. Beds were to be prepared, supper was to be cooked, for I had protested against going to rest upon a thimble-ful of coffee, having had a long day's ride, and no dinner, unless that name may be applied to a crust of bread, an onion, three hard eggs, and a handful of rock salt. I insisted upon the best supper the house could produce. We were, as usual, received by a man, who proceeded forthwith to blow up the embers on his hearth, and to get his coffee apparatus in order. But I was not to be put off in this way. He pleaded that his family were all in bed. No mat-

ter—I was starved—supper—and a good supper—chicken—mutton—rice—and hot cake—I must have.

Upon examining my conscience, as all good Christians do, or ought to do, by the light of the vesper star, which I went to look at while my orders were in process of negotiation between the innkeeper and my guide, I was obliged to confess to myself, that though a good supper would be by no means disagreeable, yet the uppermost motive in my pressing for a hot supper was the hope of attracting to what I supposed to be the culinary department the women of the family—the greater and minor "lights of the harem." I did, in reality, behold the light of more than one candle moving backward and forward behind the latticed windows of the upper story of the edifice, and when within, I heard several light footsteps moving rapidly overhead. Now they are awake, thought I, and dressing and veiling, and down they must come presently with their stewpans and dishes, and all the produce of their larder. They would doubtless conceal their faces as much as possible; but they could not cover their eyes, and even if they should, still the sylph-like figure would be there, the low, gentle voice might yield its music, the hand that would knead the flour, or turn the cake on the hearth, could not be gloved!

Alas! while I was still indulging in these poetical reveries, in came, on a man's head, a large wooden tray, and upon the said tray, when deposited on the earthen floor, appeared, to my amazement—I will not say to my horror, for, after all, the odour emanating therefrom was not ungrateful to the senses of a weary traveller—a hot cake, a wooden bowl filled with stewed partridge, onions, and rice; whereupon mine host brought a jar and a napkin, and pouring some water upon my hands, and presenting me with the napkin with a look of hospitable cordiality not unworthy of the Patriarchal days, he invited me to partake of the meal thus magically placed at my feet. The footsteps ceased overhead, silence reigned throughout the house; I could not even guess whether there was a female being in the man's establishment, and so I proceeded—to despatch the partridge—convinced that the last plague must have swept away all the women from that part of the Ottoman dominions.

Now let no sly reader of either sex get up in his or her mental manufactory of scandal any thing in the shape of a suspicion against my character. Know ye, ancient maidens, club-frequenting bachelors, and giggling consumers of bread and butter, still in your teens or *tys*, that I am a Benedict; and so faithful, so scrupulous in the fulfilment of the vows I have made, that if Nourmahal herself had fallen in my way, and flinging off her veil, surrendered the roses of her lips to my discretion, I should not have so far forgotten the lone one I had left at home, as even to inhale their fragrance. Not I! Putting aside the misprision of domestic treason that would be involved in such a transaction, I really am a philosopher. The feeling by which I was actuated had nothing in it of the meaner ingredients, of which Lesbia of "the beaming eye," and all that sort of people are composed. Mine was a pure Platonic search after that description of harmony, which is produced by the blending of various colours, or diversified, or even contrasted sounds. Man, man everywhere, is a garden without a flower—a sound without a modulation. The light of woman's eyes is necessary to make him look toler-

able: she is the sun, without whose rays all nature would go back to the age of the Ichthyosauri.

It certainly must have been a glorious day, that on which this planet of ours first felt itself pressed by the foot of man. Imagine this sphere rolling for thousands of years, thousands, perhaps, of centuries, through the orbit which it still occupies—bearing on its surface not so much as one reasoning creature—the abode of fishes—of monsters that roamed about like walking castles, living on the topmost branches of trees, treading down forests in their progress, and drinking up Mediterraneans at a draught; and in their train nothing but hyænas and leopards, dogs and reptiles, and winged bipeds of every order and degree. At length, an upward-looking, erect, graceful, intelligent form lights upon the green turf from some other orb—his countenance shining with a divine light, at once subdues them to his command—they pass in review before him—he gives them names—and from that moment a new order of things commences over the whole of their ancient habitation. How different that splendid morning from the *Dies Ires* still to come!

But he was alone. I can thoroughly enter into his feelings, when seated beneath the shade of a spreading cedar, he gazed upon the Eden around him—just before he slept—and though full of joy while surveying the charming scenes that met his eye on every side, and listening to the enchanting melodies of waving groves, and feathered choirs, and falling waters that were soothing him to slumber, he still was conscious of a void in his heart remaining to be filled up. And when, upon re-opening his eyes, after his first delicious repose, he saw standing beside him Eve—Oh, the transports of that moment were worth exile, even from that garden of bliss!

Why it is that in the region where woman had her origin, she is still very generally and very carefully veiled and secluded from the ordinary haunts of the stronger sex, is a question that I have not yet seen satisfactorily solved. The custom has undoubtedly been transmitted from the most remote ages. When Rebecca first beheld Isaac “meditating in the fields at eventide,” and she learned who he was, it is said that “she took a veil and covered herself.” It is clear from many passages in the Scriptures, that women of the family were usually to be found, in the times to which those writings apply, chiefly in the inner apartments of the house. The beautiful pictures of domestic employment with which the *Odyssey* abounds, shows that similar usages prevailed amongst the earlier Greeks—usages which have not even in our time been wholly abolished among their posterity. The Hindoos, whether idolaters or Mahometans, the Persians, the Armenians, the Turks, all observe, especially the latter, the same law. They all imprison, some say enshrine, their wives and concubines (or as Miss Pardoe calls them, *odaliques*) and daughters, so that the custom has not originated, as many persons suppose, in the precepts of the Koran, but in a course of practice which appears to have been common to almost all the Eastern nations.

To an European making his first tour in those countries, nothing, however, can be more dismal than the absence of the female form from every group of his own species which he happens to meet in the course of his journey. In Bulgaria, where there is a considerable sprinkling of Christian families amongst the

followers of the Prophet, the women who belong to the Cross appear to enjoy more liberty than I have observed elsewhere in those countries. They go about, as in England, often in their hair, sometimes with handkerchiefs tied round their heads, but uniformly unveiled. In order, however, to signify that they have a right to these privileges,—privileges secured to them, by the way, through the interference of Russia,—they are obliged to wear conspicuously on the left shoulder, or breast, a red cross, which is usually worked in silk or worsted upon their dress. The sacred emblem has a most agreeable effect. It puts one in mind of the days of the Crusaders; it marks the civilizing power of the Christian system of religion. Seen from a distance, it seems to one emerging from towns and districts wholly Mahometan, to restore nature to its usual order, and to bring back to the heart that cheerfulness of which the virile monotony of Turkish usages had for a season deprived it.

It was upon encountering at a fountain, or engaged in some out-of-door business or amusement, groups of these Bulgarian maidens, that I felt what a vacancy there would have been in the order of creation had it been altogether womanless. A world wholly filled with men might have been rendered by Omnipotence as conducive to his purposes, as one distributed between the two sexes—creation following the law which gave birth to the original type of the race. But what a world that would have been!—if we may judge from our present notions. We should have been without all that delicious tenderness which springs from the contemplation, the protection of infant loveliness and weakness. We should have been without that ennobling, enrapturing sentiment—that electric chain which binds two souls together, identifying their hopes, their sorrows—lighting kindred smiles—summoning to the cheek tears that unite two hearts even more closely than smiles. Poetry, that gushing of the soul into music, would have been unknown to us. Music itself would have been undiscovered, and we should not have understood the

“—boundless store
Of charms which Nature to her votary yields;
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves and garniture of fields:
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of Heaven!”

On arriving at Constantinople I found that a greater relaxation had taken place in the system of feminine seclusion than I had been prepared to expect. Although the numbers of males in the streets greatly preponderated over those of the softer sex, nevertheless the latter were to be seen moving about in every direction, all, however, more or less closely veiled. An English lady understands by the term “veiled,” a square yard or two of fine muslin or lace thrown over the head, and hanging down upon the bosom and back, through which the countenance may still be discerned, as the sun behind a gossamer cloud. Such is the fashion in Spain—and a veil of that kind is undoubtedly a modification, a coquettish apology, for the austerity of the garb introduced into that country by the Moors. But the Turkish veil is very much the same as that which is worn by females dedicated to religious orders. It is, in fact, a lawn scarf bound

closely round the forehead, which *ought* to cover the eyebrows, the chin, and mouth, the main object of it being the concealment of the features from man's admiration as much as possible, but which in practice is so contrived, as to provoke the said admiration to a higher degree than the said countenance unveiled would, perhaps, in nine cases out of twelve, have ever excited.

The veil as worn in Constantinople—the very metropolis of female ingenuity in the art of setting off personal charms—is so disposed as to permit the dark crescent of the eyebrow, upon which a world of handmaid diligence is bestowed, to be seen in its most perfect outline. Miss Pardoe tells us, for she can keep no secrets, that the crescent of which I speak is frequently improved by certain chemical applications, which have the effect of making an eyebrow of sixty years' growth look as juvenile as one of sixteen. My gallantry refuses to receive any such disclosure as this. Besides, the authority of such a witness may be questioned, upon the ground of self-interest. Miss Pardoe doubtless has eyebrows of her own; hence her promptitude to bear testimony against the almost universal superiority, which those features assume in the land of veils over similar sentinels of the eyes in countries where the veil is unknown.

Certain it is that by the *arch* manner in which the upper part of the lawn covering is arranged, both eyes and eyebrows, aye, and even foreheads, are often rendered peculiarly prepossessing. The portion of the said garb which shows itself beneath the mouth would seem also—most unintentionally, no doubt—to be very generally so folded as to display the mouth in its most winning *poutfulness*, if I may dare to follow Miss Pardoe's example in inventing new phrases. And as to the cheeks, most of those upon which it was my lot to set mine eyes in the City of the Sultan, exhibited delicate, roseate hues, and with the other visible portions of the face, exquisite oval outlines, such as I have seen in no other part of the world. My conscience!—had I not been a Benedict, and a philosopher!—

Here again Miss Pardoe peaches—betrays the secrets of the harem. She has the courage to tell us that the Turkish ladies all paint. Paint! That is a strong expression. A sign-board is said to be painted, so is a portrait, or a landscape; but to say that the Turkish *élégantes* paint in any such a sense as that, is a libel on their natural charms. If of a cold morning—and Stamboul has its frosty matins as well as London—a lady sitting at her toilet should think that, by reason of the temperature of the atmosphere, the lily of her cheek somewhat predominates over the rose, I see no harm in her correcting the severity of the season by reviving, through the medium of a little elixir, or a talismanic camel-haired pencil, a memorial or two of the late summer. But to call that "painting," is manifestly an abuse of the English language, and particularly of her Majesty the Queen's English language, which is a dialect that permits no such freedoms.

Again, if that mysterious, jealous, inexorable being, whom the poets call Time, should penetrate a lady's chamber, and having once found his way there, repeat his visits rather oftener than the fair inhabitant would desire, so as to disturb her peace of mind, and defraud her cheek of the lustre which mental happiness was wont to diffuse over it, I know of no law which should

prevent her from showing the intruder the door if she should think fit; and in case he should not go quietly, to lay hands upon him and turn him fairly out, if her nerve enable her so to do. If in the struggle she should get warm, and approximation to crimson on her pretty face disclose the scene in which she has been obliged to discharge the functions, which in better regulated countries are assigned to the constable,—is she to be blamed? Surely not. The first law of nature is self-defence. And yet Miss Pardoe would call that crimson *paint*!

Moreover, an English lady can walk, or run, or ride, or drive where she likes. In Autumn she can pick up plenty of blushes, enough to serve her for a whole year, by the sea-side. She need never want exercise. If she have the privilege of Almaack's she may, provided she is asked, quadrille or gallopade all night. When the Almaackian season expires, if she belong to an archery association, she may perform her part in the "*Bow Stratagem*" without any injury to her complexion. And when tired of earth, she may fly through the heavens with Mrs. Green in the Nassau balloon, and rob the rainbow of its vermilion.

But behold the fate to which the Ottoman Belinda is doomed. You enter—that is, if you be allowed to get in under the wing of so fortunate a traveller as Miss Pardoe—a large, richly-carpeted apartment, surrounded on three sides by a divan—that is to say, a bench raised about a foot from the ground, softly cushioned, and covered with crimson shag: pillows abound, scattered along the couch at intervals, gaily embroidered with gold thread and coloured silks. Here also may be seen, a copious supply of coverlets suited to the season, a brass or copper cauldron filled with charcoal embers, if the weather be cold, a store of water and elegant napkins, for the purposes of ablution, and a koran. Two or three rose-wood brackets complete the furniture of the chamber; and this chamber is called the Harem.

The windows of the Harem are uniformly closely latticed, as well to exclude the eyes of prying curiosity from without as to frustrate that which is often much more active within. These jealousies, however, are also very necessary to protect the Harem from the excessive light of the sun, in a region where, from the want of any thing better to do, much of the day is devoted to sleep. "Come and spend a long day with us: bring your work, or your book, or both, and do as you like," is a very common note of invitation between neighbour female friends in England. In Turkey they just as often *say*, for as yet they seldom can write to each other,—"Come to-morrow and take a nap with us." A Turkish lady can sleep when she pleases—such is the force of habit—with the same facility with which she can take a cup of coffee or a glass of sherbet. She has only to arrange her cushions, sink down upon them, and in a moment her blessed soul is wandering through the gardens of Elysium. This is a habit which certainly does not tend to improve the complexion. A little artificial excitement may therefore be occasionally found indispensable beneath such a somnolent sky.

Miss Pardoe has made another notable discovery in the City of the Sultan—viz., that the ladies very commonly wear a quantity of hair, not their own! Countries might be named nearer home where a similar practice is said to prevail to a very considerable ex-

tent. I have myself seen, what I have supposed to be a splendid natural accumulation of auburn tresses, upon the heads of ladies of a "certain age," which undoubtedly did become them amazingly, and reduced a regular baptismally registered thirty-seven to an apparent twenty-two! Is there any thing wrong in this? A weakly constitution—a poetical temperament—a violent cold attended by fever, will sometimes act upon the capillary system in a most extraordinary manner. I have known an instance of an individual—I shall not say of which sex—going to bed with a perfectly black head of hair, and rising the following morning with a caput white as Caucasus!—the consequence of a dream so dreadful that no suffering from real misfortune could have been more severe than that which the sleeper is *said* to have endured on that fatal night. Too much sleep is inimical to capillary strength, and as the Turkish climate and the habits of the harem both require constant devotion to Morpheus, it is but proper that the effect of his power upon the tresses should be repaired by the hand of art. These the Ottoman ladies wear, when at home, wound amid the folds of embroidered handkerchiefs, which they twine about their heads, and secure by bodkins of diamonds and emeralds.

A Turkish lady of what may be called the "well-to-do" mercantile class of life at Constantinople, usually dresses at home in a chemisette of silk gauze, trimmed with fringes of narrow ribbon, and wide trowsers of printed cotton falling to the ankle. Her feet are bare, but she has near her little yellow slippers very beautifully ornamented, in which you would think scarcely a toe would find room, and yet in which she contrives to locate five, whenever she chokes, and even to run about with the utmost agility. It is, however, a real luxury to press the naked foot upon those soft velvety carpets, and so she prefers it; the slipper being, however, always at hand, more for ornament, than for use. The reader may conjecture the sumptuousness of this appendage to a lady's toilet, when he is informed that I was asked five pounds sterling for a pair in one of the bazaars. A friend of mine in London lately received a pair of these slippers from Persia as a present, which she very properly forthwith deposited upon the mantel-piece of her drawing-room under a glass shade!

Over the chemisette is worn a robe of printed cotton of bright colours, trimmed with fringe, made in one piece, divided at the hip on either side to its extreme length, and girt about the waist with a Cachemire shawl. A train is added, called an antery; and, in winter, the in-door dress is completed by a tight vest generally of a light pink or green colour, and lined with fur. When the lady prepares to go out, she puts on her turban and veil, a long, loose, dark olive-coloured cloth-pelisse, and yellow boots, like our old-fashioned Hessian boots; but as she wears her slippers inside them, and they are therefore necessarily larger than a delicate foot can require, it must be confessed that they exhibit the pedal proportions of her figure to very great disadvantage. Upon this latter point the Turkish ladies do undoubtedly require some useful lectures, both by precept and example. But as for foot-dressing, commend me to the belles of Cadiz. There are certainly no such ankles and insteps in any other part of the world as you see upon the Alameda of Cadiz. They dazzle you like a sunbeam, so light, so airy, so flitting, so spiritual: in

fact Cadiz may be called the "City of the Foot," as Miss Pardoe calls Stamboul the "City of the Sultan."

Turks dine, as well as other people. In the centre of the room in which the family assembles for that purpose, a wooden frame is placed about eighteen inches high; upon this frame is deposited a large wooden, or plated, or silver tray, according to the circumstances of the family, and thereupon a capacious white basin filled with soup. Around the basin are ranged porcelain saucers, filled with sliced cheese, anchovies, caviare, sweetmeats, and pickles of all sorts, box-wood spoons, goblets of sherbet scented with the rose, and pieces of hot unleavened bread. The operators seat themselves on cushions, tailor-like, round the tray, each having on his or her lap a linen napkin, and the preliminary ablutions having been duly performed, they proceed to work.

After the soup follows a large dish filled with stewed mutton, poultry, game, and viands of various kinds, already divided by the cook into small portions, which are fished up with spoons or fingers, as the case may be, all dipped in the same dish. It is considered a compliment to a stranger to pick out of the mass a leg or wing of a fowl, and present it to him—a compliment with which a Frank would on his first visit to a Turkish host be glad to dispense, but to which, nevertheless, he easily becomes reconciled, as the ceremony is really performed in a very delicate manner. For instance, the limb intended to be so presented is separated from the others with a spoon, and the host taking with the tips of a finger and thumb the very extreme point of the oblation, puts it before his guest in a manner that admits of no refusal. Small platters of various provender succeed each other rapidly; fish, pastry, creams, then perhaps stews again of goose, turkey, peacock, vegetables, and then sweets again, without any regard to the programmes recommended by the English or French professors of the divine art. A pyramid of pilauf literally crowns, or rather *tiaras* the feast.

The ordinary drink at a Turkish dinner is water—generally delicious water they have—and sherbet. Latterly wine has been interpolated between the sherbet and coffee. The dishes being all removed, the attendants, of whom in wealthy families there is always a numerous tribe, bring vases of rose-water, basins, strainers, and embroidered napkins; and the ablutions being again consummated, coffee and pipes are served. The members of the party rise or remain smoking, just as they please, and stay, or go away, or resume any occupation which had been interrupted by the meal, or settle themselves on the divan for a nap, or form a circle for conversation, as they may think fit. The perfect freedom from every species of restraint by which Turkish society is distinguished, gives it an appearance of civilization, which a Frank is surprised to perceive amidst so many remains of the barbarous ages. Its hospitality in this respect is really of the most refined description.

The usual routine, however, is for the party to return to the apartment in which the family principally live. Here the *massalje*, or story-teller, often makes his appearance, to relieve the tedium of a long evening. These story-tellers are men of considerable talent, who sometimes invent romances, such as may be heard on the Mole at Naples, but more frequently confine themselves to the traditionary tales of genii, and of ancient mystic times, such as those recorded

in the "Arabian Nights." Some shine in comic narratives, which occasionally assume a dramatic form; others approach the region of farce and buffoonery; while the higher order of these itinerant bards, as they may be styled, recite the compositions of Hafiz and Ferdausi, and the other well-known Persian poets. A few have succeeded in interweaving with much of imaginary lore, historical transactions. Their elocution is remarkably graceful and engaging; and in order to make the most of their vocation, they take care to divide their narratives, which they abruptly break off at the points where the attention of the audience is wound up to the highest pitch. Arrived at the boundary which they have prescribed to themselves for the evening, they suddenly spring on their feet, and run out of the house as quickly as they can. If stopped on the way, no entreaty can bring them back; and if an early appointment be demanded for going on with the sequel of the story or poem, or for bringing it to a conclusion, they have, or affect to have, prior engagements, which they cannot postpone. An addition to the usual present, however, soon brings about an arrangement agreeable to all parties.

While the exhibitor proceeds with his narrative, the members of the family, and their guests, are stretched on the divan, or seated around him on cushions, listening to his narrative with all that profound attention which children show in hearing ghost stories, or any other tales calculated to excite the imagination, sire and son, matron and daughter, smoking all the while so incessantly, that the group becomes eventually immersed in a volume of smoke, through which their features are scarcely discernible.

This universal use of the chibouk is the predominant feature not only of private, but of public life in the East. By "public," I do not, of course, mean any thing bordering on politics; I use the epithet as contrasted with the strict closeness of domestic routine, and as expressing the unreserved exposure in which all the hours out of the twenty-four, not occupied in the harem, are spent by a Turk who is not indebted to manual labour for his sustenance. The coffee-houses, in which they pass most of their time, are open to the gaze of all the world, even where those houses have no balconies. The balconies, however, which are very spacious, usually gain the preference. There the loungers of the town—and all are loungers who can afford to be idle—sit and smoke, and sip coffee all the day long. Sometimes a more substantial repast is added in the shape of a few sausages. In the balcony, too, the passing traveller takes his meal. If he be a Frank, he is abashed, until he gets used to it, by this open exhibition of his viaticum; the more so, as it is very probable that the said loungers, who take little or no notice of each other, will gather round him, aided, too, by all the little boys of the neighbourhood, and watch every morsel in its course of mastication with a degree of curiosity, or rather of avidity, exceedingly provoking to an inexperienced wanderer.

I have often regretted that I could not inure myself to smoking, while travelling in Spain, Germany, and Turkey. The incapability to enjoy a pipe, or even a cigar, made me such an exception in every group into which I happened to be thrown, that it was often quite annoying to be obliged to confess my deficiency in that respect some twenty times per diem. In Turkey, most especially, a non-smoker is looked upon as

a sort of barbarian, or rather as an "incomprehensible." Not smoke? How can you live? Do you eat? The one process seems to a Turk just as indispensable to animal existence as the other. Nor does one wonder at the universality of the habit in that country. The tobacco consumed in the chibouk is there a perfect perfume, an incense, which is often of real practical utility in dispersing, or at least overcoming, the less agreeable odours that emanate from ill-ventilated chambers and streets polluted by pestilence.

I can imagine, though I cannot enjoy, the power which a well-charged pipe, or a genuine Havana, possesses to scatter to the atmosphere, thoughts that weigh too heavily on the craniological portion of the human system. A reverie of an hour or so, all about nothing, after a day's work, whether physical or mental, must be delicious. There is, moreover, a sociality about the thing particularly pleasing. Four or five men who light their cigars at the same shrine, and contribute to form the same cloud, cannot long be strangers or enemies to each other. The "*emollitur mores*" effect of tobacco is no where more conspicuous than in Turkey; it produces mutual civility in every district of an empire that as yet has to go through almost the whole process of civilization.

There is another striking peculiarity in Eastern, or at least in Turkish manners, which never failed to excite my admiration. Let a true Ottoman be employed how he may, smoking, sipping his coffee, dining, sleeping, sailing, walking, riding, writing, reading, fishing, selling, or buying, the moment he hears from the minaret the call of the muezzin to prayer, or perceives the approach of the hour for that duty, by the position of the sun, down goes his carpet, which he spreads on the ground, and as speedily do you behold his person prostrate, and his whole attention engrossed in the performance of his daily orisons. He is utterly indifferent as to the effect which this movement may have upon those who happen to be near him. Whether he is surrounded by friends or strangers, whether in the steamboat or the street, the harem or bazaar, the town or the country, in the drawing-room or the forest, he never fails, at the appointed hour, to pour forth his supplications to the God of the universe.

Prayer is really in Turkey, that which it ought to be wherever man exists—a part, and an essential part, of the business of life. In Christian countries the man who would withdraw from a dinner or card table to a corner of the room to say his prayers would be laughed at. Why so? Because it is unusual. But why is it so unusual? Because we think a great deal more of this world than of the next. That is the plain answer, colour it how we may: and I regret to add that even among some nations which pride themselves upon their Bible-printing, tract-distributing, almshouse-building, charity-giving associations, I have never been fortunate enough to discern any thing like the emotion which the act of prayer uniformly excites in a Mahometan mind.

I once travelled some hundred miles in company with an elderly Mussulman, whose regularity in the performance of his devotions particularly engaged my attention. He watched in the early morning for the rising sun, and the instant the disc rose above the horizon, his carpet was carefully spread; turning his face towards the east, he stroked his beard two or

three times; he then fell at once on both knees, and sitting back upon his heels, he clasped his hands, his lips the while moving rapidly in silent prayer. After prostrating himself thrice, he rose, folded his arms on his breast, continued his prayer, returned to his first position on his knees, and bent backward and forward as if suffering the pangs of sorrow for his past sins, and earnestly entreating forgiveness for them. He then prostrated his whole figure as before, pressing his forehead against the earth in humiliation before the Purity which he had offended. These ceremonies he went through three times, concluding by stretching his hands, the palms open, towards Heaven. Finally rising, he stroked his beard once more, but with a manifest feeling of internal satisfaction, arising from the conviction of the omnipresence of that Power to whose protection he committed himself for the remainder of the day. From that moment he subsided into the cheerful traveller, ready to render to me every possible service.

I did not at first understand a little mark of kindness which I received from a Turk soon after I passed through the north-western gate of Constantinople. He was walking out from the cemetery, and had in his hand a walnut, the shell of which he had just broken. Taking out a portion of the nut, he stopped me, and with a look of smiling kindness, asked me to accept it. I took it at once, and thanked him with the same familiarity as if I had known him a hundred years. I moreover ate the nut, notwithstanding my fears of the contagion, which, as I rode along, I saw filling the cypress groves all round me with funerals. I afterwards learned the meaning of this simple present to the newly-arrived stranger. It was his mode of giving me welcome to the Ottoman capital, and assuring me of its hospitality. No visitor quits a Turkish house without some similar memorial of the kindness of his host. He receives a handful of nuts—a cluster of grapes—a salad—or a cake—something on leaving to prevent him from returning home empty-handed, which would be considered unlucky, as well for him who ought to give, as for him who ought to receive. This trait of manners speaks volumes for the benevolence planted in the heart of the people of that country.

From the Metropolitan.

THE CHIFFONIER OF PARIS.

"Look here upon this picture and on this."—HAMLET.

READER, however exalted be the sphere in which Providence has appointed thee to move, start not at the humble name which designates the following narrative; but remember that the Chiffonier belongs to a very numerous class of the inhabitants of that centre of European magnificence, Paris; so that in whatever direction you may cast your eyes, they will not fail to light upon a Chiffonier of some kind busily engaged in search of what has been overlooked, or set at naught by his fellow-man. The Chiffonier, however, we have to do with at present is one of those well-known *industriels*, who, at the earliest dawn of morning, and frequently at the hour of midnight, perambulate the streets with a degree of vigilance which

custom would almost seem to have rendered instinctive. The name of this man was Jacques du Bois, who had passed the best years of his life in the army, having been called under the *drapeau* at an early age, and compelled to abandon the project of a matrimonial alliance with a young woman to whom he was betrothed. The object of his affections, we are informed, "had virgined his parting kiss," and passed her days in determined celibacy, till Jacques had obtained his discharge, when the nuptials, though somewhat too late in life, were duly solemnized.

From chance or necessity, or from some other cause, which we will not take upon ourselves to record, the veteran had adopted the profession of a Chiffonier; and one morning in the month of July, in the year 1808, as he was pursuing his usual occupations in the Faubourg St. Germain, at the early hour of half past three, ere yet the coming day had chased away the uncertainty of twilight, and the streets presented the solitary and deserted appearance peculiar to Paris at that hour, a young woman glided out of the doorway of a house in the Rue de l'Université, and beckoning to Jacques with a mysterious air, made a sign that she had something to say. The Chiffonier, who was on the opposite side of the street, immediately crossed over, when the young woman conducted him into the doorway from which she had issued; and as soon as they were in the passage, which, after the door was closed, was so dark that they were unable to distinguish each other's features, "Chiffonier," said she, in a whisper, "will you do me a service?"

"That depends on what it may be," replied Jacques.

"Have the goodness to come up to my apartment," she said, "and I will explain to you."

She then led the way along a dark and narrow passage to the stairs, which Jacques, in imitation of his conductress, ascended with as little noise as possible, till they had reached the fourth story, where they entered a room situated in the back part of the house. There was a bed in the room, occupied by a female, apparently about twenty-two years of age, sitting up, and giving suck to an infant. The arrival of the Chiffonier appeared to produce a momentary alarm upon the mother, who gazed upon him with an expression of sadness mingled with despair. The two females then held a conference for several minutes, but in so subdued a tone, that Jacques was unable to distinguish a particle of the subject; the deep and frequent sighs, however, which accompanied their words, convinced him that some important question was in agitation. At length the young person, who had not addressed a single word to Jacques since she had spoken to him in the passage, suddenly quitted the bedside, and came towards him with the child in her arms, which she presented to him with a look at once wild, supplicatory, and determined, uttering the following words, which seemed to cost her considerable effort. "Aux enfans trouvez!" Jacques, who was at first quite at a loss to divine the part he was called on to take in what appeared to him little less than a pantomime, continued motionless and silent, casting his eyes, now on the child, now on the person who held it out to him, and then looking towards the bed, he perceived that the mother had covered her face with her hands, and buried her head in the pillow, as if desirous to shun the sight of what was going on. Appearances were too strong to admit

of doubt in the mind of Jacques as to the facts, and he felt little desirous of undertaking the part assigned to him, when just at that moment the sun, rising over the roof of the opposite house, darted a sudden ray of light through the window of the room, and gleamed upon the soft and balmy features of the child as it slept: nor is it too much to suppose that the silent eloquence of nature which those features conveyed, found an echo in the heart of the Chiffonier, whose eye seemed to gaze with admiration, perhaps with pity, on the beautiful infant thus abandoned by its unhappy parent. "Oui, je le veux bien," said Jacques, taking his basket, half filled with his morning's round, from his shoulders, and placing it on the floor.

The principal difficulty thus surmounted, the remaining arrangements were easily made.

We will not pause to inquire into the motives which may have weighed upon the mind of the parent, if indeed she was capable of any at the moment; nor attempt to censure or extenuate the act, whether it arose from a vicious constitution of society, or from exceptional depravity or weakness; certain it is, that not only in Paris, but in every other part of France, a receptacle is continually open for the gratuitous support of abandoned infancy; the present, therefore, may be looked upon as an instance by no means uncommon of a mother induced to "pluck her nipple from the boneless gums" of her offspring, and lose sight of it probably for ever.

In one of those small streets, or rather alleys, which led out of the Rue St. Denis, in a garret or *mansarde* of a house, principally inhabited by lodgers belonging to the poor class of Paris, was the humble residence of the Chiffonier. Jacques had, on quitting the Rue de l'Université, made his way home in as direct a line as he was able, where he found his wife, to whom he communicated the circumstances of his morning's adventure. The good woman received the infant with maternal tenderness, and having no child, she immediately agreed to her husband's proposal of taking care, as he said, of *la petite malheureuse*.

The first years of the foundling glided on prosperously, and the little Josephine, for such was the name the honest couple had given her, increased in health, strength and beauty; and soon as her age permitted, she was sent to a day-school, where she acquired the rudiments of ordinary education with remarkable facility; nor was it without a secret triumph that Jacques beheld the unfolding graces of her mind and body, which daily and hourly declared themselves, shedding a lustre over his lowly habitation as sacred and as pure as the morning sunbeam which played upon her infant traits at the moment she had been consigned to him.

Such was the obscure lot of this child, deprived of what are called the advantages of an early acquaintance with society, but placed beyond the reach of those prejudices which often vitiate the original purity of nature, and poison the better qualities of the heart at their very source. From her childhood she had been accustomed to hear her foster-father recount the history of his military career, and her mind had thereby acquired a strong bias in favour of martial glory, an admiration of danger, and scenes of war; in fact, Josephine became a genuine daughter of imperial France, and imbibed the full measure of that military spirit which so deeply tinctures the national character of both sexes in that country, and to which

the history of the world presents no parallel. On the other hand, principles of a milder, and indeed different description, were daily instilled into her mind by the uniform precept and example of her supposed mother, who never failed to accustom her adopted child to the regular discharge of those duties which the Catholic Church so rigidly inculcates; and if the beauty of holiness consists in unaffected devotion, and in the absence of ostentation, it was surely never more effectually portrayed than in the parental solicitude of this poor woman for the moral welfare of her *protegée*. It happened that Josephine, thus conducted, went one morning to the Eglise St. Marie, at an hour so early that daylight had not completely made its way through the sombre aisles, when just as she was crossing her forehead with holy water, placed as it usually is against the pillar, near the portico, a young man, apparently about twenty years of age, happened to catch a glimpse of her features as he passed; continuing his way, however, a looker-on would have said that he did not appear to be in the least affected by the circumstance, but he had no sooner laid his hand on the door, than he turned round, looked in the direction the two females had taken, and then, as if correcting an involuntary movement, suddenly left the church.

During a period of several years, including the last days of the French empire, and the beginning of the restoration, Mons. le Comte de V., who had retired from the army in consequence of habitual ill-health, occupied an apartment on the second floor of a house of the Boulevard du Temple. This gentleman, although still in the prime of life, unmarried, and belonging to one of the best families of France, seemed to shun society to a degree of eccentricity, employing the greater portion of his time in directing the studies of a youth, whom some supposed to be his real, others his adopted son; and young Albert was in every way worthy of that extraordinary period of the French history—a period in which the energies of the whole nation, in arts as in arms, seemed concentrated in one and the same purpose. That aspiring tendency to gigantic effort and sublimity of conception, the peculiar inheritance of this epoch, was largely participated in by this youth, who had prosecuted his studies, in painting especially, with so much success, that no doubts were entertained as to his ultimate distinction. Bred, as he had been, in the house, and under the immediate eye of the Comte, his morals had in a great measure, escaped the pestilential atmosphere of Paris, and when alone, his habits were of a more serious turn than is usually found among the generality of the metropolitan students. The reader will not be surprised, then, that it was no other than this youth who had caught a view of the interesting features of Josephine, in the place and under the circumstances we have described. It must be allowed, that there was little in the countenance of the young woman calculated to attract particular attention at first sight; it is not the less certain, however, that Albert had experienced a secret, and, as it were, magnetic impression, which can only be explained by the accidental circumstances under which the parties happened to be at the moment. The youth was probably raised above the glare of mere physical beauty, and his young imagination had, doubtless, no small share in attaching to the mild and supplicatory expression of her up-turned eye, engaged, as Josephine was, in an act of devo-

tional exercise, the idea of something superior to earthly being; and this idea clung to his thoughts, however unconscious of it he might be, so closely, that every time the same image recurred to him, it appeared to absorb his whole attention. "What a study!" he internally exclaimed; "what an expression of seraphic devotion!" Can we wonder, then, that Albert proceeded to the church at about the same hour a few days afterwards! Is it extraordinary that he felt an intense desire to obtain a sketch of those features which his enthusiastic fancy had so quickly wrought up to the *beau idéal* of intellectual expression! He had not long been in the church before the object of his search appeared. He took care to place himself in a position which enabled him to take a deliberate survey of Josephine's face, and in proportion as his eye analyzed each feature, with the pleasure an artist experiences when wrapt in the contemplation of a favourite subject, he became more and more persuaded that he had discovered a model he should vainly expect to find elsewhere, carried away, as he evidently was, by the full force of those convictions which are produced by the silent operations of nature alone, and which, on this occasion, presented the whole traits of Josephine to his mind, replete with beauty, with poetry, and with truth.

The circumstances under which the poor girl was placed, presented little difficulty in the way of Albert's desire of taking a careful likeness, and he intended the portrait as a study for the exercise of the best efforts of his pencil; losing no time, therefore, in the execution of his project, the painting was finished in the course of a few weeks.

But the turn which this circumstance had imparted to the mind of Albert, gave a new existence to his thoughts, and breathed new life into his imagination, which appeared to glow and fructify under the influence of a power which he had evidently neither the will nor the ability to control. Till this period he had been more under the impressions of the rules of his art, than in immediate correspondence with nature, so that every time he reviewed the picture, it seemed to breathe forth some hitherto undiscovered beauty, some latent expression of poetic excellence, which associated itself with what he felt to be the very reflection of intelligence.

It is necessary to remind the reader that this production had been kept strictly secret, as far as the Comte was concerned, its author considering it a *chef d'œuvre*, having prudently determined not to present it to inspection till completely finished, and that as soon as it had received the last touches, Josephine, together with her foster-parents, was to be admitted to see it. On the morning, therefore, that the humble family presented themselves in Albert's room for that purpose, he happened to be engaged in a conversation with the Comte, which kept him from his studies beyond the usual time; the servant, also, having received directions to admit them, not considering it necessary to announce their arrival, the young artist was quite ignorant of their being present.

"The ancients," observed the Comte, "in the extreme justness of their allegorical descriptions, represent the arts hand-in-hand, but painting and poetry may be considered twins as regards their origin and effects, the attributes of either are precisely the same, their mission is the representation of nature in all her shades and varieties of form."

"True," replied Albert, "but unhappily for the painter his power is slow in its development, and circumscribed in its effect, compared with poetry."

"Painting," continued the Comte, "may be considered less prompt in the execution of its productions, but I question whether we ought to allow it to be less comprehensive in its expression; for wherever there be a mind to conceive, and an imagination to lend a colouring to the subject, more ideas may be drawn out by painting than it is easily in the power of words to express. But painting has other and superior qualities. It unquestionably brings us more directly into the presence of nature. Still, nature is not always consistent; nor can her exterior form be invariably depended upon. One of the English poets, of whom I have read a translation, I remember, says, 'There is no art to find the mind's construction in the face;' a truth, I believe, which few will venture to question."

"And yet," replied Albert, whose thoughts had for some time been vibrating towards the subject which was uppermost in his mind, "there are features, and I have at this moment such a set in my eye, where the mind seems to be shadowed out with such irresistible expression, that it would seem almost sacrilege to doubt their sincerity. For instance, sir,—will you step into my study?"

The Comte assented, and had scarcely proceeded half the distance of the corridor, when he beheld the portrait of Josephine, which was placed directly opposite the door. It would be impossible to convey an adequate idea of the scene which presented itself at this moment. The Comte stood amazed like one unable to credit the testimony of his eyes. A pause of several minutes ensued, during which the Comte's hand seemed to be directed, by some mysterious agency, towards his bosom, from which he drew forth a miniature portrait, which was a fac-simile of the painting, and presenting it to the eyes of the astonished Albert, he exclaimed with evident emotion, "Good heavens! what can this mean?" Albert started as he seized the hand of the Comte, and recognized the likeness of the miniature to the painting, and to Josephine, who stood lost in amazement at the inexplicable sensation which the Comte and Albert betrayed.

There are moments of creative and eventful import, conveying to the mind a volume of convictions with rapid and mysterious power; and, on such occasions, cause and effect, with all the details of intermediate reasoning, flash through the imagination.

Such crises may be properly denominated the hand-maidens of destiny, whether the inspiration which they communicate be of a good or evil tendency, whether regarding individuals or nations. The genius of Albert had been penetrated by a ray of intellectual light, which had called into existence a multitude of beings, by its simple contact with his imagination; and the effect produced on the Comte was in no way different, except that its tendency was retrospective.

The singleness of nature, and simplicity of character, both of Albert and the Comte, were sufficient to exclude every suspicion of design, or the existence of any previously concerted plan; in spite, therefore, of his amazement—in spite of the inexplicable mystery in which the latter incident was involved, it produced no other conclusion in the Comte's mind, than that some happy concurrence of circumstances, or some

providential agency, had called him into the presence of beings, which had been the constant companions of his thoughts, and which had wound themselves up in his existence. Nor were the emotions which he felt those which proceed from remorse or horror; they were rather those of a soul upon which a bright and clear vision suddenly breaks, presenting no other objects than those to which the heart attaches itself with eager and sympathetic ardour.

As the convictions of the Comte originated from what had already a positive existence, and were, therefore, in a great degree, allied to recollections; so those of Albert had their source in possibility, and were, therefore, more of the nature of prevision. In the one case, objects had been displayed by the agency of light itself; in the other, light had been produced in rich and multiplied profusion, as the ray which falls upon the diamond is sent back increased a thousand fold, and enriched with all the colouring of which Nature is capable. And what magnificent edifices, what stupendous superstructures, have not been called into existence by the fortuitous associations of genius, from causes, too, of far less apparent importance than we have here described: the immortal system of Newton owes its existence to the fall of an apple, and the genius of Rousseau was called into life by its contact with a simple flower, in the Park of Vincennes.

Immediately after the extraordinary scene in Albert's study, the Comte retired to his apartment, making a sign to Albert that he wished to be alone. A few minutes afterwards Jacques was requested to join him, when the following dialogue took place.

"Tell me, my brave fellow, who is the young person who accompanied you here this morning?"

"My adopted daughter," replied Jacques.

"And how came the young woman to be adopted by you?"

"She was placed in my hands by her mother."

"And were you not directed to take the child to the Foundling Hospital?"

"Yes, sir," replied Jacques, with astonishment.

"Enough," added the Comte, "here is an order upon my banker for a small sum of money for your immediate use. I request you to allow your adopted child to come here to-morrow morning at this hour."

Jacques received the paper with apparent reluctance; and, bowing to the Comte, left the room.

As soon as the Chiffonier and his family had quitted the house, Albert was summoned into the apartment of his foster-parent, whom he found plunged into a state of deep reflection; so much so, that his entrance seemed unperceived, but his impatience to arrive at the solution of the mysterious appearances which had transpired, induced him to awaken the attention of the Comte. "I believe you sent for me," said the youth.

"I did, Albert: sit down, and tell me how you became acquainted with the Chiffonier and his family."

Albert immediately related the circumstances nearly as we have stated them, which the Comte heard with evident interest and surprise. After the youth had answered the Comte's inquiries, the latter relapsed into his previous reverie, and paced to and fro in his room for a considerable time, leaving Albert in the same state of wonder and anxiety. The remainder of the day passed on, and nothing escaped the lips of

the Comte which could afford the slightest clue to what was passing in his mind; his conversation at dinner was reserved, and limited to the most ordinary topics. It was evident, however, to Albert, that the thoughts of his friend were abstracted: indeed, the long and frequent intervals of reverie which he remarked, denoted a total unconsciousness of every exterior object. It was in vain that the youth endeavoured to draw out the usual communicative habits of his patron, and thereby gain some intelligence which might guide his conjectures through the inexplicable maze in which every circumstance connected with Josephine was enveloped. That there existed some fatal secret to be disclosed he felt convinced; that it was intimately connected with the Comte, in some way or other, he could not prevail upon himself to doubt: several times he was on the point of requesting another look at the mysterious miniature; but the moment his eyes were raised towards those of his friend for that purpose, the imposing seriousness of the latter awed him into silence: he therefore determined to wait patiently till time should afford the wished-for *dénouement*. Had Albert been a youth of an ordinary cast—had his habits partaken of a prying or restless curiosity, which is as inconsistent with respect to the feelings of others, as it is alien to that pious confidence which a well-conditioned mind is wont to have in the ultimate solution of events—he would perhaps have, on leaving the dinner-table, sought out the Chiffonier's garret for the purpose of inquiry; but such a proceeding, he could not help feeling, was unworthy of that frank and implicit respect he owed to the character of the Comte, whom he had ever been accustomed to reverence with more than filial attachment.

The hour of repose arrived, and the Comte and Albert retired to their respective chambers: the youth passed the night in calm and refreshing oblivion, the Comte in wakefulness and reflection.

The following morning saw Jacques, his wife, and Josephine, at the Comte's lodgings: the eye of Albert brightened, and his heart beat quickly, why he probably knew not, when, being called into the Comte's apartment, he found the whole party there, and his friend engaged in examining a packet of letters, from which he appeared to be taking notes. There was a breathless silence for several minutes, which the Comte interrupted in the following words:

"Inexplicable are the workings of destiny—strange are the vicissitudes of human existence, and the ultimate consequences of human actions, as will appear by what I am about to disclose." Then fixing his eyes steadily upon Albert, he continued, "At the battle of Wagram my superior officer, Captain —, by whose side I was fighting, received his death wound, and while breathing his last in my arms, he assured me that the only circumstance of regret at the loss of life in the field of honour, was his leaving an only son, till that moment dependent upon him for support. I immediately made him a solemn promise to adopt that son, and bring him up as my son. Albert, you are the son of the brave and distinguished officer who bequeathed me that duty."

Albert, whose heart burst forth in a torrent of tears, rushed into the arms of his benefactor, exclaiming, "Indeed, indeed, sir, you have faithfully kept your word. How shall I show myself worthy of so much generosity!"

"Albert," continued the Comte, "you have more than repaid my care; I am proud in the possession of a son who does honour to myself, and promises to become an ornament to his country. If I have hitherto left the secret of your birth unknown to yourself and to the world, I have done so from motives which you will know how to appreciate.

"But how shall I discharge the debt I owe to you, Albert?" continued the Comte, whose voice began to falter with the movement of tenderness and satisfaction; "you, who have been the instrument in the hands of Providence of discovering my only child; and the daughter of a being whose lot has been hard, as will appear by these letters. Yes, Albert, Josephine, the apparent child of this poor couple—Josephine, whose features you have so faithfully depicted—is my lawful daughter!" As he uttered these words, his emotion deprived him of further articulation; and instinctively stretching out his arms towards Josephine, who was seated immediately beside him, he embraced her with convulsive rapture.

The scene, which the heart alone can conceive, we will not attempt to analyze; it was one of those incidents of real life of which an adequate estimation is impossible, and embellishment were superfluous; a scene which nature's self will be proud to inscribe in the fairest pages of her records, and triumphantly point at "*for her own*." Let us, therefore, like prudent dramatists, allow the curtain to close over it, while we prepare our last and necessary act, which the spectator, however, is wont to arrive at by anticipation, and not unfrequently leaves the theatre, as though unwilling to allow his impressions to be effaced by attention to representations of minor importance. It merely remains to be stated that the Comte briefly demonstrated, by written and incontestable documents, the identity of Josephine. "A few weeks previously to my departure for a campaign in the detachment of the imperial army, in opposition to the express commands of my family," observed the Comte, "I was privately married to the only daughter of Madame de L—, widow of an illustrious officer, whose name is conspicuous among his country's glories. It unfortunately happened that Madame de L— paid the debt of nature almost immediately after I quitted Paris, so that my wife experienced an accumulation of misery and abandonment which it is difficult to imagine. Letter after letter was despatched, informing me of her melancholy condition. Such, however, was the rapidity of the emperor's movements, and the consequent difficulty of correspondence, that these letters did not reach me till my wife had fallen a victim to her fate. Six days subsequently to her parting with her infant, she ceased to exist. Heaven knows what pains I have taken, what anxious days and nights I have passed, in endeavouring to discover the offspring of my beloved wife among the hundreds of children received at that trying period in the Hospital des Enfants Trouvés. I have been able to collect these melancholy particulars respecting my unhappy wife from various sources, and my feelings have been racked with a degree of anxiety and regret which I felt too well convinced would accompany the remaining days of my life: the bitterness of destiny is suddenly, and, I may say miraculously softened, and my heart is now relieved from a portion of the weight which preyed upon its peace."

After the Comte had finished this recital, which

deeply affected the whole party, and drew forth their feelings in sighs and tears, the young Albert threw himself at the Comte's feet, on the one hand, and Josephine on the other, Jacques held up his hands in the attitude of devotion and gratitude, while the foster-mother of Josephine, who had been for some time on her knees, uttered a prayer of heartfelt thanksgiving to the great Disposer of all events in audible and fervent accents. The Comte, who formed the principal figure of the group, contemplated the features of his daughter with affectionate composure for several minutes without uttering a word; at length, raising her to her seat, the rest of the party received the circumstance as a signal to resume their chairs.

"I need not assure you," said the Comte, addressing himself to the Chiffonier and his wife. "I need not assure you how much I am indebted to you for the honourable part you have acted, under the circumstances which made you a parent to my lost child, nor am I able, if indeed it were necessary, sufficiently to express to you my admiration of the noble and generous feeling which give you an indisputable claim to my warmest thanks: you shall find, my worthy friends, that I am not ungrateful for the services you have rendered me."

After an interchange of the most tender affection, Josephine and her foster-parents separated for the first time; and the Comte having embraced them with the most lively cordiality, they resought their homely but now comparatively solitary mansarde. They had not been at home more than half an hour before Albert made his appearance, bearing a letter from the Comte, which contained directions for the receipt of an annuity of fifteen hundred francs, which was to continue as long as both, or either, of them might live.

The union of Albert and Josephine is an event which the reader will consider already decided by the incidents we have related, and the Comte consented to it without the slightest reluctance: a few weeks afterwards, therefore, the marriage was celebrated in the presence of the Comte, Jacques and his wife, at the altar of that same Eglise St. Merri, where Albert had first seen the features which he then felt convinced—and that conviction was in no way diminished—he could gaze upon for ever with rapture.

Our story must here close; the following facts will serve to explain all the circumstances of the sequel. A modest tablet appears in Père la Chaise, and not far from it another: the one indicates the spot where the remains of the Comte and his unhappy lady are deposited; the other perpetuates the memory of the Chiffonier and his worthy spouse. To this spot Albert and Josephine from time to time repair, bearing in their hands each a chaplet, which they place upon the graves of their parents and benefactors. W.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

PAST HOURS.

BY MISS LONDON.

Au, surely there are moments when thy heart

Must think of her it has so coldly banished;—

Does not my image to thy memory start,

Though all that made its earlier charm be vanished?

Do you not think of me sometimes at night,
When the dark hours are passing still and lonely,
The pale stars watching with their dreamy light,
And thou art with thy own hushed thoughts left only?

Do they not bring me back? Dost thou not say,
Perhaps this very moment she is weeping
Those bitter tears that pride subdues by day,
To wet the pillow that I keep from sleeping?

Does the still midnight waken no remorse,
No pity for the misery of thy making?
False as thou art—I could not wish thee worse
Than one sad midnight of my own awaking.

I hear thy voice, I look within thine eyes,—
Then start to think it is but an illusion;—
False as thy promise, fleeting as the ties
That bound me to thee with such vain delusion.

Then I recall thy words and looks, and think,
How could they wear such true, such tender seeming?
I think till I can bear no more, and shrink,
And mock myself for all this idle dreaming.

How many words of thine I now recall,
Scarce noticed at the time when they were spoken;
Alas! how true love fondly treasures all
The slightest things, like some heart precious token.

I wish I could forget them—for they keep
Calm from my waking hours—rest from my pillow,
Like those uncertain restless winds that sweep,
Rising with their perpetual strife, the billow.

If weary of the weight upon my heart,
I struggle to be glad with vain endeavour;
How soon I sicken of such seeming part!
The spirits I would force are gone for ever.

If I am sad and weary, and fling by
The tasks in which I take delight no longer:
All other sorrows bring one sadness nigh,—
Life's cares are strong—but those of love are stronger.

Love has its part in every other thing,
All grief increasing and all joy impairing;
Death is the only hope, for death will bring
Rest to the heart, fevered with long despairing.

Ah, then, farewell, there is no more for me;
Those sunny looks that turn them on to-morrow;
I hope not, fear not, and but wish to be
Where the last shadow falls on life's last sorrow.

ABOUT BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

ABOUT BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel, writing in a book of gold;
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold:
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision rais'd its head,

And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answer'd, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so;"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote and vanish'd. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And show'd the names whom love of God had bless'd,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

From the Metropolitan.

THE IMPREGNABLE BACHELOR.

CHAPTER I.

WOTTEN Waven, in Warwickshire, was not near so large a village in the year 1769, as it is at the present day. The new church was not then built, nor had 'Squire Figgs erected his Elisabethan residence, Thunderbolt Castle. It was at that period a very little insignificant place indeed; but nevertheless had its wonders, as every village has I ever went into. There was the well that did belong to the old fortress, although the fortress itself was grubbed up, and seven feet, take it altogether, of a Roman wall, which the "Henly Guide" assures me was the erection of Numa Pompilius; also a burrow, in which Doctor Fosssett had found the veracious bones of King Arthur; and the barn, in which Peter Numps murdered Lucy Sweetbread, was as good as new. The church, that is, the old church, had been built time out of mind; and boasted of an altarpiece from the pencil of Salvatore Rosa Daub, a native of Wotton, who afterwards walked up to London and had the honour of taking a portrait of Benjamin Franklin for the club-room of the Patriotic Good Fellows' Association. But, after all, the most wonderful thing about Wotton Waven, was the immense quantity of single women in the town and round about it. "Wotton Waven maids and Claverdon blades," was a proverb in Warwickshire. Girl after girl grew up to maidenhood, maiden after maiden declined into the vale of antiquity, and gravestone after gravestone bore the odious addition of spinster to the otherwise interesting descriptions of birth, death, and parentage; yet, luckless Wotton swarmed with maidens still, and the only thing that kept the population in the least afloat, was the influx of new faces from other parts of the country, who brought along with them breeding wives and a host of chopping children.

You are not to imagine our fair victims underwent their doom with resignation, or made no efforts to avert the curse that hung over them. Balls were given, races instituted, a library founded, and liberally subscribed to, and mantua-makers and milliners imported by the score; but, well-a-day, single blessedness was an enemy no brides could buy, nor defiance drive out of Wotton, and the parish register of births and marriages continued a little ominous volume, beginning with 14th April, 1695. Indeed, I am told the same volume only finished filling last January.

At the date of my story, Wotton and its vicinity contained more than the usual number of single peo-

ple. They were so numerous that I cannot describe them, which it is my intention of doing, without giving a little picture of the village itself.

It was a long, straggling place, built on the left-hand side of the river Alue, in the then road from Stratford to Birmingham. First came the parish church, which was outside the town; and next the church, the parsonage, in which lived the vicar, Mr. Halfstarve, and eleven daughters, between the ages of thirty and three, all unmarried, the young ones because they were little, the elder daughters because they could not possibly help it. Next the parsonage came a farm house, and the farmer had a wife, but luckily for himself, no offspring. Then No. 1, in High Street, was Mr. Grab's, an attorney, well to do in the world, and he had an unmarried daughter rather lame of her right leg, but not much pitted with the small-pox. No. 2 was the grocer's, a young married man from Coventry; 3, 4, 5, and 6, vulgar shops; but 7 was inhabited by Master Stump, the surveyor, who was encumbered with an unmarried child of the age of forty; rumour said she would be as rich as Cræsus, but what availed riches in Wotton! Then came five more shops, which altogether mustered eleven single females; and the other end of High Street was flanked by Bolus, an apothecary from London, who, besides a son in his surgery, exhibited three young ladies, all calling him papa, one of whom, to the extreme wonder of Wotton, was courted by Mr. Lilly-white, her father's bound apprentice. Two or three rich vestals lived in detached cottages, and several others in the families of friends; the lady of the manor was a maiden, and the mistress of the workhouse an immaculate one; there were no married people in the workhouse, and but one widow in the poor woman's almshouses. Thus plenty of spinsters had Wotton Waven.

One house I have passed over that I might describe it more in detail—the Priory. It was a pert looking erection, of lively red brick, with white stone facings, and two orbs of granite at the termination of each end of it. It had also a small dome in the centre, surmounted by a weather vane, with a small brass cock crowing on the top. The Priory boasted a lawn in front, and a garden running down to the river at the back, orchard, and shrubbery, (the Wilderness was the name of it,) and very good stabling, if the tenant could afford to keep a carriage: I say, could afford; for at the commencement of my story, the Priory had been uninhabited sixteen years, owing to a chancery suit, which rendered it unsafe for any one to render himself liable for rent to seven different heirs at law.

However, in seventeen hundred and sixty-nine, things took a turn; the chancery suit ended, and all the property was sold to pay the expenses. Wotton Priory was bought much above its worth, said Grab the attorney, who had gone up to London expressly to bid for it at one-third of the real value. With the sale of the Priory ends my first chapter. I will change horses, reader, and then we will whirl along as briskly as ever.

CHAPTER II.

The desolate Priory looked like one arisen from the dead. Bricklayers were pointing it, carpenters mend-

ing the doors and palings, glaziers putting in the broken windows, a labourer clipping the hedges, Dawkins the gardener mowing the lawn, and half a dozen charity children weeding the avenue. It was really so unusual a sight, and so very funny, as people call it, when they see something they are not accustomed to see every minute of their lives—it was so funny, I say, that the eldest Miss Halfstarve, who was watching these operations over the palings, burst into an ungovernable peal of laughter. This roused the gardener, who was busy mowing the grass; he touched his hat, and looking humorous, "Mum," said he, "we're to have som'ody at the Priory."

"Ah, Dawkins! it is sold, is it not?"

"Ees, mum, they bees coming fro' Lunnon as is to live in't."

"From London, who is she?" said the lady, sighing at the idea of another maiden, perhaps younger than herself, coming to fill one of the great pews in the church, and make herself look small. "Who is she, Dawkins?"

"She!" said Dawkins grinning. "No; we're shes enough in Wotton, God bless it! It's a he-mum."

The father of a family; this was worse and worse.

"Has he any daughters?" gasped Miss Halfstarve.

"None, as I know on; he's single, mum—a bachelor."

"A bachelor! O my dear Bella," exclaimed she to Miss Grab, who limped up to her; "this place is to be inhabited, and by a bachelor, my dear Bella."

"Well, I know that," said Bella, coolly; "my father told me all about it when he came from London."

Now Miss Halfstarve and Miss Grab had long been friendly-enemies—a term most of my fair readers will readily understand. They accosted each other with "My dear," and spoke of each other as the "worthy;" but for all this civility, hated each other mortally. They would quarrel for half a year together, then make it up for the mere pleasure of venting their venom upon each other, and become as cordial enemies as ever, quite ready in a few days to quarrel again the first opportunity that offered. Of their respective tempers, I will reveal nothing, but may perhaps be allowed to insinuate that Miss Halfstarve was a sincere Christian at the bottom; for, although it was testified to her by five witnesses that Miss Grab had added five years to her (Miss Halfstarve's) age in an assembly where there were no less than three unmarried country gentlemen, no sooner did she understand that her dear Bella knew all about the new master of the Priory, than she humanely offered her left arm, which the other, although more than usually lame, pettishly refused, and entered into the most agreeable confidential talk imaginable, ending with an invitation to drink tea that very evening. What passed at that mysterious meeting Heaven knows much better than I do; all I pretend to tell is, what was the effect of it. There was not a spinster in all Wotton but became aware that on Friday three weeks, at seven o'clock in the evening, Mr. Narcissus Eglantine would take up his abode at the Priory.

And this weary three weeks, how did our excited heroines amuse themselves! Morning, noon, and night, hot or chilly, wet or dry, all the women in Wotton, and around about, straggled down in parties of three or four at a time to the Priory, and all their

talk on the road was of bans and bachelors. Arrived at the focus of attraction, their only consolation was to watch its progressive advancement. A stack of new chimneys were voted enchantingly picturesque—an antique fountain and basin became quite the talk of all who considered themselves judges—a flying Mercury set the ladies' mouths watering—and the furniture that wandered in from day to day underwent the scrutinizing eyes of no less than nineteen imaginary mistresses. But nothing afforded such solid satisfaction as the renovation of the stables, for that was a certain sign that the owner would keep a vehicle. Two new stalls were added: "Mr. Eglantine has three horses," says one. And remarked Grab, who had always an eye to a bargain, "That's lucky—my blue chariot looks exceedingly well, only I don't like it. Our gentleman shall have it for a trifle."

The eventful Friday at last crawled into existence, and you would have taken it for a fair-day, there was so much doing at Wotton. Long before five o'clock the high-road to Stratford was lined with a dense crowd of well-dressed females, a gentleman being here and there sprinkled; and all this assembly, like Moslems at prayers, or Sandovers gaping at a balloon, turned their heads one way. There was jostling, and crushing, and scolding, and retorts, and complaints, and consultations, with a great deal of stretching of necks, and, consequently, no little bursting of stays. Flower and Froissart, mighty and inimitable masters, descend from the paradise wherein ye have so long revelled, and which ye so meritoriously acquired, become again mortal, and, putting on modern dress coats, assist me in describing the cavalcades and grand doings of modern times: describe this scene for me—my powers are not equal to the task.

The church clock at last struck seven, and all strained their eyes as if they expected the heavens were about to open. Halfstarve pulled out his watch, "That clock," said he, "is a quarter too fast." The heads bobbed back again.

"Here bees the High Flyer," shouted an imp who was feeding his donkeys down the lane.

And the High Flyer rolled along the road, and all eyes were riveted upon it, and every eye had selected a different passenger for Mr. Eglantine, so that except the coachman, there was nothing but Eglantines upon the coach. Even the guard, who, lazy dog, had put his horn in his pocket, was held for some seconds to be the very man himself by no less than seven ladies, and two gentlemen behind them. There was a general rush towards the Priory, but they who ran nimblest had the least reason to congratulate themselves. The High Flyer rolled past the Priory—a rumbling was heard—then the coach vanished—tall passengers and short passengers, young and aged, handsome and ugly—not one passenger on the top of that coach was Mr. Eglantine. Lillywhite, who had unfortunately asserted he knew a Mr. Eglantine in London, uncommonly like the tall dark-looking gentleman on the coach-box, rubbed his eyes as though bewitched.

Meanwhile, a neat green chariot having escaped the turnpike, brushed on rapidly towards the village; again all was animation, and what was better, animation without disappointment. The chariot pulled up at the Priory, and although it was so dusk that nothing but a little black shadow could be seen to get out of the carriage, this was indubitably the shadow

of Mr. Eglantine. Long, very long, did our ladies linger, watching every candle that flitted about the house, and listening to the ringing of the bells, as if bells could describe to them the person of Mr. Eglantine. It is even on record, that the watchman was obliged to escort several fair vagrants home in rather a peremptory manner, before he could clear the street sufficiently to commence his customary nap without observation.

CHAPTER III.

Although a few glimpses of Mr. Eglantine were caught by several fair ones in ambuscade in the course of Saturday, it was not until Sunday morning that a perfect view of him was obtained, and then he sat exalted in the Priory pew, amidst an ocean of bonnets and shawls. The result of this observation I will give you.

Eglantine was a small gentleman, five feet six inches in height, but certainly not taller: his figure was thin, his carriage erect and dignified; his nose was elevated, his mouth dimpled, his eyes grey and vivacious, and his head covered with a profusion of hair elegantly arranged and powdered. His age was guessed at forty the farthest, but might very well be five years less. His shoes were fastened by large diamond buckles, and his black silk stockings appeared all clocks, they were so embroidered; he carried his hat in one hand with a jaunty air, and in the other twirled a clouded cane. So fine a gentleman had not been seen since the time of the Cavaliers, and all the ladies were in raptures.

The abigails seated in the aisles were no less delighted with the little footboy who strutted after Mr. Eglantine with his Bible and Prayer-book. This youth was not like the footmen of Warwickshire, bullet-headed and clump-footed, with a great burly belly, and half an acre of shoulders up to their ears. Mr. Eglantine's servant was as superfine in his way as the gentleman himself, and looked for all the world like a masquerading milliner. To crown his other agreeable qualities, he took snuff out of a real silver snuff box, which he had won at a raffle in London.

Advances for Mr. Eglantine's friendship flowed in from all quarters, and some of them in a very ingenious and delicate manner. Mr. Halfstarve sent him every Saturday night the text from which he meant to preach, and the vicar's lady borrowed Pamela and Col. Jack from the riches of his genteel library. Miss Halfstarve and her sister Perdita called upon him to entreat his subscription to the Sunday school, then in its infancy; and Miss Grab invited him to inspect her aviary and tame rabbits. Bolus stopped him in the middle of the street to warn him against the pernicious effects of the night air in autumn: and Stump, the surveyor, appointed him arbitrator in a dispute concerning the metes and boundaries of Wotton common. Even Miss Dorothea Dagleish, the starch lady of the manor, condescended herself to conduct him over all the antiquities of the neighbourhood, all the time insinuating that the greater part of these were relics and memorials of her own ancestors.

All these little civilities seemed very agreeable to our bachelor, and most of them he repaid in a handsome manner; his attentions to the ladies in particu-

lar were indicative of the finest feelings. His carriage was always at their command—his mansion their own—his books were under every lady's pillow in the village: he gave Miss Grab two real penguins from the South Seas, and would carry his money in no purse but one knitted by Miss Halfstarve. As for Fanny Bolus, he grew so much in her good graces by delicate presents of fruits and flowers, that Lillywhite three several times discarded his lady, and at last sent back to Mr. Eglantine a fishing-rod he had borrowed of him.

But it was on Valentine's day that gentleman's gallantry assumed the most agreeable demeanour. Hearts and beautiful ladies under oak trees, Cupids with arrows bound round with flowery stanzas, flowed through the village postman into the hands of every single lady in Wotton; such valentines had never been sent or even seen before, and who could send such but dear, sweet Mr. Eglantine! As for Miss Dagleish, her companion Tippet protested she had never seen that lady half so delighted in her life as she was at receiving a portrait (for so she pleased to call it) of herself in Saxon costume, with the Dagleish quarterings over her head,—it was so delicate, so like Mr. Eglantine.

It took a full week for these wonderful valentines to work: their tremendous effect were then seen. Miss Dorothea uncovered all the old needlework and tapestry at Dagleish Court, and soon afterwards pensioned off her companion, who muttered something about old rich fools, and artful middle-aged men, which her mistress was intended to hear, only unluckily Tippet forgot the lady was deaf. Miss Stump brought Salvatore Rosa Daub all the way from London to take her miniature, and Miss Grab looked out for a discreet housekeeper to take care of her poor father. The youngest Misses Halfstarve were sent to a boarding-school in Monmouthshire, and their eldest sister kept close house, because Mr. Eglantine did so stare at her at church. As for the Bolus family, poor Bolus was out of his wits; Fanny and Lillywhite grew so quarrelsome over dominoes, that the young lady was at last provoked to call him "an ungentlemanly chap," and said there was one man of breeding at least in the village who would scorn to say such things as a certain person took it into his head to throw at her. At sunrise the next morning Lillywhite was observed frantically pacing the village, with a sealed note in one hand, and an amputating knife in the other, as if dubious whether to cut his throat, or put the letter into the letter-box. The letter which reached Fanny ended thus:—

"Although the gentleman of the village may possess better breeding and finer manners than a certain person, I doubt if in the end he will be found to behave so honourably by you. I can never flatter myself that I possess your heart, I therefore release your hand: he may engage your affection, yet will never have any intention of marrying you. Ponder this well. Adieu.

"P. S. I shall never return to Wotton, yet should you ever, and may that day never come, stand in need of a true friend, remember you will ever be the object of the adoration of
OLIVER LILLYWHITE."

These numerous preparations for the marriage state went on some weeks, but alas! without anything definitive being said or done by the mysterious Mr. Eglantine; and each lady began at last to see she

was making a great fool of herself. Murmurs arose, and sharp sayings went abroad, all impugning the gentleman's character as a man of honour. London Lothario—a fellow brought up in the playhouses—a hard-hearted libertine—and a fickle trifier with female affections, might be heard from many a parlour window by any who took the trouble to listen; but the only man they were meant for never listened to or seemed to have heard a whisper of them at all. Mr. Eglantine went about the same as ever, merry, genteel, assiduous, and even affectionate, when he addressed his favourites; but never a word did Mr. Eglantine say about getting married.

Little people had only the grand remedy for all disappointments, patience; but great people were not to be so trifled with. Mrs. Halfstarve calling upon Mrs. Bolus one morning, found the family in tears around Fanny, who was lamenting over Lillywhite's farewell epistle. The two heads of the village, although they differed upon one point, namely, who it was Mr. Eglantine really had a fancy for, a Bolus or a Halfstarve, yet came to a perfect agreement upon one point, that he was a man who must be made to do what was fair and right. Deep plans were pondered, innumerable schemes were proffered and rejected; but at last a plot was brought to bear, which promised to be the most effective piece of artifice ever practised within fifty miles of Warwick. As the first move in this grand campaign, Mrs. Bolus sent the errand boy with a number of invitations to a tea party. "Now mind you leave this at Mr. Eglantine's," said Mrs. Bolus.

"I must be going," remarked the vicar's lady, rising.

"Good-bye, yourself and family will be sure to be here on Wednesday," said the other.

"O sure!" said Mrs. Halfstarve, looking sly.

And with these vows of confederacy the females generally parted company, both loud in their abuse of Mr. Eglantine, each forgiving him and pitying him to the bottom of their hearts. Mrs. Bolus, because she felt sure he was deeply in love with her Fanny, and would marry her on the instant, had he not been lugged into almost proposing to Miss Halfstarve, and Mrs. Halfstarve completely convinced her eldest daughter would be Mrs. Eglantine, could she only find the poor gentleman a way to get handsomely out of his scrape with that artful Fanny Bolus.

CHAPTER IV.

On the eventful Wednesday a strong party mustered at the house of Mr. Bolus. There were Mrs. Bolus herself and daughters three, Miss Grab, and the two remaining Misses Halfstarve, and Miss Stump. Also the lady of the manor, who from some suspicion of the designs of others, or some design of her own maybe, had invited herself to spend the morning with Mrs. Bolus, and without much entreaty, stayed the evening also. Only two gentlemen were to be found in this army of Amazons; and they were mercenaries, and had parts to play,—these were Mr. Bolus and Mr. Halfstarve.

Now all the company were kept waiting for Mr. Eglantine, which made all the company wonder; but there was little reason for them to do so, Mr. Eglan-

time having been invited full half an hour later than any one else. At last he entered with his usual bow, and one of his most seducing smiles; and seating himself on the only vacant chair in the room, which somehow or other, was quite hemmed in by the female belligerents, commenced a most lively and flattering banter with his neighbours all round. They attempted now and then to reply; but, alas! little wit was forthcoming: they were all too anxious to be agreeable, and things were too much at a crisis for people to pass jokes. Our hero wondered internally what the deuce was the matter; no one seemed alive, except Miss Dagleish, and she gave him a long lecture upon the Anglo Saxons and Horsehair the Dane, that lasted the best part of the tea drinking. At last tea having been removed, operations commenced.

"Ye bees wanted, zur," bawled Mrs. Halfstarve's footboy, thrusting his red head in at the door, "a mon's a-dying at the poor-house."

"Poor fellow!" ejaculated the vicar; and with many apologies and protestations of Christian feeling, which Eglantine received with the most flattering approbation, walked off to the poor-house, not to read the prayers over a dying pauper, but to quarrel with the master about the fees for some parish burials he had not yet been paid. Thus there was but one gentleman, besides Eglantine, left in the room.

Young Bolus entered. "Father," said he, "here's a case exceeds my skill;" so his father went down stairs with him, leaving the unfortunate Eglantine alone surrounded by his determined enemies.

"Mr. Eglantine," said Mrs. Bolus, hum—hum—"here is a letter, Mr. Eglantine, in which I am afraid you have some concern." She handed him the epistle of Oliver Lillywhite. He read it through with great attention and composure.

"Fanny, my dear, you must answer this, and take the poor youth into favour again."

"Never!" ejaculated Fanny.

"Never!" responded Miss Grab spitefully, and leering at Eglantine.

"But you must," said he; "or, stay, I will do it. Give me ink and paper. Miss Bolus, I have led you into serious misery;" (looking complacently at his neat little figure); "but I will make all the amends in my power."

Every eye was open and half the poor ladies were choking with envy; but his speech took an unexpected turn. He added coolly, but with marked emphasis, "Although it cuts me to the heart, cruel fate compels me to renounce the hand of the charming Miss Fanny."

"Sir!" burst out Mrs. Bolus,—"sir! sir! my daughter's feelings are not to be trifled with in this manner; if there is any law or justice in the land, my daughter's feelings shall not be trifled with."

"Trifled with quotha!" screamed Miss Halfstarve exultingly. "Why not, madam! other people's feelings have been trifled with." She giggled, and went off into violent hysterics.

With calm dignity limped forward Miss Grab. "Narcissus Eglantine, is this your writing?" pulling out a valentine she had worn next her bosom many days.

"It is, Miss Grab; and although the poetry is not bad for an amateur, considering the turn things are taking, I very much repent having penned it."

She sank back in her chair, sobbing, "All men are villains!"

A dreadful scene ensued. Bells were rung, and jugs of water brought up in profusion; daughters were dying, and mothers hung over their daughters in the agonies of despair. Eglantine offered to assist, but a volley of reproaches instantly assailed him, and every lady shrunk from him, as though his mere touch conferred single blessedness. Disconcerted and ghastly pale, he retreated to a dark corner of the room, and began humming Lady Coventry's minuet.

"Oh, Mr. Eglantine," lisped the lady of the manor, creeping up to him, and smiling amorously; "you are no husband, then, for these children, after all, Mr. Eglantine!"

He felt annoyed at the old gorgon beyond measure, and quite forgot his good manners—"Nor for old ladies neither, madam."

Miss Dagleish drew herself up, and stalked indignantly down the stairs, ordered her carriage, lingered in hopes the sinner would come after her with an apology, and when hope had breathed its last gasp, drove violently home.

Grab had been in the room some time unperceived.

"Sir," said he, "in London this conduct might pass for fashion and fine spirit, but it is not to be tolerated in Warwickshire, nor in Wotton Waven. This conduct must be explained."

"I have been convinced for some time, good sir," answered Eglantine, "that an explanation must come, be it sooner or later. Ladies," said he to our heroines, who had miraculously recovered, and were flocking round him, "you see before you an offender more unfortunate, believe me, than dishonourable, since he is willing to afford you every satisfaction in his power for the injuries you have sustained at his hands. If you will all favour me so much, ladies, as to spend the evening at the Priory next Wednesday—I say Wednesday because I shall not have time to prepare myself before that day—I will give you satisfaction, which will no longer furnish any person with a reason to call me either fickle or faithless. And (here he uttered a deep sigh) it is the last time I shall entertain you as a single man—the last time I shall entertain you as a bachelor." He made his bow, and withdrew.

The company dispersed in a state of excited imagination. "What could Mr. Eglantine mean?" There was something in all this very like the beginning of Griselda; every lady present thought of the resemblance, and felt a lively hope playing about her heart. All felt rather satisfied than otherwise, except Mrs. Bolus, and she had expected nothing less than an offer to Fanny on the spot.

On Sunday, Mr. Halfstarve's curate (for he paid a curate fifteen pounds per annum to do his duty for him) addressed the congregation to the following effect:—"I publish the bans of matrimony"—All eyes were turned on Eglantine's pew, but it was vacant. The curate went on—"between Job Martin, single man, and Sarah Cross, single woman." I mention this little incident to show the excited feelings of Wotton in the interval between the two eventful Wednesdays; and, for the honour of Wotton I must also add, this was no new match made up in the village. Our grocer, from Coventry, and his wife, had never tied the knot of wedlock; but the woman, hearing something about the law of dower from an

attorney's clerk, thought it would be a fine thing to be a widow with a jointure.

The critical Wednesday at last dawned; the day slowly wandered away, and evening found all the party described (with the exception of Miss Dagleish, who was laid up, no one knew with what complaint) at the Priory. Eglantine entered, looking very melancholy and Benedict-like, as somebody whispered, and carrying a small paper in his hand. "Surely this could never be a special license."

"Mr. Grab," he said, quietly, "you are an attorney, and therefore well acquainted with legal documents; Mr. Halfstarve, being a clergyman, you know something of religious ones. This document I put into your hands, is both legal and religious, and much to my sorrow, legally and religiously binding. Have the kindness to read it, gentlemen."

All the ladies here showed symptoms of bursting with expectation. Eglantine, pitying their condition, added, "Perhaps, Mr. Grab, you will favour me so far as to read it aloud."

Grab, in a faltering and incredulous voice, stammered out:—"Extract from the Registry of Baptisms, Burials, and Marriages of the parish of St. James, Westminster, 2d July, 1760.—Narcissus Eglantine, Esq., to Clarissa Harrington, spinster. Witnesses, Anna Maria Harrington, William Barker. This is a true copy.

PETER DRUMSTICK, Vicar."

All the company started at the commencement of this deadly document, and when it finished reading they all stood like statues in a stupor of amazement; no one moved, no one spoke. Eglantine, therefore, looking very miserable, addressed them as follows:—

"Ladies, you must be now quite satisfied I am a married man. All I need, therefore, supply, is the reason why I concealed that circumstance from you. From my childhood upwards, I have doated upon female society, and, in the course of an idle life, have enjoyed much of it. I was betrothed to a beautiful girl, but she slighted me, and married another; and I then made a vow, which I should have kept, never to entangle myself with another matrimonial engagement; but Miss Harrington crossed my path, and all my former disappointments and vows were forgotten. She was artful and allured me, another threatened to marry her—that Mr. Barker mentioned in the certificate—though this was all a scheme, and I was hurried into a stolen and imprudent wedding. Such a wife, ladies, never poor husband was cursed with in this world; but I will draw a veil over her faults, even her crimes, for she is still my lawful wife. Well, ladies, we separated, and to avoid exposure, I make her a separate allowance. She lives abroad with Mr. Barker, and I have foolishly imposed myself on your neighbourhood for a single man. My reasons for doing so were harmless, but I begin to see they were very short-sighted and silly ones. I had lost none of my craving for ladies' society, and I imagined that, being neither very old nor exceedingly ill-looking, (here he smoothed his cravat, and ran two of his fingers through his hair,) I should enjoy more of that of the young and handsome if I represented myself as a single man; and, as I am sorry to say I never meant any thing serious myself, I did not dream my fair female neighbours would ever expect any thing serious at my hands."

At this part of Mr. Eglantine's pathetic address there was a general stir among his audience; they

were aroused, and what is the strangest thing, seemed to have heard nothing of the speech he had been making to them, for there was a general exclamation of "Explain yourself, sir! explain yourself!" and some of the ladies uttered this in a fierce and threatening tone, not in a tone of resignation.

"Ladies," solemnly and impressively responded Eglantine, "this is my explanation."

From the Metropolitan.

"WHAT HAS BECOME OF HER?"

A TALE OF NASSAU.

BY MRS. C. GORE.

THE vogue recently assigned by literary confederacy to the "Spas of Germany," and "Brunnens of Nassau," has been productive of numberless unforeseen results. Tunbridge Wells and Malvern have become bankrupts; and more than one jolly citizen, accustomed aforetime, to refresh himself with an autumnal trip to Ramsgate or Hastings, has extended his travels across the main, and died of sauerkraut and spleen.

Fooling it among the rest, I arrived at Emmshaden, last year, the first week in September,—setting out on a journey just as the rains set in. Nothing could be more cheerless than the aspect of the little valley. The Lahn ran heavy in its channel, and time as heavy as the Lahn. Reasonable people had abandoned the place; and nothing remained but a coterie of discontented English, astonished to find that the green curtain had fallen when they expected to be in time for the overture. It was perhaps owing to the want of better amusement, that one and all selected me as auditor of their several versions of an adventure which, towards the close of the season, had produced an unprecedented sensation in the place. In the course of the three days I remained at Emm's, I continued to sum up the various editions of the story; but in order to excite as strong an interest for the catastrophe as was expressed by my fair countrywomen, (who but for the timely incident, might have perished of ennui,) it will be necessary to begin (like the *Bélier*, in the fairy tale) with the beginning.

It was on the day succeeding Mr. Clifton's arrival in town, after a dreary winter in Ireland, that he was invited to a splendid fête, given by four rich and idle bachelors, at a villa on the banks of the Thames. Walter Clifton was a guest eminently worthy of the entertainment. Handsome, well-born, and accomplished, he had recently "come to his estate," which happened to lie in one of the disturbed districts of the green island which seems bent upon eternally proving its greenness. His mother, a widow lady of somewhat serious turn, resided in Dublin, where his youth and college vacations were chiefly passed; so that Clifton had none of the knowingness, nothing of the jargon of a London man. There are certain branches of useless knowledge and phrases of fashionable slang, with which Eton, Harrow, or Westminster renders the schoolboy as familiar as the most dowagerly of dowager dandies; but Walter's mind and conversation

were pure from all this. He arrived in town a brilliant, animated, happy, sanguine creature; ready to be amused, willing to amuse; with truth on his lips and sunshine in his heart. When his Christ Church friend, Sir Robert Walmsley, offered him a ticket for the fête, he thought himself particularly lucky; and, much to the amazement of the dandy baronet, who from affectation could scarcely allow himself to inhale the common air breathed by the rest of mankind, candidly admitted his delight.

"I'm afraid you will be cursedly bored," was Sir Robert's apostrophe, on bestowing the ticket.

"I never was bored in my life," was Clifton's frank reply; "and should think it a reflection on myself not to be gratified at Ashbrook Farm."

With feelings attuned to enjoyment, therefore, he turned his cabriolet into the Fulham road, as the bright midsummer morning subsided into a delicious afternoon; and when, from a distance, he caught the sound of the military band, enlivening the fête, his light heart felt lighter than ever, and he quickened his horse's speed towards the gates. As it usually happens, where superfluous precautions are taken to secure the order of the day, disorder ensued. Such a superabundance of policemen were stationed in the vicinity of the spot to protect the plate and other valuable property contributed by the lordly fête givers, that having nothing else to do, they did mischief,—hectoring the footmen in attendance, and set the coachmen squabbling with each other and slashing their horses. A London coachman is an animal peculiarly insubordinate to constituted authorities. There was one white-wigged, red-faced, irascible old gentleman, proceeding to the Ashbrook fête, who, on being reproved for impatience, (which was in fact the impatience of a pair of spirited blood horses,) whipped out of the line, produced a considerable smashing of panels, and eventually arrived at the gate with a policeman at each of his horses' heads—his brother whips cheering him on, the rabble shouting and swearing, the policemen looking wondrous blue, and the two ladies in the handsome chariot he was driving as pale as ashes.

The latter circumstances naturally excited the sympathy of Walter Clifton. He was out of his cab in a moment, offering his aid to hasten them out of the carriage, now surrounded by a noisy, struggling multitude, among which the gentry in office were indiscriminately dealing their blows. To escort them through the throng was the work of a moment; but it was not till they had arrived at an inner entrance, where tickets were received and shawls deposited, he had leisure to note that the elder of the two ladies was attired with unusual costliness, and the younger scarcely less lavishly adorned with the gifts of nature. Both were warmly welcomed by the hospitable heroes of the day, with whom Clifton was unacquainted; and though his unknown friends turned towards him with eager acknowledgments, he had the mortification of being without the means of a formal introduction. It was a mortification; for the dark-haired girl who smiled upon him while her chaperon was pouring out her thanks, was one of the handsomest creatures he had ever beheld; with dark oriental eyes, the most graceful form, the most buoyant demeanour. His sense of propriety scarcely sufficed to remind him that, till he had been introduced in form, there would be want of delicacy in presuming upon an ac-

quaintance thus accidentally formed; and it was with some difficulty he tore himself from the contemplation of that fine intelligent countenance to go in search of a master of the ceremonies.

"My dear Walmsley," cried he, the moment he caught a glimpse of Sir Robert, "can you tell me who it is that drives a very dark chariot with bay horses?"

"Everybody drives a dark chariot with bay horses," drawled the dandy, trying to pass on.

"With white liveries?"

"My dear fellow, I know nobody—I never notice liveries."

"But you surely notice beautiful faces; and—"

"I like beautiful faces to notice *me*. But, pray, excuse me. The duchess is waiting for me to take her into breakfast."

Equally unsuccessful were divers other applications. Nobody listened—nobody cared—nobody knew anything about anybody. It is probable, however, that the objects of his inquiry succeeded on *their* part in ascertaining *his* name and condition; for as he stood overlooking a quadrille, in which one or two of his friends were engaged, the elder lady, approaching with her fair companion on her arm, addressed him with so much graciousness, that in the flurry of spirits excited by the animating scene, and almost before he knew what he was about, he engaged the beauty as a partner for the following dance.

All now went smoothly—more smoothly than his rashness deserved. They stood together—danced together—talked together—smiled together. Clifton readily discovered that his companion was a person moving in the best society, and commanding its courtesies; and with characteristic frankness, made her acquainted with his whole history in return.—Having loitered a few minutes near his fair partner, after returning her to the protection of her chaperon, he discovered that they were mother and daughter, and that the name of the latter was Rachel,—a homely designation; but when people are in the humour to be pleased, nothing comes amiss. To remain long by her side, however, was impossible. The ladies were too popular to be accessible to his assiduities. Rachel was beset with partners; and Rachel's mamma by half the fashionable dowagers of the day.

Meanwhile, the fête proceeded with unprecedented brilliancy. It was a delicious day, and the lovely lawns of Ashbrook Farm were worthy of the weather. Every impression received by Clifton was agreeable, and tended to increase his hilarity. Never had he passed so enchanting a morning; and by the time that evening brought the fête to a close, and amid the crackling and sputtering of fireworks, his cousin, Lady Armagh, presented him in form to the ladies of the dark chariot with bay horses, as—"Mrs. De Bruyn, Mr. Clifton—Mr. Clifton, Mrs. and Miss De Bruyn," he had ceased to care about the ceremony. Accident had brought them together; and inclination kept them together nearly the whole of the day. They were already intimate.

At the opera the following night, nothing was so easy as for Mr. Clifton to visit Mrs. De Bruyn's box; at the Zoological next day, nothing so charming as to walk by Rachel's side. Finding that they were to be at Almack's, and all the best balls of the ensuing week, he took measures for meeting them: and though they were on all occasions surrounded by the most

fashionable men in town, Miss De Bruyn usually managed to make room for his approach. She evidently preferred his society. While he worshipped her beauty, Rachel evidently delighted in his frank and cordial character.

Amid the tittle-tattle of second-rate society, Walter Clifton would not have been a week acquainted with the De Bruyn's without learning every particular of their birth, parentage, and education—the name of Mrs. De B.'s great grandmother, and the amount of the value of her diamonds. But among those with whom they mutually associated, everybody is supposed to know everybody; because all are persons concerning whom everything is known. In process of time Mrs. De Bruyn invited Walter to her house in Berkley Square, where he was presented to a Mr. John De Bruyn, a young man whom he took to be the son and brother of his friends. By the whole family he was cordially welcomed. He found them living in opulence. His beautiful Rachel displayed every accomplishment of a first-rate education, and he felt himself fortunate in having accidentally made his way into a domestic circle which he was beginning to flatter himself might eventually become his own. With the exception of certain harsh peculiarities of manner on the part of the mother, there was nothing he could wish altered in the family.

A man less ingenious than Walter Clifton might in fact have been easily captivated by the attractions of such a girl as Rachel. There was a nobleness and high-mindedness in her sentiments peculiarly consonant with the lofty beauty of her person. Of all the women he had ever heard converse, not one approached her in unstudied eloquence, in information, in correctness of taste and judgment. He could no longer bear to talk with other girls. It was not only the liquid lustre of her dark eyes—the speaking expression of her finely formed mouth—which thrilled through his soul when he gazed upon her intelligent face. It was that he believed in her preference; that she conversed with him far more unreservedly than with any other man of her acquaintance; and he only trembled lest he might injure his cause by precipitancy, so difficult was it to restrain himself from declaring in form to Mrs. De Bruyn his desire to be admitted as a suitor to her daughter. He felt that six weeks' acquaintance could not justify such a pretension; and contented himself with writing to his Irishman of business for a formal statement of the nature and condition of his property, that he might be prepared to meet the inquiries likely to arise on his proposals.

Such was the happy state of Clifton's feelings while daily engaged in escorting the lady of his thoughts to exhibitions, picnics, water-parties, breakfasts, reviews; dancing with her at every ball, and sitting entranced by her side at every opera. No objection was formed to his attentions. John De Bruyn, a dull, sullen young man, was in constant attendance on his sister, and on excellent terms with her admirer; and though their conversation was usually carried on in whispers, the slightest word of which from Rachel's lips reached the inmost recesses of the heart of Clifton, neither mother, nor brother, nor any present, could be unobservant of their increasing intimacy.

One morning the young lover, calling at an earlier hour than usual in Berkley Square, and finding Mrs. De Bruyn alone, naturally inquired for her daughter.

"Rachel is gone to sit for her picture," was the reply.

"Her picture! to whom? Who, *who*, will do her justice?" cried Clifton eagerly.

"Chalon, I hope. The sketch promises extremely well. John saw it yesterday, and was delighted."

"The picture is intended then for a present to Mr. De Bruyn?" observed Walter.

"No: it is for myself. I shall want it as a remembrance when she is gone. Rachel will leave it with me on her marriage."

Clifton coloured deeply. The allusion appeared too explicit to be mistaken; and he was beginning to imagine of himself whether it might not be intended as a spur to his tardy explanation, when Mrs. De Bruyn calmly added, "Rachel's marriage takes place, you know, in August."

"Her marriage!"

"I trust John has given you an invitation in form?"

Walter Clifton trembled from head to foot, as he inquired, with assumed composure, what happy man Miss De Bruyn was about to honour with her hand. The mother regarded him with unfeigned surprise.

"It is surely not possible you can be unaware," said she, "that Rachel is about to marry her cousin John? The terms of the late Mr. De Bruyn's will (thanks to the officiousness of the newspapers) were made so very public, that I fancied all the world acquainted with my daughter's engagement, which has existed from her birth. It was, in fact, the only method by which poor Mr. De Bruyn could concentrate the affairs of his house. John will, henceforth, assume the sole control of the business. Among families of our persuasion such alliances are common."

"Persuasion?—business?"—Yes! Walter Clifton began to understand it all!—Rachel was doubtless the daughter of the great Jew banker, De Bruyn, defunct a few years before, the details of whose will had occupied three columns per day, of the morning papers, for nearly a week. He ought to have remembered all this—he ought to have inquired—he ought to have known, or rather, people ought to have warned him! Yet why, or wherefore? Was it not tacitly understood that all London, from the Regent's Park to St. James's, was familiar with the fortunes of the great heiress, the only daughter of the most famous of Jewish bankers?

Luckily for Walter, the announcement of a visitor at that moment afforded him an opportunity of escape from the house; and his horse being in waiting at the door, he galloped many miles into the country, before the stunning effects of the blow he had received in the slightest degree subsided.

His first impulse was to quit London that very night; *not* for Ireland—for only the preceding day he had despatched a letter to his mother explanatory of his happy expectations, and he had not courage enough to expose himself to the old lady's questions and condolences. No!—he would go abroad—to Turkey—to Egypt—the East; no matter where, so that he might escape all recurrence to the origin of his wretchedness. On Rachel De Bruyn he never wished to look again. One of the weaknesses of his moral nature was antipathy to Jews and all relating to them; and even were the prejudice surmounted, this member of the tribe—this one—*this Jewess*—had done him a deliberate injury—had triumphed, for her wanton amuse-

ment, over his affections. No!—he never wished to look on Rachel De Bruyn again!

On his return towards London, however, calmer feelings ensued. Though still determined to fly from England, he resolved, ere his departure, to indulge in a last view of that which was so eminently lovely, as if for the purpose of engraving still more indelibly in his bosom the image of its false idol. He could trust himself to look upon her without self-betrayal. He possessed an all-potent antidote to the power of her charms—to the magic of her voice. *She was a Jewess!*

According to previous engagement, they were to meet and dance together that evening, at one of the finest fêtes of the season. He would go—he would confront her—he would fix his eyes for the last time upon the future Mrs. John De Bruyn.

From the smiling self-possession with which she accosted him, Clifton inferred with truth that his emotion of the morning had passed unnoticed by her mother. No suspicions were excited; they might part as calmly as they had met. Rachel should never know the anguish she had inflicted—never learn that he had quitted her with a breaking heart to bid an eternal farewell to the country wherein she abided. He began, therefore, to talk with indifference on indifferent subjects; and unsuspecting that any peculiar agitation was labouring in his breast, the lovely girl readily accepted his arm, to make the tour of the illuminated gardens of ——— House. At length they sat down together, still talking with levity, and smiling with unconcern; till, after gazing in silence a moment or two upon the beautiful contour of her half-averted face, Clifton suddenly gave way to an uncontrolled burst of passionate exclamation. “No!—it cannot have proceeded from inadvertence,” cried he, “you *must* have been aware of the cruel injury you were inflicting!—you *must* have seen how blindly I fell into an error, the results of which are to cleave to me as a curse for evermore.”

Believing her companion to be attacked by sudden frenzy, Rachel started up, and proposed returning to her mother. But Clifton did not stir; and the tears that were now slowly rolling down his face appealed so forcibly to her sympathy, that, without uttering a syllable, she sat down again by his side.

“You cannot have been insensible to your influence over me,” he resumed, in a broken voice; “and knowing the insuperable obstacles between us, why—why encourage my attachment for the wanton indulgence of a vanity which has withered every prospect of my life!”

“Obstacles!—attachment!” exclaimed Rachel, in grief and surprise, overpowered by the fervour of his address. “Dear Mr. Clifton, with what have you to reproach me! From the moment of your considerate kindness to us at Ashbrook you have been welcomed with warm friendship to our house—you must have seen how much we preferred your society—how truly flattered we were by your preference of ours.”

“Then why not explain at once the impossibility of the expectations I was forming?”

“Expectations!”

“Of making you my wife—my own—my beloved and loving household companion.”

Rachel grew pale as she listened to this earnest apostrophe.

“You cannot have meditated this,” said she, at

length, in a tremulous voice. “The difference of religion——”

“I knew it not—I guessed it not.”

“Yet our name—our well-known connexions——”

“I saw nothing but your beauty—your excellence. I asked nothing—I cared for nothing but to be near you, still and ever near you—near you as now, when, gazing for the last time upon your face, I feel that my earthly happiness is crushed for ever. Rachel! you *must* have seen that I loved you!”

“You did but offer me, in a more marked degree, the attention I have been in the habit of receiving from others; who, aware of my faith, my family, my betrothment to my cousin, show me the attentions due to my age, sex, and position in society.”

“And has there been nothing then in your own feelings towards me, to war against your happiness in the state into which you are about to enter! You have a colder heart than I imagined!” cried Walter Clifton.

“My cousin is no less partial to you than my mother and myself; I have always hoped our friendship would continue after my marriage,” pleaded Miss De Bruyn, accustomed from childhood to regard the tie of wedlock as part of the ceremony of social life.

“Your cousin!” exclaimed Clifton. “Did you imagine that your *husband* would remain equally insensible to my passionate idolatry?”

“I never thought—I never considered. I have lived with John De Bruyn on the happiest terms so long as I can remember,” faltered Rachel. “Why should he begin to thwart me and interfere with my preferences, on the eternal union of our destinies.”

“Rachel! Rachel! you will drive me mad!” cried Clifton, perceiving how closely enfolded was her soul in the web of early associations and religious influence. “What is the meaning of this strange combination of simplicity and intelligence! of feeling and insensibility! Are you about to bestow yourself as a mere endowment—to give up your youth, your beauty, to one you regard only as a partner in your father’s bank! Or do you—(tell me truly, I can bear it, Rachel, answer me for once honestly)—do you—*can* you love this man!”

“Of course I do! My cousin has never breathed a harsh word to me, or been guilty of an unkind action.”

“But is that enough for the intimate—the exquisite tenderness of wedded life? Is it to *his* eyes your own can turn in unspeakable sympathy with all that is bright, and noble, and glorious! Is it from *him* you will seek encouragement in your aspirations after knowledge—after truth? Is it towards him you will be conscious of that intense and fervent passion, which finds eternity itself insufficient for its prospects of happiness?”

Miss De Bruyn had no reply for language so new, so alarming. It was not thus she had been accustomed to contemplate her union with her impassive cousin. It was a family arrangement, immutable as that which made her the child of her mother, or the daughter of her tribe; but it was nothing more.

“I must not listen to all this,” said she, becoming conscious of the delicacy of her situation, and making a movement to rise.

“You will not have to listen to it long,” was Clifton’s calm rejoinder, resuming some control over his feelings. “I am here but to bid you farewell for ever.”

After this night, I shall behold your face no more. Be happy, Rachel, since you can content yourself with the monotonous calm of an existence unbrightened by tenderness—unendeared by the ties of spontaneous, fervent, passionate attachment."

"But you are a Christian," interrupted Miss De Bruyn. "Even had not my destiny been sealed by an eternal compact, I never could have been your wife."

It was now Walter's turn to remain silent; and Rachel mildly pursued her advantage.

"If, as you say," continued she in a faltering tone, "I am to blame in not having discovered your attachment, and apprized you of the obstacles to our union, why did not *you*, who were satisfied of my affection, acquaint *me* with the objections that were to prevent my being honoured with your hand?"

"On my life—my soul—I knew not of their existence!" cried Walter. "What was there in your position in the world, or your establishment at home, to induce suspicion that you were otherwise than the society in which I found you? But even had I known it," cried he, struggling with contending emotions, "nay, deeply as I am imbued by birth and education with prejudices against your faith and its professors, I would have waived all objections—forgotten all scruples—for the rich compensation of calling you mine for ever!"

Rachel was silent. A deep impression had been made upon her feelings.

"By my father's will," said she at last in a low voice, "I forfeit my whole fortune by non-fulfilment of my contract with my cousin."

"Are you then so dearly attached to the things of this world?" exclaimed Clifton, with bitter contempt.

"As little as any human being," replied Rachel, unmoved by his sarcasm. "But how do I know that others—that *you*—might be equally indifferent?"

"Great God! can you be so little acquainted with human nature as to suppose that the man who would sacrifice the deepest prejudice of his soul for your sake, would not also resign the paltry temptation of a little miserable dross?"

Again Rachel was silent. But the impression upon her feelings was trebly profound.

"You would make me your wife then—poor, penniless—rejected by my family—abhorred by my people——"

Clifton's reply burst forth at once from the impetuosity of a generous heart.

"You are excited by the passion of the moment," said Rachel, a bright expression of new-born love and happiness beaming from her eyes. "Think calmly of it, Clifton. I give you till to-morrow for consideration."

"You mean that *you* desire to deliberate on such a sacrifice?"

"No—my mind is decided. Such love as this can be but once the portion of any living woman. If to-morrow your reply be affirmative, I am your wife!"

On the morning the reply was affirmative, and on the following day Rachel De Bruyn summoned together her family, and apprized them of her resolution not only to break faith with her cousin, but to become the wife of a Christian! The consternation, the indignation, the persecution provoked by such a declaration may be readily conjectured. The elders of the family denounced her; her spiritual counsellors were

called in. In reply to the interrogations of the high priest, she admitted not only her sacrilegious intentions, but that she had made no conditions with Clifton for the retention of her religious observances. She had perfect faith in his generosity.

"If you intended to inspire me with the horror you now manifest towards the professors of the Christian faith," was her consistent reply to the furious invectives of her mother, "you should not have exposed me to the attraction of their society. I have lived chiefly among Christians; it is *there* I have been happiest—it is *there* I am determined to be happy!"

It was impossible, meanwhile, to urge upon her as an argument against her resolution, the misery she was inflicting upon her cousin; for though Mrs. De Bruyn was almost frantic at the prospect of her daughter's loss of fortune, John was evidently consoled, by its forfeiture to himself, for the loss of his cousin. It was impossible to show greater resignation. Two months, however, were to elapse previous to Rachel's attainment of her majority and acquirement of the power of election; and Mrs. De Bruyn flattered herself that the interval, judiciously improved, might wean her daughter from a preference which she called madness, her nephew folly, and the synagogue sin. Without giving time for a renewal of intercourse with Clifton, she embarked that very evening for Rotterdam, accompanied by a venerable Rabbi, who for years had presided over the family conscience of the De Bruyns; and on being rejoined by her establishment, proceeded at once on a tour of the Rhine.

Closely as Rachel was watched by her mother, she was too much beloved by those around her, not to obtain means of communicating to Clifton the disastrous results of the step she had taken; and by the time the party reached Nassau, Walter was on his way to her assistance.

"You can scarcely believe," said the lively Frenchwoman, by whom the anecdote was first related to me, "the sensation produced at Emmas by the arrival of Mademoiselle de Bruyn. It was neither her beauty, her grace, nor the reputation of her enormous fortune, which captivated our attention; though never, I must confess, did I behold so perfectly lovely a creature! It was rather the sensibility of her countenance—the restlessness of her anxious looks—the irritating manner in which, though grown to womanhood, she was domineered over by her mother. Nothing could be more gentle than her demeanour—more reasonable than her conversation; so that we discerned no pretext for so much coercion. The mamma and Mr. Steinkerp, examined every step she took, and every word that fell from her lips; and as all the world supposed that the heiress was on the point of marriage with her father's nephew, where was the use of maintaining her in such childish subordination?"

"At length, one evening in the month of August, as Prince Solitkoff, who was always mineralizing or botanizing along the cliffs, was returning in the dusk by the corpses of the Nassau road, he perceived an English lady and gentleman, walking side by side in earnest conversation. The young man, who was tall and strikingly handsome, was a stranger to him—the lady was Miss De Bruyn. Though the prince coughed repeatedly to apprise them of his approach, they appeared indifferent to his presence. Rachel was conversing in a low tone, broken by sobs—her companion addressing her with impassioned eloquence. All that

Soltikoff's knowledge of the language permitted him to overhear was, when within sight of the kindling lights of the Baths, Miss De Bruyn gave her hand to the stranger, and uttered the words 'To-morrow, at midnight.' They proceeded onwards in different directions. It is probable, however, that their rendezvous had not escaped detection, for the prince noticed a tall figure stealing along the cliffs."

"The prince, at least," said I, "had the gallantry to preserve the young lady's secret?"

He had no opportunity for indiscretion. The following morning we were roused at day-break with intelligence that Miss De Bruyn had disappeared."

"In company with the young Englishman?"

"By no means. No sooner was a search instituted by the mother than Mr. Clifton came forward in frantic dismay, acknowledged their meeting of the preceding evening, and their appointment for the night ensuing, preparatory to an elopement. Like Soltikoff, he had seen Rachel approach the village, and seen her no more. It was clearly proved that she never re-entered the hotel."

"And her mother?"

"Mrs. De Bruyn was distracted—offered enormous rewards for intelligence—caused the neighbourhood to be searched—the river examined; and, after ten days of fruitless investigation, with all the aid the local tribunals of the Grand Duchy could render, quitted the spot in despair."

"Either Walter Clifton was more persevering, or a confederate in her disappearance," said I, after some cogitation.

"Neither the one nor the other. *There* lies the grand mystery of the case. Mrs. De Bruyn's despair was scarcely more evident than that of the unfortunate young man. Clifton is now in confinement at Frankfurt, under the care of the British resident, till a proper person arrives from England to convey him home to his family. It was indispensable to place him under restraint. He made two attempts upon his life. He could not be left at large. All Emms was in commotion."

"And has nothing further transpired concerning the victim? Is it still supposed that she was assassinated?"

"No one has the slightest grounds for conjecture. Madame De Bruyn, we are told, has put her family into mourning."

"Surely that was premature? Had poor Rachel been unfairly dealt with some trace of the horrible event must have appeared. I have it strongly on my mind that she is still living."

"Perhaps so," rejoined the lady, coolly tapping her snuff-box; "but in that case—*what has become of her?*"

and sister; also a maid-servant, who was in the capacity of nurse, formed one of the party. My friend, who was city bred, had foolishly enough brought a close carriage with him to the back settlements when he first located himself there. At the time of our journey, he had resided about five years in the woods, during which his city-built chariot had never been used. The roads, in fact, rendered it quite unsafe to use a carriage of that description; but now that they were about to visit their city friends, he was anxious to do so in the style they knew he had formerly been accustomed to. I, also, had a carriage; but mine was a true backwoods' affair—a regular yankee Dearborn wagon, with wooden springs, and a variety of flaming daubs of paint laid on with true backwoods' taste—that is, with no taste at all. There was one thing about it which amused me exceedingly, and that was, a flaring device, or coat of arms, on the most conspicuous panel of the machine. The artist had undoubtedly intended it for the British lion and unicorn, but for what purpose I could not devise, as the wagon was not built "to order," but for whoever might wish to purchase it; and as all kings, princes, and potentates are considerably below *par* in Yankee land, I was puzzled to account for this strange whim of the wagon-maker. He had attempted no motto; but over the cipher were *two* "bending plumes," but the third of the prince of Wales' feathers was omitted, for there was, in fact, no room for it. The unicorn looked more like an enormous ram, with a single horn stuck on the top of his head, than the beast it was intended to represent; while the lion was in a recumbent position, looking over his right shoulder at his neighbour with a look which seemed to say, "What strange company brother Jonathan has introduced me to." But although the wagon had been somewhat disfigured with this painting, yet it had been made of the best white oak and hickory, and was really a tough and useful conveyance. With my friend's close carriage, and my own open wagon, we set forward on our journey; but the roads were so exceedingly deep, that the chariot stuck fast in the mud just as night came on; and although I took the whole party into my vehicle, in order to lighten it, my friend's horses were unable to draw it out. A considerable delay took place in our vain endeavours; but finding it could not be moved, we at last proceeded to the next house—about four miles—leaving the baggage in the chariot. We had now to get assistance; that is, we prevailed upon the person at whose house we had arrived, to send off two pair of oxen, (horses he had none,) and two of his sons, to bring forward the deserted carriage, and about midnight they returned, "all safe and clever."

"The following morning we set out pretty early, and in about two hours reached the place where we proposed taking breakfast. When we drove up to the house we had no obsequious landlord running out to welcome us; for on alighting and inquiring for him, Mrs. Le Barre (the landlady) told us he was not at home. "Who," I inquired will take care of our horses?"

To which she very tartly replied, "Yourselves, I guess; for," continued she, "I shall likely have enough to do indoors."

Having acted my part of ostler, I repaired "indoors" to give directions about breakfast, as it had been arranged that I was to manage such matters.

From the Metropolitan.

THE BACKWOODS OF AMERICA.

BY A RESIDENT OF SIXTEEN YEARS.

In the autumn of the year I was on a journey to the frontier portion of the States, but had a vast tract of the "Backwoods" to travel through. I was in company with a gentleman, a friend of mine, his wife

"Mrs. Le Barre," said I, "we shall want breakfast; what could you let us have?"

"I guess you can have tea if you wish; but I must first get baby quieted."

Now it so happened that my friend, who had been indisposed, was obliged to breakfast on tea, while the young lady breakfasted on coffee; and to sum up the matter, my friend's wife never drank either tea or coffee, but always chocolate! After baby was quieted, and tea fairly underway, I ventured to hint, that we should also require a little coffee, although I announced it with fear and trembling. But the greatest difficulty yet remained; and it was not until after many attempts that I got Mrs. Le B—— informed, "that we should also want a little chocolate."

"Tea, coffee, and chocolate!" exclaimed the astonished woman; and lest some disagreeable salutation should be offered me, I hastened to the other room, taking shelter amongst my friends. I never shall forget the look mine hostess gave me, when I had announced chocolate, in addition to tea and coffee; nor do I suspect that she will ever forget the party that had the unreasonableness to ask for such an unheard-of variety. Since that time I have found it necessary to call on Mrs. Le B—— but never dared to hint that we were old acquaintances.

The North American wolf is naturally shy; and if we may place confidence in those stories we hear of the ravages committed by the wolves inhabiting some of the mountainous regions of Europe, he is, by comparison with his brethren of the Old World, a very harmless sort of creature. This great mildness of disposition is not, however, owing to any physical deficiency; for although certainly less voracious than the European wolf, he is somewhat larger and stronger. In America they are rarely known to attack human beings; for during a long residence in a district where they were rather numerous, I never was able to make out a clear case where a person had been attacked by them. I have indeed heard of persons being pursued, or *hunted*, as the Americans call it, by a number of wolves; but in all such cases the individuals were on horseback; and therefore the probability is, that the wolves pursued the horses, and not the men. However, from the facts I am about to relate, it would seem otherwise.

A medical gentleman residing not far from the Chemung River, a tributary of the noble Susquehanna, had one night, in the middle of winter, been visiting a sick person at a distance of eight or ten miles from his own house. The country in that vicinity was then quite new, and but very few settlers had encroached on the aboriginal forests. The doctor had been accustomed for some years to travel through those wild regions at all seasons, and at all hours, by day and by night, but never had been in any way molested; nor had he ever had the slightest apprehension of danger from the wolves that were known occasionally to inhabit the surrounding woods. On the night in question, he set off homeward at a late hour, as he frequently had been wont to do; but before he had proceeded far, he became aware of his being pursued by a gang of wolves. The night was exceedingly frosty, but clear and star-light. For a while they were only heard at a distance; but by-and-by the doctor could clearly distinguish five or

six of them in full chase within less than twenty rods of him. The snow being pretty deep at the time, he found it was impossible to leave them; so he made up his mind to quit his horse, and ascend the first tree which appeared favourable for such a purpose. It was not long before such a one offered; and, permitting his horse to go at large, he was amongst the branches in a few seconds, and quite out of the reach of his hungry pursuers. He never doubted but they would continue in pursuit of his horse, which he flattered himself would be able, now that he was relieved from his load, to make his escape. But, to his surprise, he beheld no fewer than eight large wolves come round the tree on which he had taken shelter, and, instead of pursuing his horse, quietly awaited his coming down. Although he had no wish to descend under such circumstances, he was fully aware of the fate that awaited him should he find it expedient to remain until morning in his present situation. To escape from the effects of the keen frost he knew was impossible; and therefore he determined to maintain his position, in spite of the occasional serenading of the party below. What his feelings were during the night, or how the wolves contrived to amuse themselves for so many hours, I cannot precisely state; but about day-dawn they united in a farewell howl, and left the poor benumbed doctor at liberty to descend. With great difficulty he succeeded in reaching the ground; and with still more he managed to reach the nearest dwelling, distant about three miles, from whence he was conveyed to his own house in a sleigh. Had his family been aware that the horse had returned without his rider, they undoubtedly would have gone in search of the doctor, and most probably have relieved him from his imprisonment at a much earlier hour. But although the horse had no doubt galloped straight to its stable-door, the family knew nothing of its arrival until daylight returned.

The doctor did not escape without experiencing the ill effects of roosting for half a dozen hours in a leafless tree, in a severe North American January's frost; for a mortification ensuing in both his feet, the only chance of saving his life was by amputating both his legs. However, the doctor yet lives to narrate his adventure, or as he terms it, "*his wolf scrape*;" and is one of the few instances on record in his part of the world of having been in real danger of becoming a supper for a few of those hungry animals.

The winter was more than usually severe among the mountains on the north waters of the Susquehanna. The snow fell pretty early in the month of December, so that winter might be said to have set in pretty decidedly some time before Christmas. I had been on a visit for a few weeks in the vicinity of S—— L——; but had accepted of an invitation to meet a party of my own country-people, at the residence of my kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. T—— on the last day in December, with an understanding that we were "to dance in the new year;" for even in the back settlements of America we could at times meet and dance, and enjoy whatever the country afforded, forgetting for a time the gayer and more splendid scenes we had once been familiar with in our dear native country. The distance I had to travel was but six miles; yet the road—if a dim track through the woods might be so called—was at all seasons bad, now the snow was so deep that it was

rendered still worse, so that it took a considerable time to get through it. At that season of the year the wolves occasionally infest the neighbourhood; and although at all seasons depredations are liable to be committed upon the small flocks of sheep in the vicinity, yet it is in winter, when they *pack* and hunt together, that the greatest danger is to be apprehended. The day previous to my proposed visit a party of thirteen (for their numbers were easily ascertained by their tracks in the snow) had issued from their haunts in the adjoining forest, and destroyed nearly fifty sheep belonging to the gentleman with whom I was sojourning. Although they had probably sucked the blood of the chief part of the sheep they had killed, they of course had not been able to devour the carcasses of more than a fourth part; it looked as if they had slaughtered them through sheer wantonness. My invitation to my friends was to dine, at two o'clock; for it is not customary to keep to the extremes of fashion in the backwoods. I, however, for some reason or other, saw fit to defer going until evening, when, as my road lay close along the edge of the swamp the wolves were known to inhabit, I stood a good chance of being serenaded by their wild and melancholy howlings, and probably might arouse some of them from their lairs. My friends pressed me to travel by daylight, but I kept my determination; and just as the shades of evening were closing in, I desired my horse to be got ready; and when the boy brought him saddled to the door, he called my attention to the howling of the wolves, which could be distinctly heard in the exact direction of the road I had to travel, although the noise seemed to proceed from a swamp at a couple of miles distance. Being prepared with a stout cudgel in lieu of a riding-whip, I mounted my horse, and set forward, already beginning to repent of having delayed my journey until so late an hour. By the time I had passed the scene of carnage of the preceding day, and was about to enter the dark and almost trackless woods, daylight had totally disappeared, and nothing remained for me but to pursue my way, and make the best of it.

I had not proceeded far ere I came to a steep descent, where the water, from an adjoining spring, had overflowed the snow, which was consequently formed into a continued sheet of ice, all the way down the declivity. My horse being smooth-shod, I deemed it safer to walk; therefore dismounting, and taking the bridle in my hand, I endeavoured to lead the way down the slippery path. Before, however, I had got half way to the bottom, away slid both my feet, and down I came. My horse was so startled at the suddenness of my fall, that he made a spring to one side of the track, lost his footing, and came down close beside me. But in the spring he made when I fell, from my hand being fast in the bridle, I was jerked back some distance up the hill with such force, that, when I recovered a little from the shock, I felt fully persuaded that my shoulder was dislocated. We both, however, gathered ourselves up as well as we were able; and there we stood, in no condition to protect ourselves from the wolves, should they see fit to attack us; for from the way in which my horse stood, I was afraid that he had suffered still more damage than myself. When the pain of my shoulder had somewhat subsided, I examined it more minutely, and convinced myself that it was not dislocated;

but the severe wrench had injured it so much that I had no hope of making use of that arm during the remainder of my ride. And as regarded my horse, I was pleased to find that he still possessed the use of his four legs, although one of them moved with less ease than it had done before. Having contrived to get to the bottom of the descent, I again mounted, with extreme difficulty—for I could only use my left hand,—in which I had to grasp both the bridle and my war-club. Had the wolves attacked us we should have been in considerable danger; for I found, on proceeding, that one of my horse's fore-legs was severely sprained; but either they were not aware of our condition, or they were in no need of a supper; for on getting beyond the confines of the swamp, I aroused several of them from their quiet hiding-places; and instead of stopping to scrutinise me and my horse, away they ran through the thick under-wood, while I hallooed with all my might, giving every tree within the reach of my club, a good left-handed blow or two. In this manner I continued along the dim and unbroken track, feigning to be a very hero,—although I candidly confess that I only recollect one or two instances in my whole life when I felt so thoroughly intimidated. Afterwards, I could not help thinking that I had only received the reward of my folly,—for I had sprained my own shoulder severely,—injured my horse's leg,—disappointed myself of the pleasant society of my friends for a few hours,—and all this for the credit of being able to boast of having dared to ride past the "wolf-swamp" after night-fall, when it was known that thirteen ravenous wolves were inhabiting it.

From the Metropolitan.

MR. SAMUEL WESLEY.

We regret to announce the death of that accomplished scholar, and extraordinary musical genius, Mr. Samuel Wesley, who expired on the 11th of October. Although he had been for about a month an invalid, there were no anticipations of so speedy a termination of his mortal career until Tuesday, when it became evident to his family and friends, that the long continuance of his disorder (that of diarrhoea) was more than his enfeebled frame could withstand; exhausted nature rapidly gave way, and the sufferer passed from time to eternity without a struggle. His last moments were employed in imploring the blessing of the Almighty on his children, and he expired in the effort of bidding them an affectionate farewell.

Mr. Wesley was born on the 24th day of February, 1766, being the same day and month on which Handel came into the world. He was consequently in his 72d year. When only three years old he could play and extemporize freely on the organ; and before he was five had taught himself to read and write a print-hand from his unremitting study of the oratorio of *Samson*, which he committed entirely to memory. He also learned by heart, within a month, the whole of Handel's overtures; and before he was eight years of age he had composed and written out an oratorio, which he entitled *Ruth*, and presented to Dr. Boyce, who acknowledged the compliment in the following

terms:—"Dr. Boyce presents his compliments and thanks to his very ingenious brother composer, Mr. Samuel Wesley, and is very much pleased and obliged by the possession of the oratorio of *Ruth*, which he shall preserve with the utmost care as the most curious product of his musical library." Before he reached the year of his majority he had become an excellent classical scholar, a fine performer on the piano-forte and organ, and unquestionably the most astonishing extemporaneous player in Europe. His prospects in life were unfortunately clouded by a dreadful accident which befel him in the year 1787. Returning from spending the evening with an intimate friend (one of the oldest members of the Madrigal Society,) in passing through Snow-hill, he fell into a deep excavation which had been prepared for the foundation of a new building. Here he lay insensible, until day-light disclosed his situation, and he was conveyed home. His head had received a most serious injury, and the medical attendants wished to perform the operation of trepanning; but Wesley obstinately refused his consent, and the wound was permitted to heal. This he ever after regretted; for, it is supposed, that in consequence of some portion of the skull adhering to, or pressing upon, the brain, originated those periodical states of high nervous irritability which subsequently checked and darkened the splendour of his career. For seven years immediately following his accident he remained in a low desponding state, refusing to cultivate his genius for music. On his recovering, he prosecuted the science with the utmost ardour, bringing to light the immortal works of Sebastian Bach, then alike unknown here and on the continent. In 1815, when on his journey to conduct an oratorio at Norwich, he suffered a relapse of his mental despondency; and for another seven years he retired from public life, endeavouring to find relief in the constant attendance upon public worship, and living with the austerity of a hermit. In 1823 he recovered, and up to 1830 composed many excellent pieces, and was much engaged in public performance on the organ. He then relapsed into his former state, but in August last partially recovered his health and spirits; it soon became evident, however, his constitution was undergoing a great change. When at Christ-church, Newgate Street, about three weeks ago, he rallied, passed a delightful day, and spoke in the evening of Mendelssohn, and his "wonderful mind," in terms of the strongest eulogy. On Saturday preceding his death he played extemporaneously to a friend, and composed some Psalm tunes. On Monday he endeavoured to write a long testimonial for an old pupil, but which his strength only permitted him to sign, and in the evening retired to his room with a presentiment which the event but too accurately verified.

As a musician, his celebrity is even greater on the continent than in his own country. His compositions are grand and masterly; his melodies sweet, varied, ever novel, and unexpected; his harmonies, bold, sublime, and imposing. His resources were boundless, and if called upon to extemporize for half a dozen tunes during an evening, each fantasia was new, fresh, and perfectly unlike the others. His execution was very great; close and neat, and free from labour or effort, and his touch on the piano-forte delicate and *chantante* in the highest degree. His favourite contemporaries were Clementi and Woelff; his models

in early life were Battishill and Worgan, on the organ; and subsequently Sebastian Bach. Of young Pinto, who was taken away in the prime of life, he always spoke in terms of rapture, and thought him the Mozart of this country. The amateur, the late Mr. Goodbehere, (son of Alderman Goodbehere,) he also remembered in high terms of admiration.

Mr. Wesley was remarkable for energy, firmness, nobleness of mind, freedom from envy, penetration, docility approaching to an almost infantine simplicity, and unvarying adherence to truth. These characteristics were united with a credulity which exceeded, if possible, that which marked his uncle, the celebrated John Wesley. His passions were exceedingly strong, and from a habit of always speaking his mind, and his having no idea of *management* or the *finess* of human life, he too often, by the brilliancy of his wit, or the bitterness of his sarcasm, unthinkingly caused estrangement, if not raised up an enemy. His conversation was rich, copious, and fascinating; no subject could be started which he could not adorn by shrewd remarks, or illustrate by some appropriate and original anecdote. For many years it has been his constant habit to study the Bible night and morning, and as no meal was taken before he had offered up his orisons to Heaven, so he never lay down without thanksgiving. He disclaimed ever having been a convert to the Roman Catholic Church, observing that although the Gregorian music had seduced him to their chapels, the tenets of the Romanists never obtained any influence over his mind.

He was regarded with peculiar solicitude by his uncle John Wesley, who, writing in reference to his supposed conversion to Popery, observes, "He may, indeed, roll a few years in purging fire, but he will surely go to heaven at last." Mr. Wesley was accustomed to relate that his father, (the Rev. Charles Wesley,) when dying, called him to his bedside, and addressed him in the words "Omnia vanitas et vexatio spiritus; præter amare Deum et illi servire;" and, blessing him, he added, "Sam, we shall meet in heaven." Mr. Wesley has left a large family, nearly all of whom are distinguished for their talents and acquirements. The younger branches, although of very tender years, display evident indications of fine intellect, and that exquisite sensibility which characterized the parent.

The musical profession has lost its brightest ornament. Since the days of Henry Purcell, no British composer has evinced so much genius and learning combined with such variety and sensibility; or has displayed so much energy and industry in the composition of memorials as lasting as they are extraordinary. Flourishing at a period when composers met with less encouragement than at any epoch in the history of the art, he pursued his course without reference to the applause of the day, resting on the certainty that the time must come when his works would receive that justice which the then state of the art forbade. He cared nothing for the public opinion respecting his compositions; with him the art was all in all, and, like Sebastian Bach, Handel, and Mozart, he affords another instance of the remark, that it is the high prerogative of genius to look forward with a calm but assured expectation that posterity will award that meed of approbation which must, sooner or later, attend bright and beautiful creations.

From Johnstone's Magazine.

ADDRESS TO SCOTTISH WHISKEY,

INCLUDING ENGLISH GIN.

PARENT of want, of wo, and crime,
Fell source of most the ills we dree;
Waster of talents, strength, and time,
The poor man's deadliest enemy,—
The madd'ning pulse, and reeling brain,
And burning heart attest thy reign!

I see thy victims as they pass,
With haggard cheek and blood-shot eye,
Hurrying to drain another glass,
To drown that inward agony
Which in each bosom burns, a Hell,
A brute desire unquenchable!

I view thy favourite haunts, vile Power,
The Alehouse tap-room, low and mean,*
Where still to waste the precious hour,
Thy squalid votaries convene;—
Tobacco's scent infects the air,
While through the smoke grim faces glare.

I hear the wild delirious laugh,
I see dark passion's withering frown,
As still fierce draughts they madly quaff,
In hopes their wo and care to drown.
Vain hope! the never-dying worm
Is revelling on each wasting form!

It hath come to a dreadful pass,
With thee, poor wretch, whose nerves, unstrung,
Require both hands to lift the glass,
Whose contents down thy throat are flung.
Reversed is God's and Nature's plan,
The brute hath triumph'd o'er the man!

Seductive poison! slaves to thee,
When injured Reason leaves her throne,
Say they are happy, blithe, and free,—
But the false boast their hearts disown.
Fools that they are! they do not know
The pleasures they for thee forego.

The fragrance of the woods and fields,
The beauties of the earth and sky,
And all the joys that Nature yields,
Which high and noble souls enjoy,
To their degraded minds are lost,
By low-born appetites engrossed.

The converse of the good and wise,
The knowledge drawn from books and men—
All that is useful they despise,
For what is hurtful, false, and vain!
Fatal infatuation binds,
Gross darkness envelops their minds.

Upon these scenes I need not dwell,
Where thou presidest day by day,

* This scarcely applies to Gin-Temple, which, in the great cities of England, is now gilt and tricked out for the delectation of the hourly worshippers like a puppet-show booth.

They're spread too widely, known too well :—
Thou makest, when beneath thy sway,
The tenor of domestic life
Perpetual heart-burning and strife.

Besotted slaves, for them I sigh,
Oh! what can stop their mad career?
Although an angel from the sky
Were sent to warn them—would they hear?
No: they would scoff, curse, and blaspheme:
This is no fabling poet's dream!

For you, ye inexperienced young,
Who soon will enter life's highways,
It is for you I thus have sung,
For you, my warning voice I raise;
The course of vicious pleasure shun,
'Tis ill to quit when once begun.

Vile drug, farewell! thy power shall fail,
To wreck, destroy, the human race;
Knowledge and virtue shall prevail,
And all the arts that raise and bless,—
For, O! if man were good and wise,
This Earth were still a Paradise!

W. C.

To the verses of our talented and right-minded contributor, we, without commentary, append an extract from a work just published. The whole of it we cannot approve. Its pictures are too much to the one side; but we must, in sorrow and bitterness, allow that the sketch we copy is faithful. The book from which we quote is one on the condition of the manufacturers of England, by P. Gaskell, Esq. The accuracy of this writer may be very fairly questioned, when, taking for an illustrative example a Manchester manufacturing family of five persons, he states the weekly wages of each individual at 10s. 6d., or £2. 12s. 6d. among them; and then shows how dreadfully this sum is misspent. The average is too high by a full half, even in good times; though Mr. Gaskell may have known some one family who made as much.

"THE GIN-SHOP."

"It is a strange sight to watch one of these dens of wickedness throughout an evening: it is a strange, a melancholy, yet, to the meditative man, an interesting sight. There approaches a half-clad man, covered with cardings, shivering even beneath the summer breeze which is singing around him. He comes with faltering step, downcast eye, and air of general exhaustion and dejection. He reaches his accustomed gin-vault, disappears for half an hour or less,—and now comes forth a new creature. Were it not for his filthy dress, he would hardly be recognised; for his step is elastic, his eye is brilliant and open, his air animated and joyous. He inhales the breezes as a refreshing draught, and he deems himself happy.—[With all submission to Mr. Gaskell, he neither feels nor thinks of any breezes, save those which, in slang language, await him at home.] His enjoyment, is, however, short-lived, and purchased at an immense sacrifice, for the

'—Price is death!
It is a costly feast.'

"Now comes a woman, perhaps his wife, bearing a sickly and cadaverous-looking infant, wailing and moaning as if in pain or wanting nutriment. She is indeed offering it the breast, but it is flaccid and cold as marble. She has no endearments for her child; it is held as a burden—passively and carelessly. She is thin, pale, and badly dressed; is without bonnet, and her cap is soiled and ragged; her bosom is exposed, her gown is filthy, her shoes only half on her feet, and her whole aspect forlorn and forbidding. She, too, disappears for a time within the gin-shop, remains longer than her husband, but returns equally changed. The child is now crowing in her arms, clapping its tiny hands, and is filled with infantine mirth; whilst its mother views it with fondness, joins in its vociferations, tosses it in her arms, and kisses it like a mother. She passes on cheerily, her whole gait is altered, her cheeks are flushed, and she thinks herself happy; for her maternal feelings are aroused, and her inebriated child seems to her own disordered senses the very paragon of beauty and delight.

"The pair have now reached home—night is far advanced, and the fumes of their intoxication are worn off or become converted into sullenness. The child is in a stupor, and the husband and wife meet without a single kindly greeting. There is no food, no fire: bickerings arise, mutual recriminations, blows, curses—till both at last sink into the stupefied sleep of drunkenness, worn out by toil, excessive stimulus, and evil passions—leaving the child lying on a rickety chair, from which it must inevitably fall should it awake.

"Here come several girls and young women, tolerably dressed: some with harsh, husky voices, showing the premature development of puberty, others full-grown and perfectly-formed women. All, save one, have the same pallid hue of countenance, the same coarseness of expression, the same contour of figure—but all seem equally toil-worn and exhausted. One amongst them is, however, beautiful, and beautiful as an innocent girl alone can be—the very purity of her heart and her soul gleaming in her face. Her figure is plump and round, and her cheeks, though somewhat pale, are yet firm in their outline. It is evident that she is scarcely at home in the presence of her companions, nor one of them in feeling, though it would seem that she is condemned to the same labour. Yes, it is so. She is not many weeks returned from a distant town, in which she had been apprenticed to a respectable trade. Adverse circumstances have, however, driven her home, and she has no resource but to become a weaver, and this she has been for upwards of a week. She hesitates to enter the beer-shop—she withdraws timidly, but at length is lost within its door, amidst the laughter and jeers of her companions. They remain long; and now approach a number of young men with soiled dress, open necks, and of obscene speech. They, too, enter the beer-house. Laughter long and loud resounds from it; time wears on, but the drunken revel continues unabated—now showing itself by bursts of obstreperous merriment—now by volleys of imprecations—now by the rude dance—and now by the ribald song. But where is that delicate and beautiful girl! Can she be one sharing such scenes! Can she, whose eyes and ears evidently revolted from the bold gestures and speeches of her companions, be re-

maining to share such coarse orgies? Eleven o'clock, and the party re-appear. Cursing, swearing, hiccuping, indecent displays, mark their exit; and there is the fair girl, whose 'unsmitrched brow' so lately gave token of her purity. But now she is metamorphosed into a bacchanal, with distended and glowing cheeks, staggering step, disordered apparel—lost, utterly lost to herself; and when the morning bell rings her to her appointed labour, she will be one of the herd, and will speedily lose all trace of her purity and feminine beauty."

From the Metropolitan.

THE NIGHT ATTACK.

BY A NAVAL OFFICER.

The boatswain's shrill pipe, re-echoed by his mates, called attention, and "Boarders away!" resounded through the decks of H. M. S. * * *. It wanted an hour of midnight, and was intensely dark, when I ordered the boats to follow my motions without noise, and proceed in search of a cutter, anchored between Rochelle and Rochefort, round which the boats of that division of the channel-fleet, commanded by Sir Harry Burrard Neale, were ordered to rendezvous, for the purpose of cutting out a convoy that had left Rochelle, and been chased into a bay near that place some days previously. Its strongly guarded state forbade any prospect of success in daylight, as a very high promontory, called Point du Ché, furnished with long thirty-two pounders, afforded effectual resistance, even to the approach of an adverse squadron. A regiment of infantry were removed from Rochelle, and encamped round the very pretty bay, their white tents glittering on the plain, and giving more effect to its beautiful scenery. The admiral and officers that had volunteered on this desperate undertaking had closely reconnoitred the place this day, and each officer had the plan of attack fully explained to him by Sir Harry, with the particular duty expected from him. The marine artillery were selected, and volunteers from that admirable corps, headed by Lieutenant Liddle, composed the forlorn hope. It was on reconnoitering we found that a regiment of infantry had arrived from Rochelle on the bay, and had taken an excellent position, both for defending the shipping and the promontory of Point du Ché. The plan of attack was skilfully arranged by Sir Harry: darkness was the first requisite, and it was most essential that a landing should be effected, or the boats got so much under the promontory that the heavy metal with which it was bristled could not be depressed to bear on the approaching force. One hundred marines, commanded by their captain from the Caledonian, were to secure the retreat of the storming-party, headed by Lieutenant Liddle, and for that purpose were to take up a position between the boats and the French regiment, whose encampment so much enlivened the plain. The boats were to move in six divisions from the cutter, their oars muffled, and each division having a different duty assigned them. Some were to board and cut out the shipping, others convey the storming

and covering party, mine, in a seventy-four's launch, was to flank the marines, and, with an eighteen pounder mounted in her bow, to check the advance of the French infantry. Now, fair and gentle reader, imagine the cutter, (and she was found with great difficulty, not daring to show a light,) imagine the cutter's deck thronged with the officers commanding the different boats, receiving the final orders of the youthful flag-lieutenant, representative of the rear-admiral, each as he made his parting bow to the gallant youngster, for so he was compared to the senior-officers under him, each drew tighter the belt of his sword, and placed his hand on the butt of his pistols. The quick ear might have detected the half-drawn sigh, and the rapid glance, had there been light, the slight suffusion of the eye as some replaced the locket they had most affectionately pressed to their lips, arguing, from the dangerous nature of their service, a possibility of no other opportunity of bidding farewell to the much-prized tokens of love or friendship. At this moment some awkward fellow accidentally discharged his pistol, and the stifled execration of displeasure burst from numerous lips; all eyes turned eagerly to the dangerous battery of Point du Ché, and then swept the bay, where the regiment had encamped, but nothing denoted alarm. The sentinel still paced his lonely round, and a few minutes' observation convinced us they had not observed our unguarded conduct.

"Gentlemen, to your boats," said our youthful commander, and they formed in the divisions previously planned. As we slowly approached the intended scene of disembarkation, for the strictest orders were given for silence, and the muffled oars just touched the unruffled water, we plainly perceived the sentinel as he stood on the topmost pinnacle of the high bluff cliff. His figure, as viewed by us so far beneath, appeared unnaturally large, and swelled out into gigantic proportions beneath earth and sky. Sometimes he would slowly pace the edge, then would he rest on his musket, casting a wary eye on the dark waters below. Every man held his breath, for this was the trying time; death or victory hung on the vigilance of that man, and each eye strained to watch his motions: "Hush!" was faintly heard along the divisions, and I thought I could distinguish even the beating of the heart as the sentinel was observed to stop and apparently stretch himself forward from the cliff. A discharge of grape and canister at this moment from their heavy guns would have swept us, like a flash of lightning, from the face of the ocean. Thank God! he drew back, and seemingly satisfied with his gaze, resumed his slow pace. Each person drew his breath more freely, at least I can answer for myself, who felt as if a ton weight had suddenly been lifted from my breast. Every yard had now life or death depending on it; yet we could not exert more speed without drawing on us the attention of our wary and vigilant foe. With us all was profound stillness and inactivity, far different from the bustle and noise of action; and I am confident many a good resolution was formed, and many a silent aspiration ascended to the throne of heaven for mercy. During the forty-two years I have been in the service, never did I feel my mind called upon for more fortitude than on this eventful ten minutes. Again the sentinel stood still, and stretched himself over the cliff, gazing on the deep, deep sea, like a man alarmed, for the dip-

of our oars had reached his quick ears. "Qui vive!" from his hoarse manly voice rang in our ears like thunder; again we heard the challenge, quickly followed by the report of his musket. Now hissed the rockets as they ascended the sky, and blue lights innumerable threw a ghastly glare on the frowning promontory and bay below. The grape and canister splashed and tore the waters into foam just outside of us, and the British cheer rung high and merrily, as our youthful commander shouted, "Give way for your lives, men, and remember your orders."

The divisions of boats flew through the placid waters, as the rowers bent both back and oar to their work; and as they neared the shore, diverged to their different duties. The forlorn hope, under the gallant Liddle, jumped from their boats, formed, and rushed up the steep to the attack of the battery with incredible speed. I drew off to the right of the marine corps, and directly in front of the French regiment, whose bugles at intervals could be heard above the roar of the heavy-artillery and field-pieces that thickly lined the beach, and now opened in earnest on the boats.

A sudden nervous start and—"I was afraid my right arm was off," said the midshipman, seated near me; "but it is only confoundedly bruised by a shot striking the gunnel."

"It is well you preserved it, for I want its assistance in training the carronade. So, oars, lay in the six foremost ones, bowse forward the gun, and load it with double canister. Now, coxswain, keep the bow of the boat directed towards the centre of that scattered fire you see advancing;" for the regiment had thrown out their sharp-shooters to feel their way, and give some knowledge of the attacking force; of these gentlemen I took no notice, confident that the main body were advancing in close column, and reserving my welcome for them alone.

By this time Lieutenant Liddle's storming party had gained the crown of the promontory, and were halted to re-form and gain breath, but finding the enemy endeavouring to turn one of their heavy guns upon them, the gallant Liddle gave the word to charge bayonet, and advance at double quick time; sparks flew as they crossed each other, and many a gallant breast was transfixed by that truly British implement. At this moment their gallant leader received a ball in his sword arm, which shattered the bone, so as to require amputation, and the wounded hero was supported to the boats with the wreath of victory on his brow. The tramp of masses of infantry was plainly heard in the launch, and the sharpshooters retired on their main body. "Depress the gun, and stand clear of its recoil!"—nearer, and still nearer came the heavy tread. I heard the command to our marines, to make ready and close their files. "Fire!" and thirty-six pounds of small balls imperatively commanded a halt, which the Frenchmen acknowledged by prompt obedience. The flames from the grounded shipping that had been set on fire now gave a glimpse of the retreating infantry, and our gun, by its playing, accelerated their motion. The commander of our party now ordered the bugle to sound a retreat, and the marines rushed into the boats in double quick movement. Never was a night attack better planned, or more ably executed. Our youthful commanding officer, now Captain Hamilton, then received his promotion, and we the thanks of Sir Harry Barrard Neale.

THE STORY-TELLER.

ANDREW THE SAVOYARD.

FROM THE FRENCH OF C. PAUL DE KOCK.

CAN the English reader, without derangement or great inconvenience, stretch his imagination so far as to fancy M. C. PAUL DE KOCK, an author living in Paris, a city more like than unlike London, and writing novels just as Mr. Bulwer, or any other of our native Messieurs do. Let him next fancy, in the Savoyards, wild Irish, or tame Scotch mountaineers, travelling to London or Edinburgh to perform the part of the children of Canaan and Issachar to their brethren, the wealthy citizens of these cities, and he will have a tolerably fair idea of the ground-plan of this foreign production, of which we mean to give him the outline, for the simple and single reason, that it was the best novel of the present month.

There is often much happiness among even the poorest of the poor, especially when they live far in the country, or among the mountains—happiness for which they have to thank Heaven alone, as it is held direct from its bounty; which seals their senses in the softest sleep, allows the free air to play around them, and teaches the heart to beat with pure and kindly domestic affections. On such a night as that on which the Ayrshire peasant, Burns, was born, and in much such a family and hut as were his, we are placed by Andrew the Savoyard, who tells his own story.

The snow was falling in heavy flakes; the highways were covered, and had almost rendered impracticable the by-paths in the mountains, at all times dangerous from their frequently traversing the brinks of the precipices which surrounded the little town of l'Hopital, in the immediate vicinity of Mont Blanc.

Our cottage stood near the road, from which the stormy weather had for some days driven all travellers. The snow was already a foot deep on the earth; nevertheless, neither I nor my brothers had a thought of seeking shelter.

I was rolling at the foot of a rock, and I felt as comfortable as if it had been on a grassy bank: my little hands were manufacturing snow-balls and discharging them at my brothers, who in their turn attacked me with similar weapons. Pierre, crouching in the hollow made by the road, only showed himself now and then, taking pains in the meantime to level his aim with great accuracy, and then immediately concealing himself. Jacques ran from side to side without stopping, except to pick up the materials for his ball, and then, darting them at us, stole out of the way.

What delight was there when any of us happened to hit; what cries of joy when Jacques, as he was making off, received a ball on his back; when Pierre, at the instant that he popped up his little white head from his hiding-place, caught the ball in his face, over which the snow would break in a thousand atoms. The conquered joined his laugh to that of the conqueror: victory never cost a tear. How could we be cold! we were so happy and at an age when happi-

ness is so pure—for it is mingled neither with the recollections of the past, nor fears for the future.

Already had the voice of our mother more than once reached us, warning us to come in. "Directly," was the answer of all of us. But just at the moment of regaining home, some fresh snow ball from one or other of us would renew the war; the attack was recommenced on all hands, and cries of joy, bursts of laughter, made our mountains echo again. Our feet were half dead with cold, our little red numbed hands could scarcely take up and compress the snow which afforded us our pastime—nevertheless we never could prevail on ourselves to return to the fireside of our cottage.

But when the approach of night at length compelled us to quit our sport, we would enter, all three, blowing, and panting, and glowing with pleasure; and run and pop ourselves down in the chimney corner by the side of the fire, before which our father sat in his large chair, whilst my mother was moving about in the kitchen, the only room of the house, preparing the soup for our evening meal, all the time scolding us for having come home so late.

"See how they are covered with snow! to stay so long in the road in such weather as this! the little vagabonds! when they once get set in to play, there is no making them hear." "Don't scold them, Marie," our father would say, drawing us towards him; "don't scold them; they amuse themselves; they are happy. Why seek to trouble their little pleasures! Dear children! this will not last long! Cares and troubles will begin soon enough! Soon will they learn that the labour of the day will scarce suffice for the wants of the morrow! Never will they again be so happy as they now are! I too have made snow balls in my day! Forty years have passed since I have thus amused myself! It is a long time since, but I cannot recollect that I have ever tasted any pleasure equal to what I then enjoyed." "What, Georget, not even when you married me?" said our mother, in a tone of reproach. My father smiled at her and replied hesitatingly, "Oh, that is quite a different thing—you know I had only a hut to offer you." "Was I accustomed to better? Did that ever interfere with our happiness?" "No, certainly not." "Our little hut, our work is enough for us. We are poor, but we have never yet known want, and we have brought up our children well; they are growing stout, and will work in their turn." "Yes, but henceforward—Ah, Marie! ever since the cursed fall I got in guiding the stranger over the glaciers—and who did not even offer me the slightest assistance, I feel that my strength fails me daily—that I shall never be restored to health—and if I should leave you thus with these children, the eldest of whom is only seven years old—alas, what will become of you!"

So saying, my father drew us towards him, and we pressed as close to him as possible. I had climbed on his knees, Jacques was seated at his feet, and Pierre, mounted on his back, had nestled his head on his shoulder. Our mother stood suddenly in the middle of the room; her husband's last words had given a chill to her heart, and she turned to hide the tears which fell down her cheeks, whilst we, without well knowing what was the matter, redoubled our caresses, in order to dissipate the grief which we read in the eyes of our father.

"Good heavens! how can you think of such

things?" said the poor wife, sobbing as if her heart would break. "Ah, Georget! you must not fatigue yourself—you must work no more—stay quiet in the chimney corner. Our crop is secured, we have bread enough in the house for more than six weeks to come, and you shall not expose yourself in the way you have done for the sake of a little money." "Father," said I, looking up boldly, "when any travellers pass by I will be their guide; I will conduct them over the glaciers and show them those beautiful precipices—so frightful to look at! They will give me some money which I will bring to you, and then there will be no occasion for your fatiguing yourself. You will let me go; won't you father?" "You are still too young, my little fellow," said my father, pinching my cheeks. "Too young! I am the eldest, I am more than seven. Our neighbour Michel's son, was not so much when he set out for the great town." "My dear children, Heaven grant you may not be obliged to go there too! I would fain keep you always with me." "What a wonderful place that great town must be," said Pierre, opening his little eyes as wide as he could stare; "they say that you may see every day there the magic-lantern, which once passed by us!" "Would you like to go there, Pierre?" "Oh! faith, I should be afraid to go there alone, like Michel's son." "And you, my little Jacques," said my father to the youngest of my brothers, who was but five years old, and who was stretching himself out at his feet before the fire; "tell me, Jacques, what would you do there, my little man?" "I would eat cheese with my bread every day," replied Jacques, smiling, and following his mother with his eyes, who was busy preparing the soup for supper. "As for me," said I, in my turn, "I would work—I would gain—oh, so much money—enough to buy a large garden—I would bring it all back to you, and how happy we should be! You, father, and you, mother, might stay by the fire all the day long in winter, whilst my brothers and I should have plenty of time to play at snow ball." "You are a good boy, Andrew, you always think of your parents. But the great town—ah! children, fortunes are not always to be made there. I went there myself when young and could pick up but very little, and even of that little I was robbed by some rascals on the road—the hard savings of ten years' labour which I was bringing to my mother—I was obliged to return empty handed." "What do you mean by rascals, father?" said Pierre. "Oh, wicked, idle, good-for-nothing men, who will not work themselves, and only live by what they can steal from others." "One may fight them, father, mayn't one?" said I, quickly. "Not always, my dear Andrew; when they are taken the law punishes them, but we are forbidden to do so ourselves." "Do they give wicked people any thing to eat?" said little Jacques, looking from the fire to the soup, which was bubbling on it. "Every body must live, children." "But wicked people have not such nice soup as that, eh! father?"

Our father smiled, and lifting little Jacques, he kissed him tenderly; Pierre and I pressed against his bosom in order to come in for a share of his caresses, which he did not fail to bestow on us, for he loved us all alike.

Thanks to my mother's cares the soup was ready and placed on a wooden table. We were delighted at the sight of the steam which issued from an im-

mense porringer, and little Jacques laughed aloud as he snuffed up the delicious exhalations.

"Supper—supper!" said our brother; and in a moment Jacques slipped from our father's knees and seated himself on a little stool. Pierre drew the chair from which my father had arisen towards the table, whilst I remained near him to aid his tottering steps, for he had severely hurt his knee in his last fall, and he was far from being cured. My father pretended to lean upon me, because he saw that I was proud of being already able to support him, but his hand pressed very lightly on my shoulder.

We were soon seated round the table; the snow fell more heavily, and the wind increased in violence; it whistled through our sorry hut, and its hollow melancholy sound frightened Pierre, who crept close to me every time that the door rattled with more than ordinary violence. Our cottage, which a solitary lamp did not enlighten, was gladdened, however, by the fire that was burning brightly on our hearth, and little Jacques thought of nothing but the soup before him, over which he was crowing with delight.

This happy family circle were disturbed by cries of distress; and the father going to the relief of the sufferers, returned with Count de Francornard, his valet, Champagne, and a beautiful girl, its little form wrapped in a pelisse of fur. A black velvet cap, also trimmed with fur, covered its pretty head, and was fastened under the chin with golden clasps. Some curls of light brown hair had escaped from underneath, and shadowed the forehead of the unconscious child. Her little mouth was half opened, a slight carnation tint dwelt on her cheeks, and her eyes were fringed with long lashes, black as the velvet which covered her head. She slept as tranquilly as if cradled in her mother's lap.

The strangers were not much delighted with their accommodation, nor in the least grateful for the hospitable assiduity of the Savoyards.

"Chamber! do they call this a chamber!" muttered the gentleman, looking at his valet, who had just taken off his cloak, and answered every thing he said with a respectful smile. "Let me see; where shall I put myself, for I suppose I must put myself somewhere! must I not, Champagne?" "Most undoubtedly, M. le Comte, the place is not worthy of you; but it is not the poor people's fault." "You are right Champagne; the place is not worthy of me; but since there is no other—" "Oh, if the gentleman would like to be alone," said my mother, "there is besides a loft above, where we keep our winter provisions; there is plenty of fresh straw." "A loft! straw! for me! Tell me, Champagne, did you hear this woman? really this is too good!"

And the gentleman rolled his eye from right to left, as if he would have looked through us. Although I was behind him, I could tell the motion of his eye by that of his tail.

"These poor people, Monsieur le Comte, are not aware to whom they have the honour of speaking." "Certainly, they don't know. Let us see. Give me an arm-chair, on which I may be able to sit down." "I have but this arm-chair, Sir," said my father, putting forward the seat in which he ordinarily sat; whilst my mother, pulling him by the jacket, said to him in an under tone, "But it's thy chair, Georget; where are you to sit, and you so lame?" "No easy chair!" said the stranger, spreading his spindle shanks

before the fire, and warming his fingers loaded with rings. "How ill these roads are kept! Ah, by-the-by, tell me, my good man, when you came up to my carriage as it was floundering in the snow, why you cried out to the postillion to stop; what was that for?" "Because he was going towards a precipice, which the snow concealed from him: a few more turns of the wheel, and you all would have perished." "How! what! I, the Comte de Francornard, I die in *that* manner—rolled into a hole. How extraordinary! I say, Champagne, can you conceive that? Dost thou understand to what danger I have been exposed? and I was sleeping tranquilly in my carriage all the time, surrounded with perils: by Jove, if that is not courage, I am an ass."

The servant had been examining the table at which we had supped, and I saw the wry face he made after tasting the soup.

"Sad cookery, indeed!" said he, throwing his eyes about him. "Is not M. le Comte hungry?" "No, Champagne; besides, do you think I could eat the stuff these peasants live upon?" "Why certainly this does not appear any very great thing." "These people live like brutes." "Ah, when I think of M. le Comte's cook!" "Yes, Champagne, that really is a man of merit—most talented—I will advance him—I will make a name for him.—I see we must not think of supping here. Fortunately we dined well, and to-morrow, we may reach some good inn. Have you that bottle of Alicant in your pocket?" "Yes, M. le Comte." "Give it me, that I may just taste it—it will revive me—the supper of these Savoyards has the most pestilential smell.—Sit down, Champagne," said the stranger; "I permit you; it will be some time before the peasant returns; besides he must then take the smith to the carriage. Warm yourself, and keep up the fire, for it is dreadfully cold, and I feel the wind blowing in every direction. How can any one manage to exist in such a wretched cabin!"

M. Champagne did not wait to be bid a second time.

As they sat by the fire sleeping, or waiting for the daylight, and refreshing themselves with the contents of the flask, the Count deigned to tell his valet, who was as fine a gentleman as himself, so much of his family affairs that little Andrew, awake in his crib, obtained some knowledge of how the marriages of the great were managed at Paris.

"Her father said to me, 'Marry my daughter. I shall be well pleased, and in the end she will be equally so. She does not love you; but, if you manage well, before fifteen years, she will adore you.' He was not mistaken, Champagne; I see that every time I meet I am gaining on my wife. Mme. la Comtesse begins to take great interest in me—and if it were not for her mad whim of running about the world—but that will wear away."

The Comtesse, in fact, could not endure her husband, who, hoodwinked by excessive self-complacency, was pleased to attribute her perpetual running about to evade his society, to female caprice. To alarm and bring her, after him to Paris, he had, at this time, contrived to steal her daughter; that lovely child on whom Andrew, his mother, and his brothers gazed.

"How sound she sleeps," said I, "if she would but open her eyes! I should so like to hear her say, 'maman!'"

Just then Jacques, in playing with the fur with which the little girl's cap was trimmed, disturbed her; she turned, and her pelisse opening, we saw a miniature suspended from her neck by a golden chain.

"Oh, the pretty plaything," said Jacques, and we all thrust our heads nearer the sleeper, in order to get a sight of the ornament. "It is the picture of a woman," said mother; "what a handsome face; what beautiful eyes! it must be the mother of this little girl; yes, I'll engage it is; I can see the likeness already."

It was indeed the likeness of the little girl's beautiful mother; and next day, when the insolent travellers had far left the Savoyard's hut, grudgingly and shabbily recompensing the labours of Georget, in having their carriage repaired, and clearing away the snow to enable them to proceed, it was found that the portrait was left behind. The honest Savoyards had no means of returning it, save when little Andrew should go to Paris to push his fortune like the rest of the boys of his countrymen. He was sure he would meet the ugly gentleman, and know the little girl again, she was so lovely.

The time of Andrew's journey was nearer than he calculated. He says,

"One day my mother was weeping over her wheel; my father had not spoken for a considerable time. All at once he called us to him, opened his arms, and strained us to his bosom. I understood him to bid farewell to my mother, who had flown towards him. He called us his dear children; then closing his eyes, he fell back with a heavy sigh.

"My mother sank into a chair, weeping bitterly; she sobbed as if her heart would break.

"Hush, hush, don't make a noise," said we, my brothers and I; "father is dropping asleep, you will awake him." We took our accustomed place, and were seated at his feet, in the most profound silence. Our mother did not cease weeping. At last she cried, "Alas! my children, your father is dead! you have lost him! my poor Georget is gone for ever!"

Dead! the word sounded drearily, but we could not well comprehend its meaning. "Dead!" repeated we, "that means he will not wake again." We could not believe it. We crept up softly to look at our father. He appeared to sleep; and the expression of his mild kind features remained the same. Little Jacques called him. "Alas, my children! he cannot hear you," said my mother. She came over to us, and making us kneel down by our father, said, "Pray to the good God that your father may always watch over you from the heavens above."

We prayed together for a long time; and as the day passed our grief increased; for our father awoke not, and we now began to comprehend what death really meant.

Some people of the village came into our hut, and tried to console my mother; but they thought not of taking her from the house: for with us it is not the custom to fly those we love the instant they cease to exist; and we feel a melancholy pleasure in gazing on their remains.

What a mournful day was that! my mother wept unceasingly. She made no reply to those who attempted to console her; she did not even seem to hear them. We said nothing to her, my brothers and I; but we pressed about her. We encircled her in our arms, we rested our little heads on her bosom, and she became more tranquil.

The next morning some men bore away my father. They made a sign to my brothers and myself to follow them, whilst my mother remained a prey to grief. We were not alone in following our father; almost all the men of the village were there, and walked behind us. We went slowly forward; scarce a word was spoken, and every one seemed very melancholy. I merely heard at intervals, "He was very kind"—"There was no fault about him"—"Poor Georget!"

No one said he was not an honest man; for in our mountains that is nothing uncommon.

A cross was fixed over my father's grave, and his name and age written underneath. No address was delivered over his ashes; but all around were steeped in tears; and I have since learned to think that a much purer tribute than any oration.

My poor mother! how she wept on our return! how she kissed us as she cried, "You are my only consolation on earth!" We shared her sorrow; and a hundred times a-day our eyes wandered in search of our poor father; and our little hearts were full as we gazed upon his vacant chair.

Time soon heals the sorrows of childhood. At the end of a few weeks we had recommenced our play; but my mother's melancholy had not decreased, though she did not cry so much. This good mother worked incessantly; she scarcely took a few hours of repose, and it was to support us she laboured so hard.

I often heard the inhabitants of the village say to her, "You must send the two elder to Paris; they are strong enough to take the journey; they will do as well as others; they will pick up money and send it to you; and at length they will return home. Come, come, follow our advice; it is impossible you can support those three boys; and when you have made yourself ill by overwork, you will be worse off than ever." "Yes, yes," said my mother, "I know very well that I must—but part from my children! I should never be able to do it." "Oh, keep little Jacques with you." "But Andrew and Pierre—I should never see them again."

My mother, on these occasions, would look at us wistfully, and then resume her work with redoubled ardour.

Day by day the mother kissed her boys, and still put off the evil hour. Andrew, who was a firm and manly, kind hearted little fellow, seriously spoke to his brother Pierre, who was now nearly seven; almost the age when English mothers, if compelled by necessity, will permit their boys to go to a day school, without the attendance of a servant, rather than that their education should be neglected. Pierre was a gay, light-hearted child, not very thoughtful, nor in the least enterprising, but he promised to accompany his brother, provided they never travelled in the dark. A kind neighbour presented Andrew and his brother with one of those little iron instruments with which chimneys are scraped or swept. Proud of being master of so useful an implement, Andrew climbed every roof, and scraped all day. And now came the season, September, when the Savoyard children annually depart in bands from their native mountains for Paris. The widow confined her boys all day to the hut; but felt she did wrong in keeping them behind their companions, since it was absolutely necessary that they should leave her. Amidst her tears she prepared for their journey. She thrust bread into the clothes' bag they

were to carry on their backs, and a handful of copper; nor was the portrait forgotten, concerning which she gave Andrew many charges, and concealed it in his dress. We promised, says Andrew, our mother faithfully not to forget her advice, and to give way neither to lying or idleness. Then once more embracing both her and our little brother, we tore ourselves from their arms.

How painful are the first steps which take us away from those we love! Till now I had been full of ardour, but when on the point of separating, I felt my courage fail me, and I was almost tempted to rush once more into my mother's arms. With difficulty I restrained my tears, whilst Pierre's ran in torrents down his cheeks.

We had scarce taken half a dozen steps, before we turned to take one more look of our mother and brother, and to make them a farewell sign. It was meant to be the last, but not till we could no longer perceive them did we renounce the attempt of catching one more look of those we loved so well.

We were at the bottom of the mountain. The roof of our hut was already lost in the distance. Jacques, Marie, you still hold out your arms towards us! But the deed is done; we can no longer distinguish your parting signs. Now may I give a free course to my tears; my mother will not be a witness of them.

The poor little fellows! for an hour they did not speak; but the day passed on as they travelled among unknown rocks and precipices.

"Andrew, I am tired," said Pierre, stopping before me. "Let me sit down there on the road side," said I, looking at him affectionately, for I thought of my mother's last words: she desired me to watch over him, to protect him, and never to leave him. I felt proud of the confidence she placed in me, and of the tacit acknowledgment of my superiority.

We were seated at the foot of a little hill. "Have we much farther to walk?" said Pierre, with a very melancholy air. "Indeed have we; we are far from being arrived yet." "Jacques must be very happy—he is snug at home." "We are going to earn money to help our mother; you are not sorry for it, sure?" "And what must we do to earn money?" "We must sweep chimneys, go messengers; we will dance La Savoyarde, and sing the song our father taught us. Pierre, who made a wry face when I spoke of sweeping, then said, "if you please, Andrew, you may sweep tue chimneys, and then you know I can dance."

I looked at my brother. His blue eyes were red with crying; his usually smiling face, round and red as a cherry, and over which his brown hair fell in large curls becoming it so well, was like his eyes, changed by sorrow. I threw myself on his neck, and hugged him closely. This eased our hearts and Pierre found an appetite.

"I am hungry," said he. "Let us eat then. We have plenty in our bags." Pierre fumbled in his, and cried out with delight. Our poor mother had slipped some apples and nuts in with our bread. "Andrew, Andrew," said he, "apples!" And he danced about with delight; all his liveliness had returned at the sight of the fruit. "Tell me, Andrew, what shall we see at Paris?" said he as he munched his apples and nuts. "Oh, a thousand fine things. You know my father told us all that he had seen there." "Ah, yes! Punch I remember, and men who did all sorts of

tricks—who eat fire and drew tape from their mouths—who walked on their heads, and turned about on one leg."

And there was my brother practising his monkey tricks by the side of the road. He had already forgotten our hat. Ah, Pierre will soon be reconciled to Paris!

Andrew and his brother fared, on their journey, somewhat like Gaffer Gray in the English ballad. When they approached a rich man's door, the dogs barked, and the old housekeeper scolded them away for thieves and vagabonds, bawling over the window. "Who dares knock at the Mayor's door at such hours!" "It's we, Madame." "And who are you?" "Andrew and Pierre." "Well, what do Andrew and Pierre want here?" "We are little Savoyards—have you any chimneys to sweep? If you will open the door we will sing a little song, and dance both of us for you, for a mouthful of bread and cheese." "The little rascals! the good-for-nothing vagabonds! to disturb people of our consequence! See them dance, forsooth!—if I catch you to-morrow, I will make you dance to some tune! Cheese—cheese, indeed! the little blackguards! get away directly, and don't let me hear you again. In the dead of the night—to sweep chimneys—at M. le Maire's!"

The old woman withdrew, muttering curses against us. I returned slowly towards my brother.

"Andrew," said he, "these are very wicked people, they won't open the door for us. And why not? When any one knocked at our door in the night, my father always let them in. He shared his supper without requiring them to sweep his chimney, and without caring whether they could sing or not. Why are these people so different from my father?"

The boys found a shed and straw, and slept profoundly in each other's arms. They were wakened by an old villager, who smiled kindly upon them; and when informed where they had looked for lodgings, told them, "My children you should have called at the plainest, the most humble, and they would not have turned you away; recollect my advice, and when you seek hospitality, rather look to find it in the meanest hut, than in the wealthiest dwelling."

This good man led the way to his cottage, where milk, eggs, cheese, and white bread, made a delightful feast for Pierre; of which the good man stowed the fragments into his wallet.

With many little adventures and some jobs in chimney sweeping by the way, the boys reached Paris, where Andrew had the misfortune to lose his brother, who one day ran off in deadly fright from a puppet-show, where a Signor was about to eat him alive for the entertainment of the spectators. Poor Andrew was in deep distress. He wandered over Paris. What a size he thought that city! He went about till he sunk overpowered with fatigue and sleep. "I was awakened," says Andrew, "by a voice which cried, 'Take care my little fellow, you block up the entrance to our alley, which is already small enough. What! are you still asleep? is it possible you have been lying here all night!'"

Some one shook me by the arm, and I opened my eyes. It was broad day, and I saw before me a man dressed very much as my father used to be, in trousers and waistcoat of coarse brown cloth, with a round low-crowned hat, and carrying by leather straps passing over his shoulders, a hoop, to which were

hung two pails. The countenance of this man beamed with frankness and good humour; he stopped before me and was looking at me very attentively. When I awoke my first thought was of my brother; I looked about for him, and my eyes again filled with tears.

"Well, my little fellow, why don't you answer?"

"Ah! Sir, have you seen my brother?" "What is your brother's employment? how old is he? does he live in this neighbourhood? perhaps he is one of my customers?" "My brother is seven years old; he is called Pierre, and he is a Savoyard like me. We only arrived yesterday in Paris; we came from home, from Verin, near l'Hopital. Our father died some months since, and our mother is not able to support us, for we have another brother, little Jacques, who remained with her. It was high time we should go, and I promised my mother never to leave my brother—to watch over him always, and to have a careful eye on him, for he is not so old as I am. Yesterday, on arriving in Paris, we stopped before an extremely well-dressed gentleman, who had two servants, and who offered to eat a child, and to give him twelve sous if he allowed it. For my part I thought it was all a joke." "To be sure my boy; you were right; it was some trickster who was humbugging the blockheads about him."

I had scarcely begun speaking, when I read in the countenance of the water-carrier the interest he took in the recital. When I had finished, he passed his hand over his eyes, and once more looked at me attentively. "You have told me the truth, my little fellow?" "Oh yes, Sir; I will never tell a lie—I promised my mother faithfully." "And what do you intend doing this morning?" "To seek for my brother—I must find him." "Not so easy a task as you may imagine; Paris is so vast a town! And in what quarter did you lose your brother?" "Good Heavens!—I don't know, Sir. It was in a large place, surrounded with houses." "Ah! that does not throw much light on the question." "Shall I not find him again, Sir?" "It may be a long time first; and whilst you are seeking your brother you cannot work. Have you any money?" "No, indeed, Sir; but I am very well satisfied." "Well satisfied! with what?" "That we had seven sous left, and, at least, it is my brother who has them."

The water-carrier once more passed his hand across his eyes, and then tapped me on the cheek, saying, "You are a good boy—you are very fond of your brother. But cheer up, my little man; you must not be always crying. That will never do at all. You have not breakfasted yet—you must be hungry." "Yes, Sir, for I have not eaten any thing since three o'clock yesterday. I will go and cry about the streets; I shall get work, and then I shall breakfast." "Yes, indeed! You think you will find a chimney just as you want one! But, my poor boy, there are a devil of a number of sweepers in Paris; and with your empty stomach you will not be able to cry loud. Come, come up stairs with me; it is only half-past five, and for once my customers may wait a little."

So saying the good-hearted man disencumbered himself of his pails, which he left in the corner of the alley, and stepping up the staircase, he made me a sign to follow him. I climbed up after him; the staircase was somewhat narrow, and there was no seeing very clearly, but I held fast by the bannister.

We continued mounting till we came to the top of the house, and when we could get no higher, my conductor stopped, and knocking at a door, cried, "Manette—Manette—come, make haste."

A little girl, apparently about my own age, opened the door. She was dressed very differently from the one who slept in our hut. Her features were not so delicate, and her clothes of a different make and quality; but she had such bright eyes, was so very plump, had such rosy cheeks, and so engaging an appearance, that it was impossible to look at her without pleasure.

"What! is it you, papa?" said Manette, opening the door, and looking at me with surprise. "Come, my little girl," said the water-carrier, taking me into the room, "let us have the remains of our breakfast quickly for this child, who must be quite ready for it."

Whilst the little girl did her father's bidding, I cast my eyes about me. The water-carrier's room reminded me, in some measure, of our own hut; for the furniture was much of the same description. It was a large loft, with a sloping roof; at the bottom was the bed, and a parcel of cooking utensils lay about. To the left, I perceived a little closet, with a window and another bed in it; and these constituted the whole of my protector's possessions.

Manette placed on the table some bread, cheese, and cold meat. I did not require much pressing, for at eight years of age sorrow does not long prevent us from feeling hungry. "Oh! how hungry he must have been," said the little girl, as she saw me eating, and her father muttered to himself, smiling, "The poor child!"

But in the middle of my breakfast I stopped; a painful thought darted across my mind. "If Pierre has nothing to eat!" "Never fear, my little man," said the water-carrier; "they will not let him die of hunger—besides, had he not seven sous?"

I had forgotten it, and the recollection restored my appetite. "Mind me, my boy," said Manette's father, when I had recruited my spirits, "I feel interested in you. I am not a countryman of yours; I am an Auvergnat—but there are honest people in Auvergne, and old Bernard is well known in his neighbourhood—my character is as clear as that glass. I am not rich it is true. The illness of my deceased wife ran away with all my money—but I can lodge you free of expense. Stay, do you see that tressle?—my brother used to sleep there—he left us for the country six months ago; well, I must spread a mattress of fresh straw, and you will sleep like a prince. You must go to your work, and you can eat with us. I have no one with me but Manette, who is eight years old; but she has already learnt to make the soup; and besides a neighbour takes charge of our little matters. If you find your brother, bring him here, too—the bed will be large enough for you both. Well, my little fellow, are you satisfied?" "Oh yes, Sir! you are very good, indeed," said I to father Bernard; "but I do so long to see my brother!" "You can seek him whilst you are working; and for my part I will do every thing I can to find him. I will ask for him in every direction." "Ah! do, Sir; I beg you will not fail." "Make yourself easy, my little man—but come, it is six o'clock—I must go and fill my pails. Come down with me, and I will show you how to open the door of the alley."

I took up my bag and scraper, and made a little inclination of my head to Manette, who smiled at me as if we had been acquainted for six months. I followed the good water-carrier down stairs, but my heart was still full, and I had a very melancholy look which the good man did not fail to perceive, and he kept saying "Come, my little man, pluck up your heart; all will go well, and you will find your brother again; and besides, the same Providence watches over him as over you."

"True," said I to myself softly, "and then Pierre has seven sous, which will carry him a long way."

"By-the-by," said father Bernard, when we were in the alley, "I have never yet asked you your name."

"I am called Andrew—and my brother, Pierre."

"Oh! as to your brother, I know that well enough. Andrew, mark well the door, the street, the old Rue du Temple—you understand—follow quite straight and you will reach the Boulevard. Don't go and lose yourself, too; and mind, be back before it is late, my boy."

Andrew earned nothing that day, and looked in vain for his brother. When he returned to the water-carrier, he modestly declined eating, declaring that he was not hungry. "Morbleu, I insist on your eating," said Bernard, "hungry or not, you must eat." "But I—I—I have earned nothing all day," said I, walking slowly towards the table.

At these words, father Bernard ran towards me, and lifting me in his arms, he plumped me in a chair next to his own. "You little blockhead, is that the reason you would not have any dinner? Is it your fault you could not get any thing to do? Must not you live nevertheless! And whilst I have any thing for my daughter and myself, you shall share it with us. Eat, eat, morbleu! and don't let me have any more of this nonsense, or I'll thrash you well by way of giving you an appetite;" and the worthy man stuffed me with bread, soup, and good cheer. He would have choked me if I had let him, so much was he afraid I should not satisfy my appetite.

I embraced the good Auvergnat, who had been so kind to me, and in his arms I felt I was no longer alone in Paris. Manette also threw herself round her father's neck, and as she kissed him, she smiled at me. I read in her eyes that she would love me, too—and I already looked upon her as my sister. The kind people! how happy was I in having fallen in with them!

The water-carrier gave Andrew all those instructions useful to a Savoyard boy in a great city, and then, he says, made a sign to the little girl, who went to bed in the closet; I stretched myself on the tressle, where a bed had been placed for me, and as I had slept the preceding night in the street, I need not say how comfortable I felt myself in my new lodging.

Next morning whilst dressing, the portrait which I always wore round my neck, and of which I had forgotten to speak to father Bernard, became visible. He seemed startled at the sight, and immediately called me towards him, whilst Manette stood staring with outstretched neck at the picture.

"What is this, my little fellow? where did it come from? how long have you had this valuable? and why did not you mention it to me?"

I hastened to relate to the water-carrier the history of the portrait. I had scarcely spoken, when his countenance resumed its usual benevolent expression;

and when I finished, he kissed me, saying, "Excuse me, my little man; the fact is, you see, when I first caught sight of the valuable—but no matter, you are a fine little fellow."

Bernard had not much hope of the lady being found among so many beautiful ladies as inhabit Paris.

Next day Andrew got two chimneys to sweep, and presented the fruits of his labour to his kind host, who said at the end of the year he would send his savings to his mother.

He soon became acquainted with the town, and besides sweeping chimneys, was intrusted to carry billets and messages; and thus time passed away; and, save for the recollection of Pierre, he would have been happy with Manette and her father. The Savoyard children cannot write, but they do not for this forget their parents. They constantly send them kind messages, affectionate remembrances, and their small savings, by their countrymen returning to the mountains; just as the Irish and the Scotch Highlanders do to their friends in the cabins of Kerry, or the black huts of the Isle of Skye. Andrew was sometimes sorry that he was no scholar, but the good Bernard, who was none either, said, one might make one's way without it, and that one could express oneself just as well with the tongue as with the pen. True; no doubt, if one intended remaining a sweep or messenger all one's life—but to realise a fortune! "You are ambitious, Andrew," would the good man sometimes say, "and would fain become, I believe, a great lord." "No; but I should like to become wealthy, in order to make happy my mother and brothers; and you, father Bernard, as well as Manette." "Never mind, my boy, we are very well as we are—we should never envy those who are above us."

The worthy man could speak philosophically, for he was no drunkard, and very little sufficed him. But Manette would have liked a pretty gown well enough, and to have worn leather instead of wooden shoes; and I promised myself she should have all this and more, when I became rich.

My good mother had told me that the portrait would bring me good luck; it still remained with me, however, and I could never discover those to whom it belonged. But the time came at last. It was shortly after Andrew was able to send a hundred and ten francs to his mother, which immense sum Bernard had saved for him. This far exceeded his imagination of the magnitude of his own accumulation; and he would keep nothing for himself at this time, though Manette said he ought to buy Sunday clothes. "No, no," said Andrew; "I am very well as I am, I feel so happy at being able to send so large a sum! besides, I am in the way of earning more." The sight of my savings redoubled my ardour for work. "I will rise earlier, go to bed later—" "And so make yourself ill," said Manette, with whom I was by this time on the very best terms. And a good girl indeed was Manette! She was also fond of work, and although only nine years of age, it was she who managed all our little household affairs. Always gay and light of heart, a smile was never off her lips. Light, active, and laborious, she was down six flights of stairs in a minute, when she could do any thing pleasing to her father: never complaining—never out of temper; we always found her at work on our return, when she would vestir herself, and quickly prepare our little repast. A kiss from her father, re-

paid her for all her trouble, and made her forget the loneliness of the day; for shut up alone as she was in our garret, the day must have passed heavily enough. But father Bernard would not hear of her running about the streets like the children of the neighbours; and Manette was too good a daughter not to obey him.

To amuse ourselves in the evening, she would make me sing our mountain airs, whilst she would dance in the Auvergne fashion; laughing and beating time with her hands and feet. Manette was as well pleased with this, as if she had been dancing in a *guinguette*. As for me, I felt, on looking at her, as if again in our mountain cot, surrounded by my kind parents.

Whilst thus giving ourselves up to work, and amusing ourselves in such simple pleasures, another year of our childhood glided away. I had heard from home. My good mother feared I was depriving myself of every thing, and begged me not to send her any more money for a long time to come. She had received no tidings of Pierre, and conjured me not to relax in my efforts for his recovery; she also conveyed her warmest gratitude to the generous man who had sheltered me on my arrival at Paris.

I required no stimulus from my mother to continue my search for my brother; not a day passed over my head without my endeavouring to learn something of him. But time, which softens all our cares, had dispelled my melancholy. I had recovered all my gayety; and how could I be otherwise than gay, near Manette—who at ten years of age was so lively, so kind. Dear Manette, could a sister have loved me better! When she saw me thoughtful she would whirl about, or jump before me, push my arm, or take me by the hand to make me dance with her.

"Don't give way to melancholy, Andrew," she would say; "all your sighing will never bring back your brother. You had better come dance with me than sit there in that listless manner. Obey me, Sir, or I shall cease to love you."

I yielded to Manette's wishes; first, because it pleased her; and afterwards, because I felt equal pleasure myself. At ten years of age how soon we forget all our troubles.

Manette improved every day in appearance; her blue eyes beamed with candour and gayety; her mouth, though rather large, was furnished with teeth beautifully white; and her chestnut hair curled naturally over her forehead; the transparent colour of her cheeks equally bespoke health of body and peace of mind.

As for me, I often overheard the servants who came in search of me, say, "What a nice little fellow this Andrew is! and how tall he is growing! he will make a very handsome man. I have overheard father Bernard mutter to himself, as he looked at us smilingly, 'What a handsome couple they are!'"

One day that Andrew was going a message along the Boulevards, he saw a gentleman alight from a handsome carriage, and enter a house at the corner of Richelieu Street. It was the very man who had spent the night in his father's hut! and just as ugly as ever:—the patch over his eye, the little pigtail, the mincing walk—it was just he; and Andrew took post before the house to restore the picture when the Count should come out.

"Sir—Sir—" cried Andrew. "Let me alone you

little vagabond." "Sir, it was at our house—four years ago—" "Will you get away, Savoyard!" said the gentleman, without listening to me, as he stepped into his cabriolet. Good heavens! there he is getting in—and he wont hear me—"Sir—I entreat you to hear me." "Do you dare catch hold of me, you little blackguard," cried he, as he turned round angrily, "I never give any thing to beggars—they are all impostors. The little vagabonds beg a sous for their mother, and then run and spend it at a pastry-cook's." "But, Sir, I am not asking any thing—on the contrary, I am going to give—"

But he heard me not; he was in the cabriolet, and ordered the servant to drive on. In a moment he would be out of sight; and, perhaps, I might never see him again. I caught hold of the carriage, and endeavoured to make myself heard. "Take care," cried the servant—I heeded him not—the horse darted off, whilst I still held by the shaft—I was upset by a violent blow, and felt myself wounded in the head. The blood flowed; a cry escaped me—and I felt unable to rise from the ground.

In a moment I was surrounded by people; they looked at me—examined me—they called out to stop the gentleman, the horse, the servant; they pitied me, and lamented the dangers to which foot passengers were liable in Paris; but no one thought of helping me, when a young man made his way through the crowd, crying, "It is his cabriolet—it is just like him; and he drives away without bestowing a thought on the person he has injured."

The young man drew near to me, and examined me with interest, saying, "Poor little fellow! a Savoyard—perhaps the support of his mother! But for them Adolphe would have been no more! But for them he himself would have perished at the bottom of a precipice; and this is his gratitude! My poor child! I will repair the evil he has done you."

When consciousness returned, I found myself in a handsome bed, and reposing under beautiful blue and white curtains, which hung in folds over my head. I thought I was dreaming; I turned, and a glass at the bottom of the bed reflected my person; struck with the sight, I gazed at myself—smiled—made faces. It was, indeed, I who was ensconced in this beautiful bed. They had wrapped a silk handkerchief round my head, under which were bandages tightly fastened. I raised my hand, for I felt that I had received some hurt. This brought to my mind my wound—my fall in the street; and I, at length, clearly remembered all that had occurred.

But where am I? who are the generous beings that have thus succoured me! they must be princes at the very least! For every thing about me is magnificent—this glass—these draperies—but I would fain look about the room—the curtains are closed—let me try and draw them. I feel that I am very weak. My poor Manette will no doubt think me lost! killed!—and her father will seek me every where.

I sighed heavily as this painful idea struck me. Just then an old woman entered the room, and came over gently towards the bed in which I lay. "Ah, he is come to himself at length," said she; "poor little fellow! It is very lucky—how pleased master will be when he returns!" "Madame—madame—" said I, with a very weak voice. The good woman seated herself near my bed. "Hush, my child," said she, "you must not speak—it will hurt you—

the doctor says so—your wound is severe, but with great care, and perfect quiet, you will soon recover. Come, come, I see by your eyes you are impatient to know where you are—natural enough—well then, listen to me: It was my master, M. Dermilly, who succoured you when you were thrown down by the cabriolet of M. le Comte de Francorard. It is just like him. Only a few days ago he upset a poor woman's stall—but she made him pay for all—so he set his servants to pick it up, and his dogs lived for eight days together on barley-sugar.

"My master intended at first merely to have kept you here till you had a little recovered yourself. He thought we might discover your residence, and inform your parents, for you have been here ever since yesterday, my child." "Yesterday! Good heavens! and father Bernard and Manette!" "Ah, what a chatterbox it is—there is no making him hold his tongue—you will only make yourself worse, my child—I say then, my master was thinking how he could find out to whom you belonged, when, in taking off your waistcoat, which was all covered with blood, we saw a portrait hanging round your neck by a ribbon. Oh! as soon as my master saw it, he uttered an exclamation of surprise, and seemed lost in astonishment; and then seized on the miniature before I could once catch a glance of it. It must be a valuable picture, indeed, for my master is not the man to be caught by a daub. He wondered at finding such a thing about you, and cried, 'Where did he get it? Why does he wear it?' and a thousand other similar things. He would fain have questioned you on the spot; but, my poor fellow, you were far indeed from being in a state to answer him. At length my master decided on your being put into his own bed, and he declares you shall not leave him till you are perfectly cured."

At the end of the old servant's speech I put my hand to my neck. I missed the portrait which I had constantly worn since my separation from my mother. My eyes filled with tears, and I said, in a broken voice, "Madame, give me back the picture, I entreat you." "Have not I told you, child, it is my master who has it! he will give it you back; don't be afraid. How distrustful these little boys are!" "Here is my master," said she, and at the same moment a gentleman of eight-and-twenty or thirty years of age, of a mild and pleasing appearance, entered the room. I recognised him at once as the gentleman who had bent over me on the Boulevard.

M. Dermilly was, as his housekeeper had rightly said, a first-rate painter. He was also a benevolent man, and felt an interest in the portrait and its original, which was at least of advantage to Andrew, who related his whole story to him as he sat by the bedside. He listened with a great deal of attention, and appeared to be very much interested in every thing I said. He was affected by the manner in which I spoke of my separation from my brother; and when I came to speak of father Bernard and Manette, he exclaimed, "Honest man! kind hearted people! But the miniature you wore round your neck; where did it come from? did you find it? did any one give it you? Tell the truth, my friend—you little know how anxious I am to learn the facts."

I immediately related how the travellers had taken refuge in our hut; I omitted nothing respecting the

gentleman, his valet, and the little sleeping girl. As I proceeded I was struck with the pleasure, the tenderness so strongly painted in the eyes of him who was listening to me. But when I came to speak of the wound my father had received in his midnight labours for M. le Comte; when I told him that, as a recompense for his self-devotion in arresting the carriage on the brink of a precipice, the old gentleman had given him but half-a-crown, the young painter could no longer restrain his feelings; he arose, like one possessed, and strode about the room crying "Is it possible? How hard a heart! What an ungrateful soul! Dearest Caroline, and this is the man to whom they married you! But for the father of this child, you would have lost your daughter, your Adolphine. If from the heavens above he watches over his child, he will see him enjoy the reward of his good action. Yes, dear boy, I will take care of you; you shall never leave me."

So saying, the gentleman embraced me, and, forgetting my wound, he pressed my head between his hands. I cried out with pain, and the young artist was shocked at what he had done. "I intend acting as a father to you, and this is the way I set about it—I forget his wound." "Oh, never mind, Sir;—but I would fain again see—" "What, my friend?" "The miniature I had. I have promised my mother never to part with it but to the owners."

M. Dermilly promised that I should have the pleasure of returning it, not to the Count, but to the beautiful original. He sent to inform Bernard and Manette where their little lodger was, and enjoined him to sleep.

Sleep! says Andrew, that was impossible. I was so lost in astonishment at all that had happened to me, and the kindness which the gentleman testified for me, that in vain I sought repose in the beautiful bed on which I was so daintily laid. This gentleman will be kind to me, will keep me with him, and all on account of the portrait. Well might my mother say that it would bring me good luck!—But Bernard—Manette—must I leave these dear friends! At least, I will see them constantly; the water-carrier was also my benefactor, and I will never forget the kindness with which he treated me.

Heavy steps were heard—the sound of wooden shoes on the stairs—my heart beat. Ah! I am sure it is them. The door opens—in vain Therese cries, "Wait till I see if he sleeps; above all things, do not make him speak." They listen not—they hear not—they approach me—they surround me, and cover me with kisses—with tears. What happiness to be thus truly loved!

"Father! Manette!" was all that I had strength to say; but I held Bernard's hand, and Manette's pretty little face was bent down on the pillow, close to mine. "Poor child!" said the good water-carrier, at length; "if you knew the uneasiness, the misery you have occasioned us! I spent the whole night in hunting for you, and Manette has never ceased weeping for her brother." "He is your son, then?" said Therese. "No, madam; but all as one—I love him just the same." "Look, father, look—his head is hurt," said Manette. "Are you in great pain, my dear Andrew?" "No, no; it is all over." "They told us you were run over by a cabriolet," said Bernard. "I hope you took the number; we must not let ourselves be crushed in this way for nothing;—

and you have been barbarously treated, my boy." "Yes indeed," said the old servant, "the doctor says the wound is very serious."

Just then M. Dermilly appeared. Old Bernard bowed, and knew not if he should remain sitting before the master of the house; but Manette never moved; seated on my bed, she was sufficiently occupied in admiring the curtains, fringes, glasses, and whispered me, "How sound one must sleep, Andrew, in such a beautiful bed!"

M. Dermilly did his best to put his visiter at his ease, and Bernard returned him a thousand thanks for the care he had taken of me. But how shall we move him?" said the water-carrier. "Move him! Oh, he shall not leave till he is perfectly cured," replied the young painter; "and even then, I hope—" "But he will be in your way, Sir,—and I fear—" "No, my honest man; and I tell you again I take a deep interest in the fate of this child. His father preserved the life of one who is very dear to me. I ascertained the fact by finding on him a miniature which I painted." "What, Sir, was it you?" "Yes, it was I who painted the young lady whose portrait he has." "In that case, Sir, you must know her!" "No doubt I do—and sure am I that she will feel as deep an interest as myself in his future fate."

Manette wearied exceedingly for the recovery and return of her friend and playmate, that she might sing and dance together as before; but M. Dermilly was pondering other employments for Andrew, whose ambition to be something better than an errand-boy was strongly excited by all he saw and heard. And his ambition was excusable; for when his day-dreams represented him in a fine house, handsomely furnished, his mother and his friends were sure to be around him. As he grew better, M. Dermilly gave him paper and pencils to amuse himself with drawing; and at night the old housekeeper would tell him stories, and give him preserves and sweetmeats; but how inferior in relish were these to the potatoes, roasted in the ashes, which he used to eat at night with Manette.

When Andrew was again able to go abroad, and walk with Manette, what was his surprise to find, instead of his old clothes, a handsome blue cloth jacket, with plenty of gilt buttons, trousers the same, and a pretty yellow kerseymere waistcoat. Scarcely could he be persuaded to put them on. He questioned the old housekeeper Therese.

"What! is this beautiful dress for me—this pretty jacket, and all the golden buttons?" "Yes, to be sure they are for you—and the hair-dresser will be here directly to cut your hair. Do you think my master would keep you with him still dressed like a chimney-sweeper?" "If I put on these clothes, shan't I go any more to father Bernard? shan't I dance any more with Manette?" "You may go see them as often as you please, but you will not live with them any more—and as for dancing with Manette, there is nothing to hinder you: with a light heart, one may dance in any dress. It is not the coat that makes the man, my little Andrew—you will find that out one of these days." "But it improves."—"Oh, as to that there is no denying that dress goes a long way. Of a Sunday, when my poor defunct husband had on his chocolate-coloured coat, his tight pantaloons, and a well-stiffened collar, he was quite a different man from what he was on week days: and I myself, when

I have on my cap trimmed with flowers, and my embroidered gown, you would be struck with the remarkable change in my whole person—I look, at least, ten years younger."

Gradually Andrew put on his fine clothes, and admired himself in the looking-glass. The hair-dresser came and cut his hair to the fashion, and then he thought himself odd and ugly. His friends came once more to visit him.

Father Bernard kissed me; Manette scarcely knew whether to be pleased or not; she handled my waistcoat and buttons, and said, in a low voice, "Yes, it is all very pretty—but you would soon dirty them running messages—and your long curls were so pretty!—I feel as if I should be ashamed to dance with you in this fine dress. But you will only wear them on Sundays—you will not wear them on week days—may he, father?"

"Ah, my poor little thing, that is no longer any business of ours. Here is Andrew on the high road to fortune—he is with a man who will push him in the world; and, for certain, he will no longer run messages. Who knows but Andrew himself may one day become a great man."

Manette listened, with astonishment, to her father's speech; she was quite overcome for a moment, and then, taking me by the arm, she said, in an agitated voice, "Is this true, Andrew, are you no longer a messenger? you will not return with us to our house! you will not return with us any more! what! have you ceased to love us in these fine clothes! leave them, Andrew—your Savoyard's dress was much better—come with us—come I entreat you: you are no longer ill; let us go together whilst this gentleman is out. Oh, return."

Manette could contain herself no longer; she sobbed and the tears flowed down her cheeks. I called her my sister—my dearest sister; but all would not do—and she never ceased repeating, "Return with us."

Completely overcome by Manette's tears, I was yielding to her wishes—I was full of returning with her to father Bernard's house, when the good Auvergnat stopped me. "Andrew," said he, "you must be reasonable, and not act ungratefully. This M. Dermilly may advance you in the world; and, although I shall miss you very much, yet I am not so selfish as to induce you to turn your back on the fair prospects which are open to you. If your protectors should, at any time, change their minds respecting you, you may then return to us; for you will always find a father in me. Come, come, my little fellow, don't be a child like Manette. Bah! bah! she will come round also—every one is consoled in time."

I yielded to the wishes of father Bernard, and whispered his daughter, "Manette, when I have earned a great deal of money, I will buy you handsome dresses, and pretty bonnets also." "I won't have them," said Manette, "I had rather stay as I am;" and she turned her head, and would no longer look at me—she said I looked so frightful in my fine clothes. The water-carrier embraced me, and dragged his daughter towards me—I would have kissed her, but she would not let me—her father was obliged to speak to her; at length she held out her little cheeks to me, wet with tears, pouting in such a touching manner! then whispering quite lowly in my ear, she again said, "Come back—come back with us." Ah! had father

Bernard consented, I was quite content to follow her; but he dragged away his daughter. For a long time I could distinguish her sobs, which quite overcame me; I now hated the sight of my fine clothes, and was almost tempted to tear them off. They had grieved my poor Manette—I no longer liked myself in them—I felt so sorrowful. Can this be the result of wealth? and by becoming rich must one necessarily cease to be gay. Ah, if I thought so, I would always remain an errand-boy.

It was something more than an hour since their departure, when I heard a noise in the neighbouring room. M. Dermilly opened the door, and ushered in a lady, saying, "Come my dear Caroline, and enjoy his surprise." The lady was young and handsome, and of a most elegant appearance. She held a little girl by the hand, who might be about eight years of age, of whom I took little notice at first, because I was completely occupied with the countenance of the lady, and was trying to recollect where I had already seen her. In the meantime, she said to M. Dermilly, "He is a charming fellow! how lucky you met with him! and how fortunate that he did not first see M. le Comte, who would never have mentioned him to me."

A sudden idea struck me—I hastily sought the portrait which I wore round my neck—I looked at it, and then at the lady. I could not be mistaken—it was she—she was the original of the miniature. I immediately tore it from the ribbon, saying, "Here is your portrait, Madame—oh, it is yours—I knew you at once; for many a long day have I sought you, in order to restore it to you." "Yes, my friend; yes, the portrait belongs to me," said the lady, embracing me affectionately; "or rather to my daughter—my Adolphine, who owes her life to your brave father. Here she is, my friend—she whom you saved, who passed a night in your cottage—she whom I love more than my life. I will repair the injustice of M. le Comte; I shall be but too happy to do something for the son of a man but for whom I should never again have had the happiness of embracing my child."

The lady pressed her daughter to her heart. "What! can that be the little slumberer whom I felt so proud in carrying in my arms?"

"Kiss her, Andrew," said the lady, "you do not recollect her? but she is as good and kind as ever; she will love you also—for my Adolphine will ever have a grateful heart."

This interview produced a great change in the fortunes of Andrew. The lady gave him money to send to his mother, twenty pieces of gold! it was a little fortune.

His kind mother need no longer work so hard from morn to night; little Jacques might eat what he pleased; and Pierre, poor Pierre! could he be found, how happy would they all be! The lady's kindness did not stop here. Andrew was taken to her hotel, a house as much superior to that of the painter, as his was to the apartment of Manette and her father. On every side were looking-glasses, lustres, pendules, candelabras, alabaster globes, and vases for flowers. And here Andrew was to remain. Though the Comte, Champagne, and Caesar, the Comte's ugly favourite dog, seemed leagued against him, what then? the Comtesse, Adolphine, and Lucile, the lady's favourite waiting-maid, were his fast friends; and Andrew

acknowledged that he should like to remain, provided he was allowed to visit Father Bernard. The Comtesse had too good a heart not to give this permission. "Yes, my friend," she said, "I will give you full liberty; I know but too well that neither riches nor honour can compensate for the pleasure of seeing those whom we love. Had they but left me mistress of my fate, I should never have sought happiness in this hotel." A tear dimmed her eye, and she kissed her daughter. And now Andrew had masters, and pocket-money. Sometimes he visited M. Dermilly; and every day, after his studies were ended, he was allowed to play with Adolphe in her mother's apartment; and though his life was at first weary and monotonous, he became reconciled to confinement, and found relief, and then pleasure, in learning. His visits restored joy to the dwelling of Bernard, who gave him excellent counsel, and delighted his sister Manette, for whom he was making a purse that he might buy her something she should like. He was, however, cheated out of his money by an impudent rogue, who sat as a model to M. Dermilly, and who took advantage of his youth and credulity to impose upon him by lying stories of family distress. The amiable Countess, who saw that his money had been bestowed, however foolishly, from the feelings of a humane heart, made up his losses; and besides sending another supply to his mother, he was able to present Manette with a pretty little watch, which the waiting-maid was kind enough to buy for him. This present gave Manette the most lively joy. She fastened the watch round her neck, saying, "It shall never quit me," and then added with a sigh,—"but I have nothing to offer you in return." "Do I not possess your friendship, my kind sister? and I value that before all the jewels in the world."

Father Bernard soon came in; he remained in admiration before my present to his daughter; but soon assuming a grave air, he said, "And your mother, Andrew! would not it have been better to have sent her this than to ruin yourself for Manette?" "Oh! I am not ruining myself—stay, see here is what I have to send home. Madame la Comtesse is so very good, she scarce leaves me room to form a wish." "Be it so, my boy; but I will have no more foolish purchases for Manette. She is not a princess, d'ye see, and mustn't wear such fine things as you may, who live with the great. We are poor people; and my daughter must not assume the airs of a fine lady:—I don't understand any thing of that kind."

The tears were in Manette's eyes; she was about to return me my watch, and I had no slight difficulty in making the water-carrier listen to reason. The honest man pushed his disinterestedness to an extreme point; and yet he had never been on Change, nor mixed with courtiers or men of business:—he would have even been out of his place in a drawing-room.

Andrew had come to tell that he was to go into the country with the Comtesse, at which news poor Manette forgot her watch, "How long would he be away?" Andrew durst not tell, for it might be many months. "Andrew now knows so many things, that he will soon forget us who know nothing," said Bernard; "when one strives to acquire knowledge, it isn't with the view of being an errand-boy all one's life." "And if I try to acquire knowledge, father?" "Hold your tongue, little girl; mend your stockings,

and make good soup for me:—that is the knowledge you must try to acquire."

Madame's estate was situated in the neighbourhood of Fontainebleau. We rolled along, says Andrew, till about six o'clock in the evening, when we drove into a court-yard, enclosed by a wall surmounted with iron railings, attached to a magnificent house near the roadside. The porter ran out, and was soon followed by the gardener and his wife. "Here is Madame," said these good people; and I was witness to the joy and pleasure which sparkled in their eyes. The noise of our arrival was spread about in a moment: and we had scarce entered the house, when a crowd of old men and women, children, and young people, was collected, anxious to testify to their kind mistress how delighted they were with her arrival. She was really beloved, for her presence was every where marked by the benefits she conferred. How truly interesting was the reception given her by these poor people! It was not a feudal lord receiving the homage of his vassals, and listening with a yawn to some commonplace harangue—it was a benevolent woman, who employed her fortune in succouring the indigent and relieving the needy. The delight felt at her arrival was unaffected and natural; she was as a mother returning to the bosom of her family.

The joy felt by the peasants was more lively, as Madame la Comtesse had been detained the whole of the preceding year in Paris, and had not visited her estates. She had a word for every one about her; and introduced her daughter to them, to whom she said, in a low voice, "You see, my dear Adolphe, how these good people love me; and yet I have merely watched over their interests, relieved the poorest, and recompensed them fairly for their labour; above all, I have never allowed the slightest injustice to be done to them. It is easy to make one's-self loved—all that is necessary, is to administer your benevolence yourself; if it pass through too many hands the gift loses half its value, and very often the source from whence it came is forgotten." "And M. le Comte," said I to Lucille, "is he received in a similar manner?" "Oh, no, not at all—they fire off guns and muskets, and make speeches to him—all of which is arranged by Champagne beforehand. M. de Francorard would set Cæsar at any one who did not appear delighted with his arrival."

We must now take leave of Andrew for a month. The period of his boyhood is at an end; his education is completed. When we meet him again, it will be as a man, struggling with the ills and passions with which man is doomed to contend.

(To be continued.)

SCENES IN THE LIFE OF NAPOLEON.

"I have already mentioned to you," said the Duke de Vicenza, "the surprise I experienced on my arrival at Grolitz at meeting Fouché at the Imperial headquarters. Having received the Emperor's instructions respecting the duties of his new appointment, he took his leave. After he had withdrawn, I was left alone with the Emperor; I remained silent, expecting he would address me. After a short pause, he said with an air of impatience—'Well, Duke, I presume you bring bad news from Prague, since you seem so unwilling to tell it.'

"I was waiting till your Majesty should question me."

"Speak out, speak out. Has Austria officially declared herself against me?"

"I believe, Sire, that Austria will make common cause with Prussia and Russia."

"That may be your opinion," said he sharply, "but it is not therefore a fact."

"It is a fact, Sire; and your Majesty may be assured that, on a subject of such importance, my opinion is not founded on mere conjecture!"

"On what then is it founded?"

"Two days preceding that fixed for the rupture of the armistice, Blucher, at the head of a hundred thousand men, marched into Silesia, and took possession of Breslau."

"This is indeed a serious affair! Are you sure of it, Caulincourt?"

"I had, Sire, a warm altercation with Metternich on the subject, the day before my departure from Prague."

"On the very day on which Breslau was taken, General Jomini deserted the staff of Marshal Ney, and as he is at this moment with the Emperor Alexander."

"Jomini! a man overwhelmed with my favours!—the traitor! To abandon his post on the eve of a battle! To go over to the enemy with a report of our forces and means! Incredible!" As he uttered these words there was, mingled with the feeling of deep indignation portrayed in his countenance, an expression of increasing uneasiness, which he evidently could not subdue. I was unable to proceed.

"Is this all," resumed he, holding out his hand to me. "Speak, Caulincourt! Let me know all! I must know all!"

"Sire, the coalition has taken a wide range. Sweden, too, is in arms against us."

"What do you say?" interrupted he, with impetuosity. "Bernadotte! Bernadotte is in arms against France. This is the ass's kick, indeed!"

"Bernadotte," resumed I, "not satisfied with turning his arms against his country, has recruited for deserters among our Allies, as if unable singly to endure the maledictions of his countrymen."

"What mean you?"

"General Moreau is in the camp of the Allies!"

"Moreau with the Allies! This is not possible! Caulincourt, I cannot believe this. Bernadotte, the King of Sweden, may colour his odious treason by some specious pretext; but Moreau—Moreau take revenge on his countrymen—on his country! No, no, it cannot be. Moreau is weak, devoid of energy and exalted ambition. Yet there is a wide difference between him and a Jomini—a renegade—a traitor. No, this report is not to be credited. How did you hear it?"

"I did not, as you will suppose," said the Duke de Vicenza, addressing himself to me, "reply categorically to this question. The distressing nature of the intelligence I had brought from Prague, prevented me from amusing the Emperor with the episode of the romantic Feodora."

"The occupation of Breslau," resumed the Emperor, "is important in many points of view. It is an event big with incalculable consequences. We must now fight again, and we must conquer under pain of being driven beyond the Rhine. But after all, what

does the Emperor of Austria mean? Did he not freely consent to the treaties? And have I violated them? Under what pretence does the Cabinet of Vienna mask its conduct towards me?"

"I remained silent. The Emperor knew from my correspondence that I had exhausted on this question every possible argument without obtaining satisfaction."

"Well!" exclaimed he, "the die is cast. I have three hundred thousand infantry, forty thousand cavalry, and a formidable artillery force. Saxony is and will continue faithful to me. The country shall be the scene of my operations. I will force them to make peace. All is not lost, Caulincourt! I have here," continued he, pointing to his forehead, "abundance of resources and resolution. I will not despair. I have conceived a bold project—one of those ideas which come as it were by inspiration, and which command fortune. But to put this scheme into execution great sacrifices will be necessary. Look here, Caulincourt! He passed his finger over a map of Prussia which was lying open on the table. From Duben I may march direct on Berlin, and take possession of the Prussian capital without firing a cannonball. I shall dismay Bernadotte and Blucher, whose improvidence has left Berlin uncovered. Blucher is a good swordsman, but a bad general. On making myself master of Prussia, I shall relieve my fortresses." He observed the surprise that was depicted on my countenance. "Oh! I am aware that you will think this a bold idea; but it is only by going out of beaten tracks that we can disconcert a plan of campaign long meditated by the enemy. Taking advantage of the first moment of stupor, I may, by a desperate blow, change the aspect of things. Look at the map, Caulincourt; follow me attentively. Duben is a point of junction which will serve to mask any projects. The enemy will imagine that I am preparing to make Leipzig my *point d'affaire*, whilst, with all my forces combined, I shall be marching straight on Berlin. This is a stupendous project; but if I am understood and seconded, I am convinced that it will succeed, and that it will decide the fate of the campaign."

"The Emperor's plan was indeed admirable," said the Duke de Vicenza; "it was one of those lofty conceptions which raise Napoleon in the rank of military commanders higher than Alexander the Great."

"His plan for carrying Berlin was one of the grandest combinations of his genius. We considered it under every point of view, and I fully shared the Emperor's opinion that its success was very probable. In the desperate circumstances in which we were placed, temerity might serve us better than prudence. The result proved that in all possible hypotheses the plan of marching upon Berlin could not be more disastrous than our retrograde movement on Leipsic. But to carry this plan into effect it was necessary, as the Emperor observed, to find men resolutely determined to make the greatest sacrifices. I will, at a future opportunity, describe to you the scene I witnessed when at Luben. The Emperor's plans became known just at the moment when they were on the point of execution. Napoleon must not be made the scapegoat to bear the responsibility of all the disasters of France. Let every one answer for his own sins!"

"The night was far advanced, but neither the Emperor nor I thought of retiring to rest. Napoleon,

whose mind was disturbed by a thousand anxious thoughts, paced with hurried steps up and down his chamber. Suddenly stopping short, and without introducing the subject by any preliminary remark, he said: 'Murat has arrived.' Then, after some hesitation, he added: 'I have given him the command of my guard.'

"I could not repress a gesture of astonishment.

"Ah! parbleu! I thought you would be surprised! At first I gave him a bad reception, but finally I yielded to his importunities. He at least will not betray me. He is a brave man and a good soldier. Caulincourt, there are certain forebodings which it is our duty to endeavour to overcome. As long as I am fortunate Murat will follow my fortune. But the business of the present is sufficient to occupy me, I need not be looking into the future."

"The Emperor must have put a great restraint upon his feelings before he could have consented to receive Murat. The King of Naples had abandoned, at Smorghoni, the mutilated remains of our unfortunate army, of which he had been made Commander-in-Chief. Since then his conduct towards Napoleon had been, to say the least of it, equivocal. Latterly he had offered his services to Austria, to act as mediator between France and the coalition. This will scarcely seem credible, but it is nevertheless true. Not only was the proposition absurd, for he was perfectly aware that he had no influence over the Emperor, but there was a guilty afterthought in the absurdity. This subsequently became evident. We also knew his intrigues with Lord Bentinck, with whom he had had an interview in the Isle of Pouza. On being made acquainted with these proceedings, the Emperor became greatly irritated, and said: 'Murat is a traitor and a madman; he ought either to be shot or sent to Charenton.' Events hurried on with astounding rapidity. The Emperor had arrived at that extremity when he was forced every day to put in practice the old adage, 'necessity knows no law.' It was indeed a hard necessity which forced him to refrain from expressing his contempt for such ingratitude. But let me say no more! The grave has closed over Murat and his errors!

Whilst I was in Bohemia the Emperor had seen the Empress at Mentz. He told me, with all the ardour of a young man, the happiness he had experienced in meeting *his Louise*. This subject brought about a short truce to care, and Napoleon's radiant countenance presented no trace of the painful emotion he had suffered at the commencement of our conversation. He drew from his waistcoat pocket a little miniature portrait of the King of Rome, painted by Isaberg. It was the faithful representation of a most beautiful child. Napoleon was affectionately attached to the Empress and his son. The occasional impoliteness of his manners to females in public was quite at variance with the kindness and suavity which distinguished him in his domestic relations.

"Only those who knew Napoleon in the intercourse of private life can render justice to his character. For my own part I know him, as it were, by heart; and in proportion as time separates us, he appears to me like a beautiful dream. And would you believe that, in my recollections of Napoleon, that which seems to me to approach most nearly to ideal excellence is not the hero filling the world with his gigantic fame, but the man viewed in the relations of private life. This

is a contrast which often affords me a theme for curious and interesting reflection.

"In his intervals of gayety Napoleon's flow of spirits sometimes betrayed him into almost boyish playfulness. He was an excellent mimic, when he chose to exercise his talent in that way, and woe to those who fell under the lash of his pleasantry. I have seen him give admirable imitations of Cambaceres and Kourakin; and as he *knew every thing* (to use his own expression) he often amused us by very droll details.

"Oh, Duke!" said I, "how much I should like to hear a few of those droll details. Pray oblige me by relating some."

"It is not very easy to comply with that request, I assure you," replied the Duke smiling. "If I were to begin you might soon find it necessary to call me to order."

"Nay! surely you can remember some which are not likely to call for any such interruption."

"Well," resumed the Duke, "I will relate to you an incident which afforded the Emperor no little merriment at the expense of his Excellency Prince Kourakin, the Russian Ambassador.

"In the year 1812 some dramatic performances were given at Court. You know the arrangements which used to be observed on these occasions. The Empress, with her ladies, occupied a large box in the centre of the *salle*. The boxes on either side were filled by the ladies of the high functionaries of the Empire, all specially invited by their Majesties. At the extremity of the tier, on the right hand side, was the Emperor's box, and the corresponding one on the opposite side was assigned to the *corps diplomatique*.

"Poor Prince Kourakin, who was certainly the most ugly of men, was afflicted with the infatuation of adorning himself with diamonds. The Emperor used to say that the lustre was eclipsed by the splendour of Kourakin, and that when the Russian Ambassador attended the play the expense of a hundred wax-lights might very well be spared. One evening the performance consisted of an act of the opera of *Jerusalem Delivered*. The charming Grassini (who then sang only at the Court theatre,) Crivelli, and Porto, sustained the principal characters. Tacchinardi conducted the choruses, and the performance was altogether so exquisite that it absorbed the interest and riveted the attention of all present. Kourakin, radiant as the sun, was seated in front of the Ambassadors' box, with an amusing air of self-complacency. He paid no attention to the music, to the charms of which he was utterly insensible. His eyes, however, appeared to be under the influence of a fascination from which his ears were exempt. Etiquet, of course, prohibited him from turning his back to the Emperor, and, at risk of getting a stiff neck, he sat with his head turned towards the Countess L—, whose box was in the second tier, and to whom he directed languishing glances with the most amusing air imaginable. Sometimes he beat time on the front of his box, with his great clumsy fingers covered with brilliant rings; and sometimes he twisted his aiguillettes, which were studded with costly diamonds. Duroc and I, who were stationed behind the Emperor, had several times remarked the grotesque glances directed by Kourakin to the young and pretty Countess L—, who was not without a little of coquetry in her disposition. Yet the more censorious observer

could never have suspected her to be guilty of any levity in reference to Kourakin.

"At the conclusion of the performance the Emperor conducted the Empress to her apartments. Her Majesty wore that evening on her bosom a bouquet formed of jewels, of various colours, set in imitation of flowers. It was a magnificent ornament, and the Emperor, who was a connoisseur in jewels, expressed his admiration of it. Then turning to Kourakin, he entered into a dissertation on the beauty and value of the diamonds with which the Ambassador was profusely decorated: 'Really, Prince,' said he, 'you carry about with you the mines of Golconda.'

"Kourakin bowed.

"You are quite dazzling.'

"Another bow, still lower than the former.

"You are irresistible.'

"Ah, Sire!"

"Kourakin reared his head like a peacock, at the same time directing an amorous glance at the elegant Countess L——, who seemed to experience no little difficulty in preserving her gravity.

"About an hour afterwards the Emperor entered his cabinet in high spirits, and entertained Duroc and me with the description of a little farce that had formed a sequel to the *Jerusalem Delivered*.

"Kourakin," said he, "has actually persuaded himself that he is in love with Madame L——; and after sighing and languishing for some time without success, he at length ventured on a declaration. The malicious woman wrote at the bottom of the *billet-doux*, which she returned to him: 'Your Excellency has made a little mistake, this declaration is intended for Mademoiselle Bigotini.'" Kourakin instead of being disheartened, sent another message, to which no answer was returned. His Excellency then determined to change his plan of attack. He looked into the mirror, and began to suspect the possibility of recommending his suit by something more agreeable to the lady than his personal appearance. Accordingly, every morning there arrived at the residence of Madame L—— a colossal bouquet, accompanied by a basket filled with a variety of elegant and costly trifles, selected from the Magazin of Sike, the expense of which speedily exceeded 20,000 francs. But the best of the joke is, that Madame L—— alleged, in the most innocent manner possible, that she was indebted for all these pretty presents to the gallantry of the General her husband, who had recourse to these agreeable surprises to keep alive her recollection of him during his long absence.

"At this we could not help laughing heartily, for we well knew that throughout the whole course of his life General L—— had never had reason to reproach himself with any act of extravagance.

"Yesterday evening," pursued the Emperor, "Madame L—— went to the opera, and afterwards to the Princess Pauline's ball at Neuilly. On her return home, at about three o'clock in the morning, the servant handed out of the carriage, along with his mistress's cloak, a Russia leather box.

"What is that, Jean?" enquired the lady. "This box was on the seat of the carriage, along with the cloak, Madame."—"Oh, yes, very true. I had forgotten it—it is quite right, Jean."

"The box was carried up to Madame L——'s apartment, and when the Countess found herself alone, curiosity naturally prompted her to open it. Its con-

tents almost dazzled her. "*Mon Dieu!* she exclaimed, what magnificent diamonds!" "And then, with a deep sigh, she added, "How unfortunate that he is so very ugly!" As the Emperor uttered these words he mimicked so admirably the whining voice and mincing manners of Madame L——, that we were ready to expire with laughter.

"And what has been the upshot of all this, Sire?" enquired I.

"*Par Dieu!* that is the best of the joke! You shall hear. This morning I caused an intimation to be given to Madame L—— that it would be advisable for her to send back the Russia leather box to its owner, unless she felt inclined to retire to her old castle in Auvergne, to reflect on the dangers of coquetry. I cannot permit ladies who enjoy the honour of being admitted to pay their court to the empress, to amuse themselves with these little *espeigleries*, which are worthy of the noble dames of the Regent's Court. Kourakin may be let off with the payment of his bills to Madame Bernard, Sike, and others. It is right that he should have a lesson, but he must keep his diamonds."

"We renewed our laughter, and the Emperor, robbing his hands with an air of triumph, said, 'You see, Gentlemen, I know every thing that is going on. You cannot keep any secrets from me.'

"But," said the Duke de Vicenza, "this anecdote has led me very far from the thread of my narrative. From the Tuileries, in January, 1812, to Gortitz, in August, 1813, there is an immeasurable distance. In 1812, all was prosperity and happiness, and the future was full of brilliant promise. In 1813 death had thinned our ranks—all was gloomy and menacing—and the clouds which overhung the present obscured the future. Alas! what disasters had that future in store for us.

"A few days after my arrival at Gortitz the declaration of war by Austria against France was notified. The most disheartening intelligence poured in from all sides. Treason was every where at work. We could now no longer count on Bavaria. Every succeeding hour was marked by some base defection, some new misfortune. And yet the future historian will coolly record this terrible phasis, which dealt so many death-blows among the spectators of the last convulsions of the empire!

"Prince Schwartzberg commanded the Austrian army, amounting to 130,000 men, and 80,000 Russians were marching on Dresden. The Emperor sent Murat with a part of the Imperial guard to protect Dresden, and to give confidence to the excellent King of Saxony, who had declared his resolution to make common cause with Napoleon. Two days after the departure of the King of Naples, a courier arrived with intelligence that the enemy was at the gates of Dresden. 'Am I doomed not to have a day's respite?' said the Emperor, in a tone of deep despondency. He sent for Gourzand, a brave and intelligent officer, to whom he was much attached.

"Gourzand," said the Emperor, "depart this instant for Dresden, and travel with the utmost possible speed, for you must be there to-night. As soon as you arrive, at whatever hour it may be, you must request an interview with the King of Saxony. Tell him from me that to-morrow I shall set out in person for Pyma. Tell the King of Naples, Marshall St.

Cyr, the Duke de Bassano, and Durosnel, that they must not suffer themselves to be intimidated by a *coup de main* which the enemy may attempt upon Dresden; tell them that they must hold out for four and twenty hours longer. I shall bring with me forty thousand men, and I shall be able to assemble the whole army in thirty-six hours before the walls of Dresden. See the commander of the Engineers, and with him inspect the redoubts and fortifications around the city. When you have examined every thing, make notes of your observations, and return without loss of time to meet me at Stolpen. I shall be there to-night. Go, Gourzand, and use the utmost speed.'

"Next night, at eleven o'clock, the indefatigable Gourzand returned to the head-quarters, at Stolpen. This mission, which Gourzand executed with all his characteristic intelligence, was one of the highest importance. He brought back a most alarming account. Dresden was exposed to imminent danger. The Russian army was advancing by forced marches. Platoff, with his hordes, a truly satanic advanced guard, spread fire and destruction wherever they appeared. The Cossacks had already entered and set fire to a village situated about half-a-league from the great gardens; and St. Cyr betrayed a disposition to evacuate his position, not having forces sufficient to defend it.

"Well!" said the Emperor, when Gourzand had closed his narrative of disasters, "what is the opinion of the Duke de Bassano?"

"Sire, he does not think, it will be practicable to hold out twenty-four hours longer."

"Impossible! And you, Gourzand? What do you think?"

"I firmly believe, Sire, that Dresden will be taken to-morrow, unless your Majesty be there in person."

"Gourzand, be cautious how you advance this opinion if you do not feel assured it is well founded."

"Sire, I have seen all, and carefully examined all: and I am ready to answer for it with my life that your Majesty's presence alone can save Dresden."

"This reply decided the Emperor. He reflected for a few moments and then sent for General Haxo. Drawing his finger over the map, he described with amazing rapidity and clearness the movements of the different scattered corps which he was assembling, as if by the touch of a fairy's wand, to fly, as he expressed it, to the defence of Dresden. He analysed clearly the enemy's plan, and ranged in opposition to it his own combinations. A moment sufficed to enable him to scan at a glance the whole circle of operations.

"Set off immediately, Haxo," said he, "and see that my orders are obeyed. I make you responsible for their immediate execution. Tell Vandamme that intrenched as he is in the inaccessible defiles of Pieswalde, he may await the result of the operations in Dresden. For him I have reserved the honour of picking up the sword of the vanquished. Cool collectedness is necessary, and Vandamme is of an ardent temperament. Explain to him clearly what I expect him to do. Depart without delay, General Haxo."

"Then turning to Gourzand he thus addressed him:—

"Order a fresh horse, my dear Gourzand, and re-

turn to Dresden with your utmost speed. Make known my intention of commanding in person. My old guard will precede me. Tell the King of Naples that he must sustain the honour of our arms until my arrival. Let every one centuple his activity, and be at his post. I cannot be present everywhere. Proclaim to the troops that to-morrow evening I shall be with them. Go, Gourzand. Use dispatch. Lame a dozen horses, if it must be so, but reach your journey's end speedily. Remember the fate of Dresden depends on your punctuality.'

"Orderlies were despatched in every direction. The old guard, which had been hastily assembled, defiled before our windows, raising shouts of 'Vive l'Empereur! Forward on Dresden!' The whole town was in commotion. Every one was at his post. The will of one man acted, as it were with the power of electricity on the will of all. The events which I am here describing are of such recent date that we do not regard them with the degree of wonder they are naturally calculated to excite. The time will come when they will appear nothing short of miraculous. It is but just also to consider the share of merit due to every individual who took part in the glories of Napoleon. It must be acknowledged that never did a chief meet with more ready and devoted obedience on the part of those who were subordinate to his authority. With the rapidity of lightning orders were transmitted from one place to another, without any calculation of difficulties or distances, or any concern about fatigue or privation. All vied with each other for the honour of occupying the most dangerous posts and executing the most difficult missions. Life was lightly prized when balanced in the scale with duty. It would be necessary to name every officer in the army to render justice to each individually.

"I will not," said the Duke de Vicenza, "enter into the details of the terrible battle of Dresden, which lasted three days. You have, of course, read many accounts of it. Besides," added he, with a smile, "I know you would rather hear particulars relating to the Emperor personally; or, to borrow your own expression, *les choses de Napoleon*."

"Thank you, Duke," said I, shaking hands with him; "and though you consider me incapable of adequately comprehending the details of a battle, I am nevertheless an attentive auditor of whatsoever you may please to narrate. Be assured I shall never forget either your inexhaustible kindness or *les choses de Napoleon*. Both will remain indelibly engraved in my memory and in my heart."

From the Quarterly Review.

CODES OF MANNERS AND ETIQUETTE.

1. *Nuovo Galateo, di Melchioris Gioja, Autore del Trattato del Merito e delle Riconpense.* Quarta Edizione Milanese. Milano. 1827.
2. *Die Regel von Höflichkeit, &c.* Wien. 1832.
3. *Code Civil, Manuel Complet de la Politesse, du Ton, des Manières de la Bonne Compagnie, &c.* Paris. 1832.
4. *L'Art de Briller en Société, ou Manuel de l'Homme du Monde, &c.* Par P. C. et A. L. R., Membres de la Société Royale Académique des Sciences,

et de plusieurs Sociétés Littéraires. 3me Edition. Paris. 1829.

5. *The Laws of Etiquette, or Short Rules and Reflections for Conduct in Society.* By a Gentleman. A New Edition. Philadelphia. 1836.
6. *Hints on Etiquette and the Usages of Society; with a Glance at Bad Habits.* By A. J. W. Eleventh Edition. London. 1837.
7. *Instructions in Etiquette, &c. &c.* By James Pitt, Professor of Dancing and Fencing. Fourth Edition. London. 1836.
8. *The Philosophy of Manner, &c. &c.* By ΑΣΤΕΙΟΣ. Glasgow. 1837.
9. *The Science of Etiquette.* By ΑΣΤΕΙΟΣ. Twentieth Thousand. Glasgow. 1837.
10. *The True Science of Etiquette.* By —. Glasgow. 1836.
11. *The Book of Etiquette; or the Whole Art of Politeness, &c.* By a Gentleman. Seventh Edition. London. 1837.
12. *Chesterfield Modernized; or the Book of Gentility, and the Why and Because of Polite Society.* By a Member of the Beef-steak Club. Sixth Edition. London. 1837.
13. *Kidd's Practical Hints on Etiquette, &c. &c.* London. 1837.
14. *The Book of Fashion.* By an Exclusive. New Edition. London. 1837.
15. *The Book of Refinement, &c.* New Edition. London. 1837.
16. *The Pocket-Book of Etiquette and Vade Mecum of the Observances of Society.* Liverpool. 1837.

"In China," says the Abbé de Marey, "the government has always made it an object to maintain, not only at court and amongst the great, but amongst the people at large, a certain habit of politeness and courtesy. The Chinese have an infinity of books on this subject. One of these treatises contains more than 3000 articles. In it every thing is prescribed with the greatest minuteness; the manner of saluting, of paying visits, of making presents, of writing letters, of giving entertainments, &c. These usages have the force of law; no one dares to infringe them. There is a particular tribunal at Peking, one of whose principal functions is to watch over all these observances."

Judging from the heap of publications on our table, and the numerous editions they are stated (we believe without much exaggeration) to have gone through, it would seem that the principal European nations, as well as America, are in a fair way to rival China in this peculiar department of letters and legislation; nor can we delay, without a glaring dereliction of duty, to notice a class of productions which are really exercising a widely-spread and by no means beneficial influence on the middle classes of this country. It was a bad sign for these when the manufacture of fashionable novels grew into a trade, and it became worth a publisher's while to offer a woman of title fifty or a hundred pounds for liberty to prefix her name to a book, compiled with the aid of butlers and lady's-maids in the back recesses of his shop—because the demand for this sort of trash betokened an unworthy and degrading eagerness on the part of a large part of the community to learn how lords and ladies ate, drank, dressed, and coquetted, and cull maxims of taste and gentility from the tawdry slipshod, made up

of bad English and worse French, which passes current for the conversation of the aristocracy:

'Oh! Radcliffe, thou once wert the charmer
Of girls who sat reading all night;
Thy heroes were striplings in armour,
Thy heroines damsels in white—
But past are thy terrible toches,
Our lips in derision we curl,
Unless we are told how a Duchess
Conversed with her cousin the Earl.

'Haut Ton finds her privacy broken,
We trace all her *ins* and her *outs*;
The very small talk that is spoken
By very great people at routs.
At Tenby Miss Jinks asks the loan of
The book from the innkeeper's wife;
And she reads till she dreams she is one of
The leaders of elegant life."

But it is a still worse sign, and one well meriting the serious attention of the speculative, when these absurdities come to be framed into systems, and whole codes of regulations drawn up by artists, captains in the militia, stock-brokers, and dancing-masters, are 'set in a note-book, learned, and conned by rote' by the wives, sons and daughters of half the minor gentry and tradespeople in the land.

The French work, which stands third upon our list, has evidently suggested the best of those that stand after it; and we are not at all surprised to find a mania of the kind originating in a country where society presents one great hot-bed of vanity, and the master all-pervading passion is to pass for something greater than you are, or *coute qui coute*, make people stare and talk about you. Whole scenes of Balzac's novels are occupied with the struggles of some poor devil, author or artist, to support the appearance of a man of fashion on an income which would scarcely suffice to find a member of White's in gloves; and a recent writer on France, belonging to the liberal school of politics, relates as an illustration of the national character, that not long since a notary's clerk killed himself avowedly, because, having duly calculated and considered, he did not think it possible for him to be so great a man as Napoleon. America is entitled to walk first amongst the imitators, or rather plagiarists, for a large portion of the Philadelphian code of manners is literally translated from the French. And this, again, was natural enough; for a *parvenu* people bears a strong resemblance to a *parvenu* individual, and there is not a country in the world where social distinctions are more minute and vexatious, or precedence more rigidly enforced, than America, the very keystone of whose institutions is equality. As for our brethren in the North, we are utterly at a loss to assign a motive for their rivalry; for of all the two-legged animals that Nature in her wisdom has incapacitated by hardness, uncouthness, and a total want of pliability in limb and feature for the drawing-room, we know none more radically unfit than a canny Scotchman from one of the great trading emporiums—

* Song, by Mr. Haynes Bayley; one of the very best comic song writers of the day—no slight praise, with Mrs. Blackwood, Mrs. Norton, Mr. Hook, Mr. Praed, Mr. Fitzgerald, Professor Cheape, Mr. James Smith, Mr. Hallett, Mr. Hood, Mr. Lover, &c. &c. as competitors.

"Every point of national character is opposed to the pretensions of this luckless race, when they attempt to take on them a personage which is assumed with so much facility by their brethren of the Isle of Saints. Their pride heads them back at one turn, their poverty at another, their pedantry at a third, their *mauvaise honte* at a fourth; and with so many obstacles to make them bolt off the course, it is positively impossible they should win the plate. No, Harry, it is the grave folk in Old England who have to fear a Caledonian invasion—they will make no conquests in the world of fashion."—*St. Ronan's Well*, vol. i. p. 336.

So said one who knew them well; yet Glasgow sends forth her copies of "The Science of Etiquette," and "The Philosophy of Manner," by thousands,—without counting a rather invidious commentary on one of them, in which the author states (probably the only authentic statement in the publication) that he and his predecessor having contemporaneously assisted in the domestic arrangements of *The Goat and Compasses*, he conceives himself to be equally entitled to authority. At the same time, it is undeniable that there is a great deal of good sense, with many valuable suggestions regarding manners and conduct, in these books particularly in the *Code Civil*, the American work, and the *Hints on Etiquette* by Αζαγος, whose claims to superior originality have recently been under the consideration of the Bench. The German work is almost entirely filled with titles, formal modes of address, and ceremonial observances practised in the petty courts of Germany, where the technicalities of etiquette are honoured with a minute attention which would go far towards justifying the sarcasm of Kotzebue:—

"My uncle, the court-marshal (says Edward, in *Die Komödiantin aus Liche*) is an author. He has written a large volume on the shoulder-straps of pages, and another on the art of arranging card-tables. He is now occupied on his grand work, in eight volumes and 340 chapters, on etiquette. One of the chapters contains excellent rules as to the manner in which we should behave towards the prince's pointers."

Unfortunately no copy of this Court-marshal's performance is discoverable, and little is to be culled from the *Regel von Höflichkeit* of the slightest interest or utility out of Germany. The Italian work of Gioja belongs to a different class, and we hardly feel justified in mentioning it in company with such light and superficial productions as the above. The *Nuovo Galateo*, in short, is a grave philosophic treatise on the principles of politeness, applicable to all ages and countries alike. The author is obviously a man of learning, sense, and refinement, tolerably well qualified by previous habits and associations for the task;* and in Italy his work enjoys a prescriptive reputation,

* M. Gioja is the author of two other works of reputation, *Filosofia della Statistica*, and *Nuovo Prospetto delle Scienze Economiche*. Mr. Babbage (one of the few who can afford to be strictly just in such matters) acknowledges that his theory of the Division of Labour had been anticipated by M. Gioja. See the *Economy of Machinery and Manufactures*, p. 176, and Preface, p. iv. M. Gioja's remarks on England must be read with many grains of allowance, as he was formerly engaged by Napoleon to write a book against us, and the information supplied to him for that purpose appears to constitute the sum total of his knowledge of our manners. We are informed that an English translation of the *Nuovo Galateo* is about to appear.

in its own peculiar walk, little inferior to that of Blackstone on English law or Quintilian on Rhetoric. A critical examination of it, however, would lead us far beyond the purpose of this article, which is simply to show by specimens, interspersed with some few comments, the general character and tendency of the instructions so bountifully supplied for those who are smitten with that last infirmity of noble minds, the ambition of succeeding in the drawing-room; and, incidentally, to contrast the varieties of national character the respective systems present.

We shall begin by endeavouring to form an estimate of the qualifications (glanced at in a late number) essential to success in society, destitute of which it were useless for man or woman to commence the study of etiquette, as the chances would be exceedingly small of their ever witnessing the practical results of their lucubrations. The enumeration will not be very startling; but even should it have the effect of driving any considerable portion of aspirants to despair, we cannot say that the recollection of the pain inflicted in this manner will sit very heavy upon our pen.

There is an old saying, that it takes three generations to make a gentleman. The rationale of this saying must be that some portion of the founder of a family's vulgarity will probably descend to his more immediate descendants who are brought up with him; and it is undeniably an advantage to be a member of a family which has been long enough in the class of gentry to have adopted their habits and modes of thinking in every respect. Birth may also exercise a considerable influence on manners in a way suggested by a popular novelist, who makes two of his characters discuss the question, whether illegitimacy presents an insuperable bar to a man's being perfectly a gentleman. They decide that it does not, provided the individual has self-respect and strength of mind sufficient to subdue any consciousness of inferiority, which would be fatal to that ease and independence of demeanor which are absolutely essential to the character. The same train of reasoning obviously applies to low birth or low connexions. Spirits of the higher order experience no sense of degradation on this account, and when they themselves have once fairly ceased to think or care about it, the circumstance drops out of notice and speedily comes to be forgotten or disregarded by the world. But others are haunted by the reflection eternally, and thereby contract a manner alternating between pride and humility, the very worst it is possible to have. On the other hand, pride of birth will often lead a man to err on the side of stateliness, and so militate against blandness and courtesy. One of the strongest examples that can well be given is the late Mr. Huddleston, an amiable and accomplished gentleman, who believed himself to be lineally descended from Athelstane, and consequently entitled to take precedence of all, including the proudest nobles, who did not equally partake of the blood-royal of the heptarchy. Some of this excellent person's evidences bore a strong resemblance to those of the Scotchman who, in proof of his own descent from the Admirable Creighton, was wont to produce an ancient shirt marked *J. C.* in the tail, preserved, he said, as an heir-loom by the family; but Mr. Huddleston's pedigree was admitted, and *Huddleston* allowed to be an undeniable corruption of *Athelstane* by many of the most distinguished amateur-

readers of Gwyllim; amongst others, by the late Duke of Norfolk, who was sufficiently tenacious on such points. These two originals often met over a bottle to discuss the respective pretensions of their pedigrees, and on one of these occasions, when Mr. Huddlestone was dining with the Duke, the discussion was prolonged till the descendant of the Saxon kings fairly rolled from his chair upon the floor. One of the younger members of the family hastened, by the Duke's desire, to re-establish him, but he sturdily repelled the proffered hand of the cadet—"Never," he hiccuped out, "shall it be said that the head of the house of Huddlestone was lifted from the ground by a younger branch of the house of Howard." "Well, then, my good old friend," said the good natured Duke, "I must try what I can do for you myself. The head of the house of Howard is too drunk to pick up the head of the house of Huddlestone, but he will lie down beside him with all the pleasure in the world;" so saying the Duke also took his place upon the floor. The concluding part of this anecdote has been plagiarised and applied to other people, but the authenticity of our version may be relied upon.

In France, with the exception of the Faubourg St. Germain circle where alone the old French politeness and courtesy survive, the prejudice (as they term it) of birth is professedly despised; but it is notwithstanding amusing to mark the sensation excited by an old historic name at a *Chaussée d'Antin* ball, and the eagerness shown by the ultra-liberals to assume the distinctive token of nobility. Béranger, or De Béranger, (for at this moment we know not what to call him,) has written a lively song by way of apology for the *de* which one fine morning was discovered before his name—

"Hé quoi ! j'apprends que l'on critique
Le *de* que précède mon nom,"—

but he has forgotten to explain how it got there, and the *réfrain* or burthen, "*Je suis vilain, et très vilain,*" does not come quite trippingly off.

In the German capitals the best society is essentially aristocratic, but the facility with which letters of nobility are granted goes far towards obviating the worst evils of exclusiveness. In Vienna, however, a parvenu would never dream of competing with the genuine nobles, and a Brummell would be an absolute impossibility. Amongst the native Italians, society can hardly ever present itself as an object of ambition or a field for the gratification of vanity; each order (except in Lombardy, where there is some approach to amalgamation) pays and receives visits within itself, whilst a spirit of languor and depression seems to weigh upon the whole. In fact, it is so entirely anomalous that no general conclusions are deducible—

"Their moral is not your moral, their life is not your life, you would not understand it; it is not English, nor French, nor German, which you would all understand. The conventual education, the cavalier servitude, the habits of thought and living, are so entirely different, and the difference becomes so much more striking the more you live intimately with them, that I know not how to make you comprehend a people who are at once temperate and profligate, serious in their characters and buffoons in their amusements, capable of impressions and passions which are at once sudden and durable (what you find in

no other nation), and who actually have no society (what we would call so), as you may see by their comedies,—they have no real comedy, not even in Goldoni, and that is because they have no society to draw it from."*

A notion, precise enough for our present purpose, of the constitution of American society, may be collected from the following just and sensible remarks, which we quote from the Preface to the Philadelphia book on etiquette:—

"In point of fact, we think that there is more exclusiveness in the society of this country, than there is in that even of England, far more than there is in France. *There being there less danger of permanent disarrangement or confusion of ranks by the occasional admission of low-born aspirants, there does not exist the same necessity for a jealous guarding of the barriers as there does here.* The distinction of classes, also, after the first or second, is actually more clearly defined, and more rigidly observed in America, than in any country of Europe. Persons unaccustomed to look searchingly at these matters, may be surprised to hear it; but we know from observation, that there are among the respectable, in any city of the United States, at least ten distinct ranks. We cannot, of course, here point them out, because we could not do it without mentioning names.

"Every man is naturally desirous of finding entrance into the best society of his country, and it becomes therefore a matter of importance to ascertain what qualifications are demanded for admittance.

"A writer, who is popularly unpopular, has remarked, that the test of standing in Boston is literary eminence; in New York, wealth; and in Philadelphia, parity of blood.

"To this remark we can only oppose our opinion, that none of these are indispensable, and none of them sufficient. The society of this country, unlike that of England, does not court literary talents. We have cases in our recollection which prove the remark, in relation to the highest ranks, even in Boston. Wealth has no pretensions to be the standard any where. In New York, the Liverpool of America, although the rich may make greater display and *bruit*, yet all of the merely rich will find that there does exist a small and unchanging circle, whether above or below them 'it is not ours to say,' yet completely apart from them, into which they would rejoice to find entrance, and from which they would be glad to receive emigrants.

"Whatever may be the accomplishments necessary to render one capable of reaching the highest platform of social eminence—and it is not easy to define clearly what they are—there is one thing, and one alone, which will enable any man to retain his station there, and that is, *good breeding*. Without it we believe that literature, wealth, and even blood, will be unsuccessful. By it, if it co-exist with a certain capacity of affording pleasure by conversation, any one, we imagine, could frequent the very best society in every city of America, and perhaps the very best alone."

The next consideration is the amount of fortune it is necessary for the aspirant to possess. Mr. Wellesley Pole used to say that it was impossible to live like a gentleman in England under forty thousand a year; and Brummell told a lady who asked him how much she ought to allow her son for dress, that it might be done for 800*l.* a year, *with strict economy*. Mr. Senior, in an excellent Essay on Political Economy recently published in the Encyclopedia Metro-

* See a letter from Lord Byron, quoted in a note to Beppo, in the last editions of his works.

politana, states that a carriage for woman of fashion must be regarded as one of the necessities of life, and we presume he would be equally imperative in demanding a cabriolet for a man. In France, according to the most competent authorities, a man may succeed in the only quarter where, in the opinion of some of these codifiers, success is really worth having without a sixpence of regular income:—

"Mais notre masse de deux millions de célibataires n'a pas besoin de cinq sous de rente pour faire l'amour;"

"Mais il suffit à un homme d'avoir bon pied, bon œil, pour décrocher le portrait d'un mari;"

"Mais il n'est pas nécessaire qu'il ait une jolie figure, ni même qu'il soit bien fait;"

"Mais pourvu qu'un homme ait de l'esprit, une figure distinguée et de l'entregent, les femmes ne lui demandent jamais d'où il sort;"

"Mais un habit dû à Staub, une paire de gants prise chez Walker, des bottes élégantes qu'Evrat tremble d'avoir fournies, une cravate bien nouée, suffisent à un homme pour devenir le roi d'un salon."*

As we are not informed how the coat from Staub, the gloves from Walker, and the boots from Evrat are to be paid for, and Parisian tradesmen are by no means fond of giving credit, we presume that the *débutant* is expected to commence like the hero in *Le Père Goriot*, who robs his mother and sisters of their little savings to make a start.

The same author has drawn up a set of aphorisms with the view of fixing what women are entitled to rank as *honnête*, i. e. entitled to be objects of consideration in society. We shall quote these entire as affording a curious illustration of the state of manners in France:

"Qu'est-ce donc alors qu'une femme honnête? Cette matière touche de trop près la vanité des femmes, celle de leurs amans, et même celle d'un mari, pour que nous n'établissions pas ici des règles générales, résultat d'une longue observation. Notre million de têtes privilégiées représente une masse d'éligibles au titre glorieux de femme honnête; mais toutes ne sont pas élues. Les principes de cette élection se trouvent dans les axiomes suivans:

APHORISMES.

"1. Une femme honnête est essentiellement mariée.

"2. Une femme honnête a moins de quarante ans.

"3. Une femme mariée, dont on achète les faveurs, n'est pas une femme honnête.

"4. Une femme mariée qui a une voiture à elle est une femme honnête.

"5. Une femme qui fait la cuisine dans son ménage n'est pas une femme honnête.

"6. Quand un homme a gagné vingt mille livres de rente, sa femme est une femme honnête, quel que soit le genre de commerce auquel il a dû sa fortune.

"Une femme qui dit une lettre d'échange pour lettre de change, souyer pour soulier, pierre de lierre pour pierre de liais, qui dit d'un homme: 'Est-il farce, monsieur un tel?' ne peut jamais être une femme honnête, quelle que soit sa fortune.

"8. Une femme honnête doit avoir une existence pécuniaire qui permette à son amant de penser qu'elle ne lui sera jamais à charge d'aucune manière.

"9. Une femme logée au troisième étage (les rues de

Rivoli et de Castiglione exceptées), n'est pas une femme honnête.

"10. La femme d'un banquier est toujours une femme honnête; mais une femme assise dans un comptoir ne peut l'être qu'autant que son mari fait un commerce très étendu, et qu'elle ne loge pas au-dessus de la boutique.

"11. La nièce, non mariée, d'un évêque, et quand elle demeure chez lui, peut passer pour une femme honnête parce que si elle a une intrigue, elle est obligée de tromper son oncle.

"12. Une femme honnête est celle que l'on craint de compromettre.

"13. La femme d'un artiste est toujours une femme honnête.

"En appliquant ces principes, un homme du département de l'Ardeche peut résoudre toutes les difficultés qui se présenteront dans cette matière.

"Pour qu'une femme ne fasse pas elle-même sa cuisine, ait reçu une brillante éducation, ait le sentiment de la coquetterie, ait le droit de passer des heures entières dans un boudoir, couchée sur un divan, et vive de la vie de l'âme, il lui faut au moins un revenu de mille écus en province, ou de six mille francs à Paris."—pp. 64-67.

From this and other works of the kind, as well as from actual observation, we collect that (out of the very highest and most exclusive circle in France) no trades or professions are regarded as *non comme il faut*, provided only they supply incomes sufficient for cachemeres, opera boxes, and truffled turkeys. In the *Marriage de Raison*, for example, an exchange agent or stock-broker is reckoned a good match for a young lady of fortune and family. It is clearly otherwise amongst us. The first class of millionaires rise superior to rules; but, generally speaking, a calling of any sort against a man, with the exception of the aristocratic professions, and even these had better be avoided, for we incline to think that gentleman, *par excellence*, should resemble Voltaire's trees, who, when a visitor was complimenting him on their looking so fine and flourishing, replied—"they ought, for they have nothing else to do." By aristocratic professions, we mean the clergy, the bar, the higher walks of medicine, the army, and the navy.

With reference to the present topic, the clergy must be laid out of the account; for the times are gone when a Dutchess de Longueville could exclaim, on hearing that her favourite cardinal had missed the papal throne, "Oh, how sorry I am! I have had all other ranks of churchmen,—curates and vicars, deacons and archdeacons, bishops, archbishops, and cardinals,—for admirers, and if he had but gained the election, I should actually now have a pope."

With regard to the bar, the accomplished author of "Human Life" makes one of his favourite characters complain that he is never in a lawyer's company without fancying himself in a witness-box; and it must be owned that the habits of the bar are apt to militate against the loose, careless, easy style of thought and expression, the *grata protervitas*, which is most popular in the drawing-room. Yet the late Lord Grenville once remarked in our hearing, that he was always glad to meet a lawyer at a dinner party, because he then felt sure that some good topic or other would be rationally discussed.

The mere title of *Doctor* is commonly supposed to be much against the physician, let him gossip as fancifully, and feel pulses as gracefully, as he may; but

* *Physiologie du Mariage, ou Méditations de Philosophie Ecclésiastique, sur Le Bonheur et le Malheur Conjugal, par De Balzac, 1834, p. 76*; a book indicating (as the above extracts may be lead the reader to suspect) the most lamentable and apparently increasing corruption in Parisian society.

there is consolation in store for him, for it would seem that a sick room may afford a rich field for *coquetterie*. "I remember," (says the Doctor in 'Human Life') "being once the confidant of a brother physician, who had conceived great hopes from his patient, a widow, having added muslin borders to her sheets during his visits. But they were all petrified on her taking them off again, and never having renewed them. "Could I but see those flounces again," said he, "I might yet be happy."

Military men have high pretensions, but it would be difficult to answer Dr. Johnson's objection—"Perfect good-breeding consists in having no particular mark of any profession, but a general elegance of manners; whereas in a military man, you can commonly distinguish the *brand* of a soldier, *l'homme d'épée*."

Sailors are favourites, from a general belief in their superior frankness and gallantry; but an early association with tar and oakum is by no means calculated to purify their taste, or give their manners the highest finish; whilst many of their habits, to say the best of them, are odd. We shall not easily forget the sensation produced by the arrival of a distinguished naval officer at an archery meeting, who was pleased to descend the steps of his carriage stern foremost, as if he was descending an accommodation ladder. This reminds us of a singular recurrence to old habits on the part of a well-known Jack Brag, who had contrived to secure a limited reception in society. Suspicions were first excited by his beginning one day, when the party were speculating what they would do in given contingencies—"Now if I was a gentleman,"—which naturally enough led ill-natured people to fancy there had been a time when he was not. Still everybody was at fault as to his original vocation, until in an unlucky hour, he accompanied some of his new associates to a billiard table. Immediately on entering the room he took up a cue, and placed himself before the marking board so naturally, that every doubt was dissipated, and the marker stood confessed. It has been told of the late Mr. Peter Moore,—and was actually true of Secretary Craggs, who began life as a footman—that in the days of his opulence he once handed some ladies into their carriage, and then from the mere force of habit got up behind it himself.

On the subject of personal appearance—another preliminary consideration of moment—The American and English writers have done little more than copy or amplify a chapter in the *Code Civil*.

Art. 1. Before leaving your house to go to a ball or *soirée*, consult your glass twenty times, and scrupulously scrutinise each part of your *toilet*; thus assuring yourselves that there is nothing in contradiction to *your age* or the exterior that nature has given you.

Art. 2. All men cannot be as handsome as Adonises; but they may at least endeavour not to appear uglier than they are.

Art. 3. If you have little eyes, without lashes, and bordered with red, wear blue spectacles; a man may have bad eyes; it is absurd to have them very bad.

Art. 4. If you are diminutive, ugly, without grace or *tournaire*, give up all intention of presenting yourself in society. You would be the butt of a thousand pleasantries. All the wit in the world would not save you."

Without altogether denying the wisdom of these admonitions, and fully admitting to the noble author of Don Juan that—

— "Somehow those good looks
Make more impression than the best of books"

we must notwithstanding take the freedom to state that plain men, nay, even ugly little fellows, have met with tolerable success amongst the fair. Harry Jermyn, who carried all before him in his day, is described in Grammont's *Memoirs* as of small stature, with a large head and thin legs; and the redoubtable Prince de Condé had equal or greater disadvantages of person to contend against. Wilkes's challenge to Lord Townshend is well known: "Your Lordship is one of the handsomest men in the kingdom, and I am one of the ugliest; yet give me but half an hour's start, and I will enter the lists against you, with any woman you choose to name, because you will omit attentions on account of your fine exterior, which I shall double on account of my plain one." He used to add that it took him just half an hour to talk away his face; a strong proof, if true, of the sagacity of the French proverb, "*Avec les hommes l'amour entre par les yeux, avec les femmes par les oreilles*,"—for if ever man exceeded the privilege *dont jouissent les hommes d'être laids* (the phrase is De Seigné's), it was Wilkes. He was so exceedingly ugly that a lottery-office keeper once offered him ten guineas not to pass his window whilst the tickets were drawing, for fear of his bringing ill luck upon the house. Balzac says that ugliness signifies little, provided it be a *laideur intéressante*—Mirabeau's, for example, who desires a female correspondent who had never seen him and was anxious to form some notion of his face, to fancy a tiger marked with the small-pox. We rather think the whole philosophy of the matter is to be found in the concluding line of Spenser's description—

— "Who rough, and black, and filthy did appear,
Unseemly man to please fair lady's eye,
Yet he of ladies oft was loved dear,
When fairer faces were bid standen by;
Oh, who does know the bent of woman's fantasia?"

Indissolubly connected with the topic of personal appearance is the momentous one of dress, and it would be difficult to give a better illustration of its importance than an anecdote related of Gerard, the famous French painter. When a very young man he was the bearer of a letter of introduction to Lanjuinais (the distinguished leader of the Girondists,) and in the carelessness or confidence of genius, he repaired to the (then) imperial counsellor's house very shabbily attired. His reception was extremely cold; but in the few remarks that dropped from him in the course of conversation, Lanjuinais discovered such striking proofs of talent, good sense, and amiability, that on Gerard's rising to take leave, he rose too and accompanied his visitor to the ante-chamber. The change was so striking that Gerard could not avoid an expression of surprise. "My young friend," said Lanjuinais, anticipating the inquiry, "we receive an unknown person according to his dress, we take leave of him according to his merit."

Napoleon was deeply impressed with the effects producible by dress, and on all important occasions kept a scrutinising eye on the personal appearance of his suite. A remarkable instance (related in the *Code Civil*) occurred on the morning of his interview

with Alexander of Russia on the Niemen. Murat and General Dorsenne arrived at the same moment to take their places in his train; Murat, as usual, all epaulette, aigrette, lace, orders, and embroidery—Dorsenne in that elegant and simple costume, which made him the model of the army. Napoleon saluted Dorsenne with a smile of marked favour, then turning sharply round upon Murat, he said, "Go and put on your marshal's dress; you have the air of Francoini's." Goethe, the autocrat of German literature for nearly half a century, entertained similar sentiments, and, during his dynasty at Weimar, an ordinary stranger's reception there depended very materially on his dress.

We have cited these great names to give weight to the opinions we are about to quote from our French, American, and English authorities, each of whom has a section devoted to dress. We begin with the Code Civil, where the national vanity is eminently conspicuous:—

"The French are the best-dressed people in the world: our fashions have confirmed the conquests of our arms. Consequently, the Parisian, that being of so exquisite a taste, of so rare a foresight, of so delicate an egoism, of so refined a perception, will always serve as a model to all his neighbours; they can never cease to be the tributaries of his genius, for when he borrows any novelty from them, it is to embellish it by impressing it with his gracious seal. *Assuredly the sweetest and shortest hour of the day is that we consecrate to the first cares of the toilette. It is full of little felicities of which we keep no account. Who does not experience some sort of satisfaction in being occupied with himself? To have a valet is a capital mistake: he cheats you of a thousand pleasures.*"

Alter French people into French women in the first sentence of this paragraph, and we may admit the plausibility of the claim; but Frenchmen dress very badly, and never by any chance appear easy in their clothes. Johnson confessed to Mr. Langton that he experienced an unusual feeling of elation when (on the occasion of Irene being brought upon the stage) he put on a scarlet waistcoat with rich gold lace, and a gold-laced hat. A distinguished traveller—who has observed mankind, if not from China to Peru, at least from China to Ispahan—declares that he never saw a Frenchman in a clean shirt, who did not exhibit symptoms of a similar feeling of elation at the circumstance. We have been at some pains to verify this observation, and are now convinced that it is true; but the consciousness is not confined to the shirt. A Parisian exquisite reverses Mr. Brummell's maxim—that you are not well dressed if people stop to stare at you; nor can he ever be made to comprehend that dress fails of its object when it attracts attention independently of the man. On the contrary, his aim seems to be to act as a sort of walking advertiser for the tradesmen employed by him—(as Poor Goldy did by Filby of Water-lane, in the case of the plum-coloured coat)—and he evidently longs to tell every body he meets that his coat is by Staub, his hat by Bandoni, that his bootmaker is Evrat or Hasley, and (above all) that Madame Frederic is his washerwoman. Yet he is not likely to trouble her much, if we may judge from such specimens as the following:—

"Those who delight in cleanliness change their linen twice a week, and their pocket-handkerchief still oftener, if

they are obliged to blow their noses frequently, especially those who take snuff." *

What would dirty-shirt D**** say to this!—dirty-shirt D****, who obtained his unenviable and most unmerited nickname amongst contemporary Oxonians from the fact of his putting on avowedly only three clean shirts a day, whilst another man of the same name, as if for the express purpose of spiting and dishonouring him, put on four. We presume it is unnecessary to remind our readers of Mr. Brummell's celebrated maxim:—"The finest linen; plenty of it; and country washing."

The French work last quoted contains a chapter entitled, *Du Choix des Habillements*, from which the English reader may form his estimate of the modes in request amongst the best-dressed people in the world:—

"If you wish to unite elegance with simplicity, put on for the morning, a blue frock, white trousers, a black waistcoat, an azure-coloured cravat fastened with a pin; or black trousers, a white waistcoat, and a black cravat."

Such is a Frenchman's notion of uniting simplicity and elegance. Let us now turn to the Americans:—

"In the Morning before eleven o'clock, even if you go out, you should not be dressed. You would be stamped a *parvenu* if you were seen in any thing better than a respectable old frock-coat. If you remain at home, and are a bachelor, it is permitted to receive visitors in a morning-gown. In summer, calico; in winter, figured cloth, faced with fur. At dinner, a coat, of course, is indispensable. The effect of a frock coat, is to conceal the height. If, therefore, you are beneath the ordinary stature, or much above it, you should affect frock-coats on all occasions that etiquette permits."

The pith of the English opinions is contained in a section of the "Hints on Etiquette":—

"It is in bad taste to dress in the extreme of fashion; and, in general, those only do so who have no other claim to distinction,—leave it, in these times, to shopmen and pickpockets. There are certain occasions, however, when you may dress as gaily as you please, observing the maxim of the ancient poet to be "great on great occasions." Men often think when they wear a fashionable cut coat, an embroidered waistcoat, with a profusion of chains and other trinkets, that they are well dressed, entirely overlooking the less obtrusive, but more certain marks of a refined taste. The grand points are well-made shoes, clean gloves, a white pocket-handkerchief, and, above all, an easy and graceful deportment."—pp. 39, 40.

This is pretty nearly in accordance with the maxim originally French:—"Un homme bien chaussé et bien coiffé peut se presenter partout." But—

"This aphorism," says the author of the Code Civil, "is false as the voice of Madame Boulanger. The man is not to consider himself well dressed merely because he wears a hat from Bandoni's and boots by Higgin. The coat by Staub, the waistcoat by Moreau, the cravat and gloves from Walker's, will be still indispensable. Let it not be thought, however that in citing these celebrated names, we wish to show exclusiveness. The most modest tailor, the most timid bootmaker dress a man of taste with propriety: *C'est la tournure, la manière de porter la toilette, qui en fait tout le prix.*"

The American author copies this remark with the change of a word. "The maxim," he says, "is as

* L'Art de Briller, &c. p. 16.

false as the voice of Mr.—, a celebrated English actor, whose voice does not happen to be false, whatever Madame Boulanger's may be. We proceed with our extracts from the "Hints":—

"Do not affect singularity in dress, by wearing out-of-the-way hats, or gaudy waistcoats, &c. and so become contemptibly conspicuous; nothing is more easy than to attract attention in such a manner, since it requires neither sense nor taste. A shrewd old gentleman said of one of these, 'ninnies,' that 'he would rather be taken for a fool than not be noticed at all.'

"Never affect the 'ruffianly' style of dress, unless, indeed, you hold a brilliant position in society. A nobleman, or an exceedingly elegant and refined man, will occasionally disguise himself, and assume the 'ruffian,' as it amuses him to remark the surprise of people at the contrast between his appearance and his manners: but if you have no such pretensions, let your costume be as unostentatious as possible, lest people only remark, that 'your dress is as coarse as your mind.'

"Always wear your gloves in church or in a theatre."
—pp. 40, 41.

We rather doubt the taste of ever assuming the ruffianly style of dress, whatever your position in society; and the notion of an exceedingly elegant and refined man disguising himself in this manner is preposterous. The aphorism regarding gloves is improved upon a little farther on in the words of an anonymous, "lady of rank," who allowed the author free access to her note-book. Her ladyship's instructions run thus, the very Italics being her own:—

"Do not insist upon pulling off your glove on a very hot day when you shake hands with a lady. If it be off, why, all very well; but it is better to run the risk of being considered ungallant, than to present a clammy, ungloved hand."—*Hints*, p. 51.

This suggestion is no less remarkable for delicacy than acuteness. But we notwithstanding think it a duty to state that there is one high authority decidedly opposed to her:—

"Q.—Is it proper, on entering a room, to take off the gloves to shake hands with the company?

"A.—It will always be correct for gentlemen to take off the glove of the right hand; but ladies are allowed to keep on their gloves: nevertheless, I should not advise them to avail themselves of their privilege when they wish to show respect, and especially to an intimate friend; for friendship is so sacred, that not even the substance of a glove should interpose between the hands of those who are united by its influence. Be careful in taking off the glove, that you do so with ease and grace, avoiding all appearance of attending to your hand when you ought to be attending to your friend."—*Instructions in Etiquette*, p. 41.

So says Mr. James Pitt, Professor of Dancing, &c., and let no man rashly deem him an incompetent authority. "Ce jeune homme ira loin," said an old French marquis of a *débutant*, "car ses manières sont bonnes, et il danse parfaitement bien." Then, who better fitted for an *arbitrer elegantiarum* than a professor of the art on which success in life so materially depends? In the cause of friendship, moreover, it is to be hoped that even the "lady of rank" will not object to encounter the risk so delicately insinuated by her—or she may make an exception for warm weather, and be cold when the gentlemen look hot—or, as a last resort, she may adopt the hint thrown out by a navy-captain at a Portsmouth ball, when his

partner, a "lady of rank," suggested the propriety of his putting on his gloves before they led off: "Oh, never mind me, Ma'am; I shall wash my hands when I've done dancing." The next "Hint" is well worthy of attention:—

"Avoid wearing jewelry, unless it be in very good taste, and then only at proper seasons. This is the age of mosaic gold and other trash; and by dint of swindling, any one may become 'flashy' at a small expense: recollect that every shop-boy can coarsely imitate 'your outward and visible sign' if he choose to save his money for that purpose. If you will stand out in 'high and bold relief,' endeavour to become eminent for some virtue or talent, that people may say, 'There goes the celebrated (not the notorious) Mr. So-and-So.'"

Many, however, who have actually acquired the *quod monstret digito prætereuntium*, and are in the full intoxication of celebrity, are little less anxious to become notorious for some startling peculiarity of the sort. Balzac's cane, for instance, was long the talk of every *salon* in which the bearer presented himself, and has actually given a title to a book, *La Canne de Balzac*, by Sophie Gay; the moral being the disadvantages of personal beauty to a man. The concluding "Hint" is addressed to the ladies:—

"It is a delicate subject to hint at the incongruities of a lady's dress,—yet, alas! it forces itself upon our notice when we see a female attired with elaborate gorgeousness, picking her way along the sloppy streets, after a week's snow and a three days' thaw, walking in a dress only fit for a carriage. When country people visit London, and see a lady enveloped in ermine and velvets, reclining in a carriage, they are apt to imagine it is the fashionable dress, and adopt it accordingly, overlooking the coronet emblazoned on the panels, and that its occupant is a duchess or a marchioness at the least, and that were the same person to walk, she would be in a very different costume, and then only attended by a footman."—pp. 42, 3.

This is a piece of sound, sensible advice, and well calculated to lead to a good practical result; for of all the absurdities into which female students of fashionable novels have fallen in their attempts to ape the envied heroines, there is none more palpable than the style of dressing they have adopted for the streets. At the same time there is no necessity for supposing that every elegantly-dressed woman in a carriage is a duchess or marchioness—for duchesses and marchionesses are by no means plentiful, as a quondam Irish senator with a big O before his name once found to his cost. He chanced to be discovered one afternoon by a friend at the corner of — Square, attired in nankeen pantaloons, well calculated, in his own opinion, to exhibit the graces of his form. The friend proposed a stroll into the park: "Not now, my dear fellow, I beg you'll move on; I'm waiting for a duchess who lives in the square." The story got wind, and he was in a fair way to become a general object of envy for his *bonne fortune*, until some jealous compatriot thought of referring to the Court Guide to identify the frail scion of nobility, when lo and behold, there appeared to be only a single duchess then residing in the square, and she the very last person in the world to form an attachment to an ogre-looking Irishman in nankeen. It is to be feared, from one of his remarks at the Bath "swarry," that Mr. Samuel Weller has fallen into a somewhat similar mistake: "I don't think I can do with any thing un-

der a female markis. I might take up with a young ooman o' large property as hadn't a title, if she made very fierce love to me—not else."

The above passages are all we find on the subject of ladies' dress in these books; whether it be that the writers wish to acquire a character for discretion (for if, as Madame de Genlis says, there is no woman who has not at least one *secret de toilette*, a complete book on the subject would be a revelation of the most cherished secrets of the sex)—or that they know nothing about the matter, or that they are fearful of embarking on so wide a field of speculation. This, at all events, is our own case, and we have, moreover, a vague half-formed notion that some time or other we may make dress in all its relations, ramifications and influences—moral, physical, social and political—the subject of an article. We shall now merely pause to make the *amende honorable* to the French, whose women certainly dress better than any other women in the world; and no wonder, for their whole souls are in the cause, and the best part of their every day is spent in choosing, trying, comparing, criticising—a cap, a bonnet, or a gown. "*Volre chapeau vous va comme un ange.*" "*Vous êtes coiffée à ravir.*" "*Ce bonnet est d'un goût charmant.*" "*Bein mise! vous êtes tirée à quatre épingles.*" "*Chér—je le crois bien—mais combien, dites vous, pour la dentelle?*" Such are the phrases you hear murmuring round you in a *salon* at Paris, the men being equally *au fait* of them: nay, the very journalists catch inspiration from the theme, and instead of dry catalogues of *tulle* and *blonde* and *gros de Naples*, such as fill the columns of the English newspapers the day after a drawing-room or fancy ball, we read of "*robes confectionnées à merveille, or silks d'un véritable couleur de succès,*" and not content with enthusiastically commemorating the graces snatched beyond the reach of art—the fascinating *caprices de toilette*—of a Recamier, a de Guiche, a de Plaisance, or a Le Hon,* they have often been known

of late to throw all petty feelings of national rivalry aside for the purpose of doing justice to the exquisite refinements of an Englishwoman. To our country's honour, be it said, the announcement of a new poem by Byron never excited a greater sensation amongst the men of letters—than the description of a new dress worn by a certain beautiful English Duchess periodically excites amongst the modists—of the continent. Then what genius is shown by the *artistes*!—with what devotion they apply themselves to their art, and what fire, what soul, what elevation, what dignity, they infuse into it! When (to refer only to well-known and well-authenticated instances) we hear of one French bonnet-maker's telling Lady D., on her remonstrating with him about the price of a hat—"Madame, parole d'honneur, il m'a coûté trois nuits d'insomnie seulement pour l'imaginer;" of the porter of another answering an inquiry for his master, "*Monsieur n'est pas visible, il compose*"—of a third modestly accounting for the sit of a plume by saying that he had fixed it in a *moment of enthusiasm*: when we know that a milliner actually told one of the Duchesses de Berri's ladies of honour, who came to command her attendance, that the Duchess must wait upon her: when we recall the names of Herbault, Victorine, Beaudran, Palmyre, Oudot-Manoury, &c. &c., and reflect that no other class of French artists have risen thus proudly superior to those of other countries but the cooks—is it, we ask, well possible to doubt that millinery and gastronomy are the arts in which the nation was predestined to shine, and that Paris is the city of all others in which the men excel in dressing dinners and the women in dressing themselves!—

"Exeudent alii spirantia mollius aera,
Orabunt causas melius—
Ha tibi erunt artes."

Age is a ticklish topic, and our sentiments regarding it depend upon and vary with our years. "Good Heavens, mamma, you wouldn't marry me to an old man of thirty!" exclaims the Miss in one of Vanburgh's comedies, and we incline to think that most misses in their teens would sympathise with her; yet Madame Sophie Gay asserts, we presume from her own experience, that a man at fifty-two is more formidable than at any other age, and we could name some women besides Ninon who have fascinated from sixteen to sixty. But this is a privilege confined to married women and unmarried men. Indeed, there is no such thing as an old maid to be seen in French and Italian society: a woman prudently takes refuge in a convent when she despairs of finding a *partie*:

* Every body who has been at Paris is familiar with the names of Madame la Duchess de Guiche, the beautiful sister of Count d'Orsay, and Madame de Recamier, the friend of Chateaubriand, who boasts—and what a splendid boast it is!—that she has had half the celebrated men of Europe for her admirers, and kept them as her friends. Madame Le Hon, the wife of the Belgian ambassador, and a Rubens' beauty of the first water, is particularly celebrated for her *chapeaus*, which are still copied as soon as worn, though the hey-day of her fashion is gone by. Madame la Comtesse de Vaudreuil, an attractive young widow, has earned a name in history by the introduction of the *riselle*: the ruby velvet first worn by herself contrasted so admirably with her raven hair, that the fashion spread like wildfire, and was almost as rapidly extinct. As regards head-dresses, a custom prevalent amongst Frenchwomen who are fortunate enough to possess jewels, deserves to be recorded. Instead of trusting the arrangement to their maids or hairdressers, they send their pearls and diamonds to Herbault or Beaudran to be disposed about their turbans and hats, and a fine pictorial effect is the result. Madame la Duchess de Plaisance, daughter of the Princesse de Wagram, is a beauty of the light, airy, sylph-like order. She was one of the first to adopt the small tight old-fashioned sleeve revived by Madame Oudot-Manoury—"a couturiere,"—says a lady correspondent of acknowledged taste in such matters—"a couturiere of less general renown than Palmyre or Victorine—but of infinitely more inventive taste, daring to plan from the fine

old masters; and though a new fashion even in Paris, is rather disliked and avoided at first, yet Manoury perseveres and gains the palm at last. But then to be sure she flatters, and seeks out the belles of every country, with her notes of request, and gentle hints that such and such costumes would suit their style—till she draws them up a terribly awkward passage and narrow staircase into a small chamber full of the most lovely robes, sure to win and fix the admiration of every beholder. Once there you are forced to wait her liberty or pleasure—be your impatience or your rank what it may—and then she makes you come again and again till she sends you away with a dress peculiarly fitted to your own shape."

or, as was said of the Duchess de Longueville, *elle se saute sur la même planche de l'ennui et de l'enfer*. In England there exists no such imperative necessity; and there are living instances of unmarried women arrived at or past a certain age (that most uncertain age of all) filling a brilliant position in society; but still the general rule holds good, and we earnestly recommend all young ladies who wish to shine in the *salon* to get married with all possible despatch. The principle is partially indicated in Mrs. Norton's clever and amusing novel of "Woman's Reward." "Pooh! my dear fellow," (said Lord Haslingden to a young captain in the Blues, who was professing his dislike of girls and his preference for the society of young married women,) "a young married woman is only a girl who belongs to somebody else." Lord Byron is more explicit:—

"However, I still think, with all due deference
To the fair single part of the creation
That married ladies should preserve the preference
In tête-à-tête or general conversation;
Because they know the world, and are at ease,
And being natural, naturally please."

His lordship has also touched with his wonted felicity on the privileges tacitly accorded to bachelors—

"He was a bachelor, which is a matter
Of import both to virgin and to bride," &c. &c.

"Honoured and honourable class" [it is thus a section of the *Code Civil*, entitled *Célibataires*, commences], "these gentlemen accept all the pleasures of society, and support none of the expense. They dine out, and are not bound to give dinners in return. Instead of taking a box by the year, they buy an admission for life; their carriage only holds two, and they are never obliged to set down a dowager. Weddings, christenings, fêtes—nothing comes amiss to them. They are never called papa; they are not regularly assailed with milliners', staymakers', and jewellers' bills. We never see them ruining themselves in suits for conjugal rights: for them *La Belle Mère* is destitute of point, and they yawn at *La Femme Jalouse*. They are never godfathers from reciprocity; they sleep in peace during the best part of the morning, leave balls when they like, and invest money in the funds."

We must not quit this branch of our subject without notifying the existence of a class who set rules at defiance and mock all efforts at classification. They are thus described by Lady Chatterton:—

"Mr. Mordaunt was one of those men, or problems, of the world, the reason of whose success in society is so difficult to solve; who, without being either agreeable, or handsome, or rich, are sought for by all dinner-givers and courted by every body. Three or four of such miraculous beings are well known in London; and after due study and consideration the only proper solution of the mystery is, that one is considered an excellent judge of wine, another of horses, and another of beauty. Mr. Mordaunt belonged to the last class, and gained his livelihood in fashionable society by making compliments."*

No bad way either, and, if he did, there was no

* *Aunt Dorothy's Tale, or Geraldine Morton, a novel, in two volumes*, vol. i. p. 56. This novel is one of the best of its class, and gives high promise of still better things; for marks of suppressed power abound in it, and the author's mind is filled obviously with the richest stores of feeling, observation, and thought.

mystery to solve. Louis XIV. has been called a man of genius on the strength of the delicate beauty of his compliments, and Mr. Mordaunt might have been a man of genius on the same ground, for aught that here appears to the contrary. Besides, celebrity of any sort is a recognised title to success. But we have Mordaunts in our eye who have neither name, nor fame, nor taste, nor pretensions to taste,—who believe all Rhenish wines to be hock,—are not even privileged to bow to Tattersall, and would cut an equally indifferent figure in discussing budding crops at Boodle's, and budding beauties at White's; yet they are asked every where from the mere force of association, and, like Pope's flies in amber, they stick—

"The things we know are neither rich nor rare,
Yet wonder how the devil they got there."

Having now described the principal qualifications required in the candidate, we proceed to the consideration of the forms and observances which fall more directly within the province of Etiquette. The most essential of these are included in the works before us under the heads of *The Salute*, *The Visit*, *The Dinner*, *The Evening Party*, *the Ball*, *Conversation*, &c. &c.

All agree in terming the salute *la pierre de touche*, by which any given person's profligacy in good-breeding may be estimated; and Gioja has devoted a long chapter to it, in the course of which he gives some amusing examples of its varieties and modifications during different periods and in different quarters of the globe. In some countries, they rub noses; in others, they pull one another's ears; the Franks plucked out a hair and presented it; the Japanese take off their slippers when they meet. In some of the South-sea islands they spit in their hands, and then rub your face for you; in others, it is the height of politeness to fling a jar of water over your friend. In Europe we nod, bow, courtesy, shake hands, take off our hats, or kiss; and the science consists in knowing on what occasions, and with what persons, these respective modes of salutation are to be pursued. Our Italian authority confines himself to the philosophy of the subject. The French, English, and American are more precise. The passage in the *Code Civil* runs thus:—

"There are a thousand modes of saluting, and the salute must be respectful, cordial, civil, affectionate, or familiar, according to the person to whom it is addressed.

"A fashion borrowed from our neighbours over the water is beginning to gain ground in Paris. We mention it as the only refinement in politeness to be found amongst them. It is dandy, when you meet a lady elsewhere than in a room, not to salute her till she has given some token of recognition.

"When, after the salute, you engage in conversation with a superior or a lady, you should remain hat in hand until invited once, at least, to put it on.

"The ladies salute indifferent acquaintances by an inclination of the head, and friends by a movement of the hand. Happy the man for whom a rapid glance supplies the place of form!"

The Philadelphian Solon copies most of this without acknowledgment, and proceeds:—

"If you remove your hat, you need not at the same time bend the dorsal vertebrae of your body, unless you wish to be very reverential, as in saluting a bishop.

"It is a mark of high breeding not to speak to a lady

in the street, until you perceive that she has noticed you by an inclination of the head.

"Some ladies courtesy in the street, a movement not gracefully consistent with locomotion: they should always bow.

"If an individual of the lowest rank, or without any rank at all, takes off his hat to you, you should do the same in return. A bow, says La Fontaine, is a note drawn at sight. If you acknowledge it, you must pay the full amount. The two best-bred men in England, Charles II. and George IV., never failed to take off their hats to the meanest of their subjects."

It is related of George IV., when Prince of Wales, that he was once observed to bow to every one in the street who saluted him, till he came to the man who swept the crossing, whom he passed without notice. The question whether he was right in making this exception is gravely discussed by one of these law-givers—who finally decides in the Prince's favour:—"To salute a beggar without giving him any thing would be a mockery, and to stop for the purpose of bestowing a sixpence would wear the semblance of ostentation in a prince."

"Avoid (continues the American) condescending bows to your friends and equals. If you meet a rich parvenu whose consequence you wish to reprove, you may salute him in a very patronising manner, or else, in acknowledging his bow, look somewhat surprised, and say, 'Mister—eh—eh?'

"If you have remarkably fine teeth, you may smile affectionately upon the bowee without speaking.

"If you have any thing to say to any one in the street, especially a lady, however intimate you may be, do not stop the person, but turn round and walk in company—you can take leave at the end of the street.

"If there is any one of your acquaintance with whom you have a difference, do not avoid looking at him, unless from the nature of things the quarrel is necessarily for life. It is almost always better to bow with cold civility, though without speaking.

"As a general rule, never cut any one in the street; even political and steam-boat acquaintances should be noticed by the slightest movement in the world. If they presume to converse with you, or stop you to introduce their companion, it is then time to use your eye-glass and say, 'I never knew you.'

The instructions relating to the salute in the "Hints on Etiquette" are brief. The italics are the writer's:—

"If you meet a lady of your acquaintance in the street, it is *her part* to notice *you first*, unless, indeed, you are very intimate. The reason is, if you bow to a lady first, she may not choose to acknowledge you, and there is no remedy; but if *she bow to you*, you, *as a gentleman*, cannot cut her.

"Never nod to a lady in the street, neither be satisfied with touching your hat, *but take it off*,—it is a courtesy her sex demands.

"If you meet a friend in the street—in a coffee-house, shop, or indeed any public place, never address him by name, at least, not so loudly as that others may hear it: sensitive people do not like to be 'shown up' to strangers as 'Mr. Jones,' or 'Smith,' and so attract disagreeable notice. Accost your friend *quietly*, and do not *roar out* 'Ah! Mr. Smith! how do you do, Mr. Smith?' it is very offensive, and shows a great want of proper delicacy."—pp. 50—52.

To this maxim, according to another of these authors, may be added, "Never say *how is your wife,*

your husband, your mother, your grandmother? &c., but, how is Mr. or Mrs. —, Lord or Lady —?"

Two of the strangest offenders against this rule were Nollekens the sculptor and Delpini the clown. Nollekens invariably asked George III. when a sitting commenced, how his "wife and family" were doing? and Delpini thus addressed the late Duke of York, in the hope of inducing him to intercede with Sheridan for the payment of his salary: "Sare, if he no pay me soon, I shall be put in your papa's Bench,"—meaning the King's Bench Prison. It was Delpini, by the way, who, during the Gordon riots, when people, to protect themselves against the mob, chalked *No Popery* on their doors, by way of greater security chalked *No Religion* upon his. To proceed with our quotations from the "Hints":—

"Do not strain after great people, for, although they like the homage, inasmuch as it flatters their vanity, yet they despise the dispenser of it. Pay them, however, all proper respect; but do not forget what is due to yourself.

"If you have been in society with a nobleman, and should chance to meet him elsewhere, leave it to him to speak first, or to recognise you. If you claim his acquaintance, you give him an opportunity of behaving superciliously to you, which would be as well avoided.

"An unfortunate clerk of the Treasury, who, because he was in the receipt of a good salary, and being also a "triton amongst the minnows" of Clapham Common, fancied himself a great man, dined at the Beef Steak Club, where he sat next to a noble duke, who, desirous of putting him at ease with himself, conversed freely with him, yet probably forgot even the existence of such a person half an hour afterwards. Meeting his Grace in the street some days after, and encouraged by his previous condescension, the hero of the quill, bent on claiming his acquaintance, accosted him in a familiar 'hail fellow-well-met-ish' manner,—'Ah, my lord, how d'y'e do?' The duke looked surprised. 'May I know, Sir, to whom I have the honour of speaking?' said his Grace, drawing up. 'Oh! why—don't you know? We dined together at the Beef Steak Club the other evening!—I'm Mr. TIMMS of the TREASURY?' 'Then,' said the duke, turning on his heel, 'MR. TIMMS of the TREASURY, I wish you a good morning.'—pp. 52—54.

Mr. Walker tells a better story of George Selwyn, who happening to be at Bath when it was nearly empty, was induced, for the mere purpose of killing time, to cultivate the acquaintance of an elderly gentleman he was in the habit of meeting at the rooms. In the height of the following season, Selwyn encountered his old associate in St. James's Street. He endeavoured to pass unnoticed, but in vain. "What, don't you recollect me?" exclaimed the *cutter*; "we became acquainted at Bath, you know." "I recollect you perfectly," replied Selwyn, "and when I next go to Bath I shall be most happy to become acquainted with you again."

The salute by kissing the hand is most learnedly discussed by Mr. Pitt. The refinements of the schoolmen in theology are nothing to our dancing-master's on this point of etiquette.

"Q. If I meet a person in the street with whom I am not very intimately acquainted, is it proper to salute the individual by kissing the hand?

"A. The kissing the hand can never be proper except to persons with whom you are intimately acquainted, nor then usually but to a lady. This mode of salutation is never allowable to a gentleman who is not at once much

your elder, and your very particular friend. *Generally speaking, it is advisable to avoid kissing the hand in public, as the salutation may pass unnoticed by the persons for whom it was intended, and be appropriated by some coxcomb by no means entitled to such favour.* The situations to which this mode of salutation seems peculiarly adapted are from a window, balcony, or carriage, or when you are at such a distance that any other mode would probably pass unobserved."

We recommend Mrs. Butler's attitude in the balcony scene in "Romeo and Juliet" to those who intend to practise this mode of salutation, and young ladies may collect from Mr. Hood's song that execution even in modern times has been done in this manner—

"Miss Bell, I hear, has got a dear
Entirely to her mind,
By sitting at the window pane
Without a bit of blind;
I go into the balcony,
Which she has never done,
But arts that thrive at number five
Wont do at number one."

The subject of kissing the hand is by no means exhausted by Mr. Pitt in the above passage:—

"Q. What movement should be made by a lady who meets a person to whom great respect is due; as, for instance, a bishop?"

"A. If she has only to make him a passing salute, it must be by an elegant bend of the body, rather low, and with a serious countenance; and in order to render her respect more obvious, she may, if intimate, kiss her hand at the same time."

In a subsequent passage he discusses the question whether a lady should cross the street:—

"If it is a lady and a particular friend, you should by all means cross the street, and with an animated and cheerful countenance salute her cordially, by taking the hand. If it is a gentleman, and much advanced in years, it will not be improper to act in the same manner; but it is seldom, if ever, consistent with decorum for a young lady to accost in this manner a gentleman whose age does not greatly exceed her own, as her doing so would have the appearance of a desire to court his familiarity."

Ladies who wish to be instructed as to the precise carriage to be adopted on these occasions, may catch a hint from the following:—

"Q. How should the arms be placed when walking along the street?"

"A. Let them hang gracefully by the side, but not dangling, and let them move with the natural motion of the body, but do not throw them about like a vulgar person, who is making his way through a crowd. A lady may place one arm across the waist, the hand open ready to receive the other arm if necessary. But the propriety of the position depends much upon the dress: if a scarf is across the shoulders, let one end of it flow gently over the arm which is raised."

Kissing still prevails as an ordinary mode of salutation on the continent, and one of our French authorities gives some edifying directions concerning it:—

"The kiss is the most delicate of all the tokens of friendship, or simply of politeness and good will; amongst relations, and between the two sexes, it should be affectionate, natural, limited to the first manifestation of pleasure at

meeting; but when you owe respect to these same relations, who may be your uncles, your grandfathers, or your great aunts, then be circumspect in your mode of kissing, and remember then that you are no longer on a footing of equality."

"Frequently, again, you will find yourself authorised, by a certain concurrence of circumstances, to kiss a young person of the female sex: this kiss, far from being tinged with gallantry, ought, on the contrary, to be impressed with all possible respect. If, in particular, you have to kiss ladies who rouge, you should rest satisfied with barely touching the cheek. Never, therefore, imitate those students just let loose from their boarding-house, who, clumsy and untaught kissers as they are, blush at first like a peach, on approaching a young lady, and then, with a loud smack, leave her cheek wet from the effects of their salute."—*L'Art de Briller, &c. p. 80.*

We take next the subject of Visits, as to which Signor Gioja, the Italian author, is more than ordinarily philosophical. You are first to weigh well the object of your call, and that general object he assumes to be—"the exciting a new sensation of a pleasing nature in the person you call upon, or the detracting as little as possible from his pre-existing sensations of the kind." Subservient to this general principle, and standing much in the same relation to it as means to an end, are the dress, the hour, the duration, and the form. The principal rules in the section devoted to the dress are, that a gentleman visiting a lady should make himself as handsome as he can, and eschew boots; and that a lady, on entering, should throw up her veil. The morning is deemed an inconvenient time for calling, "because the ladies are seldom in order to receive visitors." The author, however, carefully limits this remark to Italy: in London, he gravely assures his readers, the ladies are obliged to receive in the morning, because after dinner, the men are generally too drunk to be admissible. Under the section entitled *Formalita della Visita*, he communicates another very interesting discovery; and the passage may probably have caught the eye of Mr. Fennimore Cooper before he concluded his *Letters on England*:—

"At London the manner of knocking at the door indicates the quality of the person who calls. A rap too little would be a degradation; a rap too many an assumption, an impertinence. A single rap announces the milkman, the coalman, a servant of the house, a beggar: it signifies *Forrei entrare*. Two raps announce a messenger, a bearer of letters, and the like; these raps signify that he who knocks comes on business, and are equivalent to saying, *Fa' d'uopo ch'io entri*. Three knocks announce the master or mistress of the house, and the persons who habitually frequent it. These say imperatively, *Aprite*. Four raps announce a person of good ton immediately under the rank of nobility: these signify, *Io voglio entrare*. The four raps twice repeated in a firm and dictatorial manner announce a milord, a miladi, a minister, or some other personage of distinction: these are equivalent to saying, *Io vi fo molto onore venendo a ritrovarvi*. A servant who struck a rap less than his master was entitled to, would be instantly dismissed."

"This custom (continues the ingenious writer), although censured by many writers, appears to me, considered in its generality, altogether innocent."

We spare our readers the grounds of this opinion, until it be made clear to us that the custom exists; for though milkmen, dustmen, postmen, *et hoc genus omne*, have knocks peculiar as their cries, and the

knights of the shoulder-knot have carried this peculiar mode of annoyance to a pitch which bids fair to call for the interposition of the legislature, we were not aware till now that such minute distinctions prevailed, or that a footman's place depended on his observing them.

Gioja's chapter on the duration of visits contains little beyond what will readily suggest itself to any person of tact, and we shall merely borrow an anecdote (originally related by Helvetius), in the hope of its affording a hint to the respectable community of bores. One of these having nothing else to do with himself, went one day to call on his neighbour, "a man of letters." The latter received him with all possible politeness, and entertained him as well as he could, till he rose to carry his tediousness elsewhere, when the man of letters resumed his work, and utterly forgot his visitor. Some days afterwards he found himself accused of a want of politeness in not returning the visit, upon which he repaired to his neighbour's, and thus addresses him:—"I hear that you complain of me; yet you know full well that you called, not because you wished for my company, but because you were tired of your own. I, who was not at all tired of my own company, received you as well as I could: the obligation is consequently on your side, and yet you charge me with rudeness. Be yourself the judge of my conduct, and decide whether you ought not to have done with complaints which prove nothing more than my independence of visits and your dependence on them, the inhumanity of boring your neighbour, and the injustice of abusing after boring him."

The amiable Vicar of Wakefield mentions, as his accustomed plan for getting rid of troublesome visitors, the lending of an umbrella or great coat. The same suggestion is conveyed in the Italian lines:—

"Vien sempre ad annojarti il tuo vicino,
Per sempre liberartene vuoi tu?
Prestagli uno zecchino,
Non il vedrai mai più?"

But such modes are inapplicable to the opulent, who, for obvious reasons, are the worst offenders in this way; and against these there is positively no protection but a peremptory *not at home*, or the adoption of a practice prevalent, as one of our authors informs us, amongst "men of letters" in Germany, of notifying by a paper pasted on the door the hours at which only they are visible.

The French works contain little peculiar to the nation on this subject, but a few valuable hints of general application may be culled from them. You are strongly recommended to have your name clearly announced, and it will be prudent to take care that the servants make no mistake regarding it. The mishap that, as we read, befel a certain Mr. Delaflete, in London, may serve to illustrate the consequences of a want of caution in this respect. From his indistinct mode of pronouncing his name, the porter understood it to be *Delaflete*, and so proclaimed it to the groom of the chambers, who somehow or other mistook the initial letter of the name, and the luckless visitor, a quiet, shy, reserved young man, was actually ushered into the midst of a crowded drawing-room by the ominous appellation of *Mr. Hellafloat*. But—adds the legislator—do not be too precise in your instructions, or you may be placed in the predicament of

Lady A. and her daughter, who having been much annoyed by the *gaucheries* of a country booby of a servant, who would persevere in giving in their names as the Right Honourable Lady A. and the Honourable Miss A., at length took him seriously to task, and desired that in future he would mention them as simple Lady A. and plain Miss A. Their astonishment may be conceived when they found themselves obeyed to the letter—and Devonshire House was electrified by the intelligence that *Simple Lady A. and Plain Miss A.* were "coming up."

"Conduct your visitor," says the French writer, "to the entrance door of your suite of rooms; hold the door open and follow him with your eyes till he has turned to make you a parting salute. An illustrative anecdote is given on M. Hoffman's authority. When Count Davaux was named plenipotentiary at the congress of Munster, things were going on very favourably, when a visit incorrectly received threw all into confusion and prolonged the war more than six months. M. Contarini, the Venetian ambassador, on the occasion of an official visit to Count Davaux, was conducted by the French ambassador no farther than the staircase, without the Count's descending a single step. The haughty Venetian was so exasperated at this want of respect, that he instantly took post and hastened to complain to his government. Venice, though fallen, was still proud, and declared that her ambassador should not return to the congress till the honours due to him were prescribed. France was tired of the war, and after much negotiation, during which many men were slain and many villages burned, France ordered Count Davaux to satisfy the punctilious vanity of M. Contarini. The latter returned in triumph and paid his visit to the Count, who conducted him to the threshold of the *porte cochère*, remained there till the Venetian was seated in his carriage, and saluted him profoundly as the carriage drove off. M. Contarini then gravely returned the salute, each movement having been made a subject of stipulation in the *ultimatum* of Venice.

The best part of the section of the American book relating to visits consists, as usual of plagiarisms from the French, but there are few maxims which smack strongly of nationality:—

"When you call upon a man staying at a hotel, with whom you are not personally acquainted, the most convenient method of presenting yourself is this. Arrest one of the servants, place your card in his hand, desiring him to give it to the person whom you wish to see, and to let him know that you are there. The servant will return accompanied by the object of your visit, and will point out to him the person whose card he has received.

"If, in such case, the individual whom you seek is not in the house, direct the servant to take your card to his room and place it upon his table, and wait till you are satisfied that he has complied with your order. *If you cannot find a servant in the hall, that is to say if your visit should be made at any one of nine-tenths of the American hotels, write with your pencil at the top of the card 'For Mr. So and so,' or, rather, enclose it in an envelope and direct it on the outside, and give it to the bar-keeper. Unless you take some such precaution your visit will be fruitless.*

"In leaving a card for a stranger, do not forget to add your address; and do not omit it if you leave a card for another in a city where you are a stranger. This inadvertence was committed in London by an American minister at that court and Lord Erskine reminded him of the omission with more wit than courtesy, and more vanity

than either. Lord Erskine betrayed as much ignorance of the world in telling Mr. Rush that he had not returned his visit because he did not know where he was to be found, as Mr. Rush did in omitting to write his address upon his card when he left it at Lord Erskine's."

The Duke of Devonshire, though at this moment probably not aware of his escape, we have been told on good authority, incurred a much more serious risk by sending Mr. Fennimore Cooper an invitation to a ball without previously performing in person the proper ducal knock at the door of his lodging-house—a liberty for which the indignant Novelist was with difficulty prevented from defying his Grace to mortal combat.

"If the stranger (continues the Philadelphia codist) whom you call upon at a hotel should be a woman, you would probably find her sitting with the other lodgers in the parlour. If so, you should order a servant to carry your card and give it to the person whom you designate, and follow it immediately. The person whom you seek is thus pointed out to you, and your name made known to her. Also, if you are visiting any one whom you do not know, not at lodgings, but living *en ménage*, send in your card and follow it.

"By the way, there are many occasions, and this is one of them, on which it is convenient that the name upon a card should be legible at a glance. The Gothic should therefore not be used for this purpose, as there are many who cannot at all decipher a word so written, and few who can do it instantly.

"The card of a man should be small, plain, unglazed, and ungilt. A gilded and glazed card is agreeable only as belonging to a woman. *I should be glad to exhibit to the host of American parvenus their own broad, glittering cards, bearing upon them names reeking with plebeianism, gawgawed with some paltry title, the synonyme and passport of insignificance, in contrast with the plain and modest cards of some of the highest peers of the British realm.*"

The young French nobles of the liberal school have, it seems, gone a step farther in simplicity, it being common with them to drop the title altogether, and put merely their Christian and Sur-name on their cards.

We quote the following passages for the sake of the anecdote:

"Likewise, if you are intending to enter one house, and find that you have got by mistake into another, a blunder very easily and very often committed in Philadelphia, in consequence of the singular uniformity of the houses, it is better, provided you have fairly entered the parlour before perceiving your error, and provided, also, that you are not an utter stranger to the family, it is better, I say, to remain for a short time, as if you intended to pay a visit there, and say nothing whatever about the matter, *but your visit should not be quite so long, nor your manner so confused, as this sentence.*

"During the administration of General Washington, Mr. Jefferson was one evening invited to a dance at the house of a distinguished military officer in Philadelphia. At about eight o'clock he got into his carriage and gave the coachman what he thought was an accurate direction as to the place where he was to be driven. By mistake, he was set down at the house directly opposite, which happened to be the residence of a member of congress, whom he had never visited, and who was very warmly opposed to him in politics. It was not until the Secretary of State was in the middle of the drawing-room that he discovered that he was quite 'in the wrong box.' The lady of the house chanced to be sitting there alone, the gentleman being ill. The per-

son of Mr. Jefferson was of course known, and under that assurance he presented himself with admirable ease and self-possession, and sat down. He conversed, making himself very agreeable, drank tea, and stayed till half-past nine o'clock, when he took leave. Inquiring from the servant at the door where he should find the house to which he had been invited, he made his way thither, and communicated to the ladies the error into which, through the stupidity of his coachman, he had been led, and they, the next day, informed their neighbours. This anecdote may be relied upon; and if there is no other on record respecting Mr. Jefferson's manners, there is enough in it to convince us that he was a high-bred gentleman."

There is a story current in the Parisian circles of a distinguished English baronet, which may serve as a pendant to the above. He was leaving one of Lafayette's *soirées*, much disappointed at the absence of Beranger, to whom he wished to be introduced, when the name of Beranger was announced. He instantly hurried back, and without waiting for a presentation, began a profusion of compliments and congratulations to the new comer on his excellence as a poet, and his recent delivery from imprisonment. "*Moi poète, Monsieur! moi en prison! qu'est ce que tout cela veut dire?*" and ire was sparkling in his eyes, when the host approached and presented the indignant Frenchman as M. de Beranger, one of the leading members of the Chamber of Deputies. We are not aware whether Sir — extricated himself as well as Mr. Jefferson, but we hope, for our country's honour, that he did.

The author of the "Hints on Etiquette" is brief on the subject of Visiting, and is far from perfectly at home in it. For example—

"If you are thrown amongst fashionable people, you must not pay a visit to a lady before two o'clock P. M., nor after four, as, if you call before that time you will interrupt those avocations which more or less occupy every lady in the early part of the day; if later than four o'clock, you will prevent her driving out.

"In society, verbal invitations are often given to balls or concerts, by persons with whom you are only slightly acquainted, and have not previously visited: in such a case, it is proper to leave a card beforehand on the lady at whose house the *soirée* is to take place, that she may be made acquainted with your name and intention—so that you may be expected; as you may have received an invitation from her husband, of which she was ignorant, and he may not be there to present you. Should it so occur, a card previously left will prevent either party looking foolish, or the stranger appearing '*de trop*.'"—pp. 57—59.

The "Lady of Quality" adds:—

"Never leave your hat in the hall when you pay a morning visit, it makes you look too much at home; take it with you into the room"!!!

We are now arrived at the important subject of Dinners—not the interesting and essential particulars included in the *carte*, which we have discussed in former numbers—but the mode of behaving at them on the part, as well of the host or hostess, as the guests—

"We'll not now dwell upon ragouts or roasts,
Albeit all human history attests
That happiness for man—the hungry sinner,
Since Eve ate apples, much depends on dinner."

For the history of the various observances preceding, attending, or following on this meal, we must

refer to M. Gioja, who mentions two or three customs well worth recording. He tells us, for example, that amongst the Sibarites the ladies were invited to public feasting a year beforehand, with the view of giving them ample time for beautifying; and that, in China, it is the height of politeness to leave your house when you have a dinner party, a custom which some English Amphytrions would do well to adopt. It is only incidentally that this author indicates the points in which Italy differs from other countries, as in the following remarks, which may possibly suggest to the silver-fork school of novelists that their circulation has been somewhat impeded by the Alps:—"Our forks are furnished with four prongs, those of the English with two only, in order that they may be cleaned more easily."

In Germany, dinner parties are of rare occurrence, except in the capitals and amongst the highest class, whose habits and manners are nearly the same all over Europe. But dinner-parties are now quite common in France, and an infinity of rules regarding them are included in the French books on etiquette. We extract the following comprehensive paragraphs from a chapter of the *Code* entitled *Théorie du Dîner en Ville*:—

"When all the guests assembled in the drawing-room have been presented to one another by the master of the house, and dinner is announced, he rises, invites the company to follow him into the dining-room, and gives the example by leading the way. You ought not to rise till after the amphytrion, and each gentleman offers his hand to a lady, to conduct her to the cover on which her name is inscribed. So soon as all are seated, the host helps the soup, a heap of plates being placed for that purpose at his left; these he sends around, beginning with his left-hand neighbour. The servants take away the empty plates, upon which each leaves his spoon. We might here detail a number of trifling usages that one is bound to observe; but to know these it is only sufficient to have dined twice in good company. Politeness requires that the gentleman placed next a lady should save her every sort of trouble, by keeping watch over her glass and plate. Placed in the centre of the table, the amphytrion must not lose sight of any of his guests; it is he who carves, or causes to be carved by some expert friend, the more important dishes in their order; from his hand nothing is to be refused, and all ceremonies would be an awkward want of tact.

"During the first course every one drinks as he likes. When, during the second, the amphytrion, in circulating the finer wines, requests you to take a glass, it would be uncivil to refuse; but you are not bound to take a second unless you like. So soon as the desert appears, the rights and duties of the host lose much of their importance; all he has left to do is to give such a tone to the conversation as that all may take part in it. It is still he, however, who gives the signal for leaving the table. All then rise together, and leave the eating-room for the drawing-room, where coffee is ready; this time the master of the house goes last. At the moment when coffee is handing round, the drawing-room presents an aspect of joyous disorder. Knots of talkers have got together; the physiognomies of all wear an air of satisfaction and self-complacency; each, armed with his cup, inhales the boiling Mocha: ere long the circle is formed, the conversation becomes general, the card-tables are set. Politeness requires you to remain an hour at least after a comfortable dinner. When you have your whole evening at your disposal, it is well to devote it to your amphytrion."

This extract presents many points of contrast well worthy of attention.—"When all the guests have been

presented to one another." This is not the fashion in London, it being taken for granted that every body knows every body, though nothing can be more contrary to the fact. In a large party it is almost impracticable to adopt the French practice, but when the party does not exceed ten or twelve, a system of general introduction might as well be pursued. We object decidedly to the plan, extolled by several of these codifiers, of presenting the men to the women they are to take down to dinner; this, we should fancy, must completely frustrate all that pretty delicate manœuvring which forms a leading attraction of a dinner-party. In our opinion Mezentius's favourite mode of punishment was a trifle compared with this tyranny. The truth is, nine women out of ten dine at luncheon time, and amongst men the number is far from rare—

"Who think less of good eating than the whisper,
When seated near them, of some pretty liaser."

Upon the same principle, it is not merely ill-bred, but a sign of bad taste to be late. It may sound very fine to be called *the late Mr. So-and-So*; it is an easy mode of attracting attention to draw out an inquiry about the soups of the season, as if you have never yet had the good fortune to be present at a first course; but it is far from pleasant to find the woman you wish most to sit by monopolised, and yourself *planté* between the *bore* and the *gap*, as we once heard a lady describe her position with Sir A——, on her left and an unoccupied chair upon her right.

"Each gentleman offers his hand to a lady, to lead her to the cover marked with her name." There is no great harm in marking the ladies' places—though the custom is far from general even in France—but the men should invariably be left free. We have heard a first-rate diner-out declare that his inclination towards a dinner party went off from the moment the component parts of it were named. What would be his feeling if he knew that the very place he was to occupy had been predestined to him from the first, and that he was to have no more free-will about the matter than a Turk? The injunction to gentlemen to take care of their fair neighbours is of universal applicability, but we would not recommend too close an attention to their glasses or their plates. A distinguished maximist says, that, whenever you ask a lady to take wine, you should fill her glass to the brim in despite of protestations, and look the other way till she has emptied it. Without going the full length of this philosopher's assumption, it stands to reason that, the number of glasses women allow themselves being limited, they should be full.

"All the guests rise together, and leave the dining-room for the drawing-room." It has long been made a question whether the English mode of separating the sexes, or the French mode of keeping them together, is the best. Our own opinion is, that there should be a temporary separation, never exceeding a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes at the most. We are convinced that a break of this kind will be found to add to the agreeability of a party on the whole, for it is the hostess's fault if she gives the signal so long as the conversation is sustained with spirit; and if a pleasant *lête-à-lête* be occasionally interrupted, it may be resumed. We fear, however, that few companies are so well assorted as for the majority not to look forward to the interval in question as a relief.

"Politeness requires an hour's stay at least after a comfortable dinner." This must depend upon circumstances. If the dinner be followed by a *soirée*, it is clearly proper to stay: single men are often asked for the express purpose of securing their presence during the evening. But if the hostess be going out, your stay might seriously inconvenience her. It is the bore in one of Scibe's farces who exclaims, "*Où je dine je reste.*"

The chapter in the Philadelphian work on dinner is one of the most characteristic in the book, and affords ample illustration of the manner in which English habits are caught up and caricatured in America. Of this the author seems partially aware:—

"The fashion," he remarks, "of dining inordinately late in this country is foolish. It is borrowed from England, without any regard to the difference in circumstances between the two nations. In London the whole system of daily duties is much later. The fact of parliament's sitting during the evening and not the morning, tends to remove the active part of the day to a much more advanced hour. When persons rise at ten or two o'clock, it is not to be expected that they should dine till eight or twelve in the evening. There is nothing of this sort in France. *There they dine at three or earlier.* We have known some fashionable dinners in different cities in this country at so late an hour as eight or nine o'clock. This is absurd, where the persons have all breakfasted at eight in the morning. From four o'clock till five varies the proper hour for a dinner party here."

For an example of early hours the author had much better have referred his countrymen to Germany, where the dinner-hour is generally one. In Italy, it is five; in Paris, six; in London, half-past seven or eight. It is the custom to rail in good set terms against the prevalent fashion in this particular; but with little reason, for it is hardly possible to give oneself up to the full enjoyment of a convivial meeting until the business of the day has been despatched, and it should be remembered that, when people dine early, they require suppers, which are equally injurious to health. There is another reason during the summer months. Women unconsciously betray a consciousness that daylight is unfavourable to charms which have undergone a course of London balls or are no longer in the first freshness of youth, and can seldom be got to present themselves in a drawing-room before eight. The latest dinner-giver in our recollection was Mr. Wellesley Pole, whose ordinary hour was "a liberal nine" for eleven. It was the Lord Londonderry, we believe, who was observed setting forth for his morning ride by the party assembled in his drawing-room—but the story is told of several. The most unpunctual persons ever known were two brothers, known time immemorial in the place-holding world. The late Lord Dudley used to say of them, that, if you asked Robert for Wednesday at seven, you would have Charles on Thursday at eight. The following passage in the American book is literally translated from the French:—

"When dinner is announced, the inviter rises and requests all to walk to the dining-room. He then leads the way, that they may not be at a loss whither they should proceed. Each gentleman offers his arm to a lady, and they follow in *solemn order.*"

Not always in America, unless we are much misinformed; for disputes about precedence occasionally

occur, and these are by no means easy of decision in a country where no recognised order of nobility exists. A foreign diplomatist, formerly attached to an embassy in America, relates that at a dinner given by one of the secretaries of state, the members of the government not merely took precedence of the foreign ministers without hesitation, but fairly got jammed in the passage from their excessive eagerness to get the start of one another. British descent is not unfrequently appealed to in default of other titles. An officer of high standing in the English navy assures us that he once saw a Miss Malcolm rush before a Miss Lennox, and exclaim—"Miss Lennox, I wonder at you—the Malcolms are of the blood-royal of Scotland."

The American's remarks on attendance are highly characteristic:—

"In order that a dinner may be conducted with perfect propriety, so far as respects the duty of the entertainer, it is necessary that the attendants should be numerous and practised. When the offer of a dish is made by a servant, speaking in a low tone behind your chair, you feel more ease and freedom in accepting or declining, than when it comes in a loud voice from the head of the table. In the great houses abroad, a servant is assigned to every guest; and *M. Ude actually left the kitchen of one English nobleman because he could not have a servant for every dish.* Where there are enough attendants, and they understand their business thoroughly, the entertainer should entrust to them the entire care of his guests; indeed, in France, the master of the house commonly sits at the side of the table, and mingles in the scene exactly on the footing of the rest of the company. The effect of this is delightful; every one feels himself more at his ease than if he were entertaining company at his own house; and that stiffness and restraint is utterly banished, which in this country—springing from the consciousness of a certain external duty, from an annoying idea of supervision, and a constant sense of the necessity of being entertained—always affects the most accustomed man of the world, and, in every one, mars the enjoyment of the occasion. *When will Americans be persuaded that a company can entertain itself, and learn that most important maxim of hospitality—to let their guests alone?*

"Owing to the small retinue of servants which in any case, an American can allow himself to keep, and to the singular obtuseness of the Blacks, who alone are here employed in a menial capacity—*ελαξ*, by-the-by, is the Greek word for stupid—it is, of course, quite impossible that the master of the house can, in any degree, release himself from the necessity of personally attending to his guests. He must, however, preside with no more ostentation than is absolutely indispensable to the conduct of the ceremony."

It seems that in America the silver fork has not only succeeded in establishing itself, but has even encroached on the province of the spoon:—

"The ordinary custom among well-bred persons is as follows: soup is taken with a spoon. *Some foolish fashionables employ a fork!* They might as well make use of a broomstick. The fish which follows is eaten with a fork, a knife should not be used at all. The fork is held in the right hand, and a piece of bread in the left. For any dish in which cutting is not indispensable, the same arrangement is correct. When you have upon your plate, before the dessert, any thing partially liquid, or *any sauces*, you must not take them up with a knife, but with a piece of bread *which is to be saturated with the juices*," (lobster sauce, for example) "*and then lifted to the mouth.* If such

an article forms part of the dessert, you should eat it with a spoon."

The following recommendations would hardly be needed in England, except at the Guildhall dinner, where we once saw a city dignitary with a slice of boiled turkey, a partridge, and half a mould of *blanc-mange* upon his plate at once.

"At dinner avoid taking upon your plate too many things at once. One variety of meat and one kind of vegetable is the maximum. When you take another sort of meat, or any dish not properly a vegetable, you always change your plate."

The English mode of taking wine seems to be practised with a refinement worthy of all approbation:—

"Some one who sits near the lady of the house should, immediately upon the removal of the soup, request the honour of drinking wine with her, which movement is the signal for all the others. If this is not done, the master of the house should select some lady. *He never asks gentlemen, but they ask him; this is a refined custom, attended to in the best company.*

"If you have drunk with every one at table, and wish more wine, you must wait till the cloth is removed. The decanter is then sent round from the head of the table; each person fills his glass, and all the company drinks the health of all the company. It is enough if you bow to the master and mistress of the house and to your opposite neighbour. After this the ladies retire. Some one rises to open the door for them, and they go into the parlour, the gentlemen remaining to drink more wine."

Ale and porter are rigidly proscribed, on European authority, as the *ne plus ultra* of vulgarity. We presume from this that Lord Mulgrave's novels do not enjoy an extended circulation in America, for in one of these a gallant attempt is made to disabuse the public as to beer. "Is not that a fashionable novelist opposite?" says an exquisite; "well, I'll astonish the fellow;—here bring me a glass of table beer." What is still worse, the interdict is extended to port.

"A gentleman should always express his preference for some one sort of wine over others; because as there is always a natural preference for one kind, if you say that you are indifferent, you show you are not accustomed to wines; your preference should not of course be guided by your real disposition. If you are afflicted by nature with a partiality for port, you should never think of indulging it except in your closet with your chamber door locked. The only index of choice is fashion, either permanent fashion, (if the phrase may be used,) or some temporary fashion created by the custom of any individual who happens to rule for a season in society. Port was drunk by our ancestors, but George IV., upon his accession to the regency, announced his royal preference for sherry. It has since been fashionable to like sherry. This is what we call a permanent fashion."

Cardinal Richelieu is said to have detected an adventurer, who was passing himself off as a nobleman, by his helping himself to olives with a fork; it being then *comme il faut* to use the fingers for that purpose. It seems that a lemon pudding is the Shibboleth of gentility in Philadelphia:—

"It once occurred to me to be present in a small company of gentlemen, where the claims of a certain woman to be thoroughly bred became the subject of a somewhat

protracted controversy. The decision was for some time doubtful, but was finally decided, by acclamation, in favour of her pretensions, in consequence of some one having observed that she had cut a lemon-pudding at dinner with a spoon."

At the risk of shocking our fair readers, we must give the injunction as to cigars:—

"As there are many very well-bred men who, from habit, acquired early, perhaps while they were at college, find it necessary to their comfort to smoke a cigar after dinner, a plate having a few cigars, and some bits of twisted paper on it, should be placed upon the table, together with a candle. If only one person chooses to smoke, the master of the house should by all means accompany him, if he can do so without any inconvenience. If several take cigars this is not necessary."

These are useful and characteristic injunctions; but if Mr. Samuel Slick, of Slickville, speaks truth, the late Mr. Abernethy contrived to compress as much good advice, and show as much knowledge of American habits, within the compass of three or four sentences, as will be found in twice as many pages of the Philadelphia Code of Etiquette:—

"The Honourable Alden Gobble was dyspeptic, and he suffered great uneasiness after eating, so he goes to Abernethy for advice.—'What's the matter with you?' said the Doctor—just that way, without even passing the time o' day with him.—'What's the matter with you?' said he. 'Why,' says Alden, 'I presume I have the dyspepsy.' 'Ah!' said he, 'I see: a Yankee—swallowed more dollars and cents than he can digest.' 'I am an American citizen,' says Alden, with great dignity: 'I am secretary to our legation at the Court of St. James's.' 'The devil you are!' said Abernethy: 'then you'll soon get rid of your dyspepsy.' 'I don't see that are inference,' said Alden; 'it don't follow from what you predicate, at all; it ain't a natural consequence, I guess, that a man should cease to be ill, because he is called by the voice of a free and enlightened people to fill an important office.' (The truth is, you could no more trap Alden than you could an Indian, He could see other folks' trail, and made none himself; he was a real diplomatist, and I believe our diplomatists are allowed to be the best in the world.) 'But, I tell you, it does follow,' said the Doctor; 'for in the company you'll have to keep, you'll have to eat like a Christian.'

"It was an everlasting pity Alden contradicted him, for he broke out like one moon-distracted mad. 'I'll be d—d,' said he, 'if ever I saw a Yankee that didn't bolt his food whole like a boa-constrictor. How the devil can you expect to digest food, that you neither take the trouble to dissect, nor the time to masticate. It's no wonder you lose your teeth, for you never use them; nor your digestion, for you overload it; nor your saliva, for you expend it on the carpets, instead of your food. It's disgusting; it's beastly. You Yankees load your stomachs as a Devonshire man does his cart, as full as it can hold, and as fast as he can pitch it with a dung fork, and drive off; and then you complain that such a load of compost is too heavy for you. Dyspepsy, eh? Infernal guzzling, you mean. I'll tell you what, Mr. Secretary of Legation, take half the time to eat that you do to draw out your words, chew your food half as much as you do your filthy tobacco, and you'll be well in a month.'"

We have anticipated many of the best suggestions regarding dining in the English works, in the course of our remarks on the French and American. We shall

—*—The Clockmaker, or, the Sayings and doings of Samuel Slick, of Slickville," chap. ix.

therefore be brief in our extracts. Two important questions are thus disposed of by Mr. Pitt :—

"Q. If at dinner or supper, I am asked what part of a bird or joint of meat I prefer, is it polite to make choice of any part which is esteemed a delicacy?"

"A. Young persons, when such a question is put to them, are, in general, from bashfulness or timidity, too apt to use that very common but improper phrase, 'Any part will do, Sir,' or 'I have no choice, Madam,' when in fact they have a preference. To reply in this manner places the person to whom they speak in an unpleasant situation, and makes him feel at a loss what to send, and is consequently the cause of much delay. *I must remark, also, that from false delicacy, or the ridiculous fear of being thought an epicure, you violate truth, one of the brightest virtues of the soul.* In some instances, to answer in this manner may be construed into a little trick or artifice, in which you avoid asking for that which you prefer from a persuasion that you will consequently be helped to the most delicate morsel. And should any one present be aware that you have a favourite part, your design will be seen through, and you will render yourself contemptible. From these observations you will perceive that it is not improper to make choice when the question is put to you at table, although you ought on no account frequently to select the choicest pieces."

"Q. If, when I am carving a fowl, any one of the company, on being asked, declines naming the part he would like, what am I to send him?"

"A. In this case, as it is impossible for you to be acquainted with his wishes, you cannot do wrong in sending any part without hesitation."

A German writer, one Dr. Franz Kottenkamp, in a recent work on England, asserts that it is considered a breach of delicacy for a lady to offer or ask for the leg; and a German critic gravely confirms his countryman's statement by adding that, at the fêtes of our highest aristocracy, no part of the chicken but the wing is placed upon the table—which was actually the case at the celebrated entertainment at Boyle Farm. As Mr. Pitt, whose work is more particularly addressed to young ladies, nowhere prohibits the leg, we think we may venture to say that Dr. Kottenkamp lies under a mistake. The author of the "Hints" gives the following, on the authority of his "Lady of Rank"—

"Remember that it is the *lady* who at all times takes precedence, not the gentleman. A person led a princess out of the room before her husband (who was doing the same to a lady of lower rank); in his over-politeness he said, 'Pardonnez que nous vous precedons,' quite forgetting that it was the princess and not *he* who led the way."—p. 24.

This *arbitrator elegantiarum* carefully adds :—

"The comfort of *napkins* at dinner is too obvious to require comment, whilst the *expense* can hardly be urged as an objection. If there be not any napkins, a man has no alternative but to use the table cloth, unless (*as many do*) he prefer his pocket-handkerchief—a usage sufficiently disagreeable."—p. 26.

A still more startling use or abuse of tablecloths appears to have been common at one period amongst young ladies in France: Mrs. Markham, referring to a French poem by an author whose name she suppresses, states: "He says that ladies should be neat in their persons, and keep their nails short; and that when at dinner they should not laugh or talk too loud,

nor daub their fingers with their food. He says they may wipe their lips on the tablecloth, but not blow their noses with it."*

What we particularly admire in the "Hints" is that our 'Azyse' is ever ready to give a reason with his rule. Thus :—

"Fish does not require a knife, but should be divided by the aid of a piece of bread."

"The application of a knife to fish is likely to destroy the delicacy of its flavour; besides which, fish sauces are often acidulated; acids corrode steel, and draw from it a disagreeable taste. In the North, where lemon or vinegar is very generally used for salmon and many other kinds of fish, the objection becomes more apparent."—pp. 28, 9.

The time has been when such a new-fangled affectation as that here enforced would have brought a man under the suspicion of Jacobinism or worse. "No man intending to stand for his country," (says Miss Berry,) "or desirous of being popular in it, would have permitted his table at his country house to be served with three-pronged forks, or his ale to be presented but in a tankard, to which every mouth was successively to be applied. Sofas conveyed ideas of impropriety; and baths, and every extra attention to cleanliness and purity of person were habits by no means supposed to refer to superior purity of mind or manners."[†]

The Petronius of the Salt Market imperatively enjoins.

"Eat peas with a dessert spoon, and curry also."

Tarts and puddings are to be eaten with a spoon."

We regret to differ from so high an authority, but we doubt whether he is right about the curry—we are quite sure he is wrong about the peas—and the spoon for tarts and puddings strongly reminds us of our schoolboy days.

So much for Dinners—now turn we to Balls, which from Easter to August concentrate all the party-going energies of this metropolis. Such indeed is now the mania for large parties, or so absorbing the vanity of caste, that during the flush of the London season, there is no longer a semblance of sociability—nor can even pleasure, in and by itself, be deemed the main object of pursuit; for we verily believe that if all the pleasantest people in town were collected in a room, the men and women of "society" would be restless in it unless they could say they were going to the ball or concert of the night—

"Which opens to the thousand happy few
An earthly Paradise of or-molu."

* A curious old French tract, entitled "La Contenance de la Table," was reprinted in 1816 for the exclusive use of the members of the Roxburghe Club. The following stanza is a fair sample of the style :—

"Enfant tiens cecy en entente,
Ferment dedans ton courage,
Le residu de ton potaige,
Jamais a autrui ne presente."

Judging from the style of the injunctions, we should conceive that this poet and the one quoted by Mrs. Markham in her excellent manual on the History of France must have been contemporaries.

† *England and France*, &c. part ii. p. 40. The period to which the accomplished authoress alludes is the early part of the reign of George the Third.

Until within a recent period it was otherwise in Paris; except on certain grand occasions, the mass of people *comme il faut* were broken into coteries, amongst which there was no recognised inferiority, so that a man of fashion could afford to say that he was not acquainted with the Duke of —, or was not invited to Madame de —'s ball. But all this appears to have been changing since the happy and glorious revolution of July (as they nickname a change of dynasty which has proved equally injurious to government, taste, morals, and society), and Paris is at present in a fair way to imitate London in the very particular in which the example should be shunned.* The French and English books, however, are brief on the subject of the ball. The *Code Civile* teaches little more than that the invitation should be given eight days beforehand, and that a man had better not accept it unless he can dance,—that ball-givers should take care to get partners for the ladies, and that ball-goers will do well to dance with the old and ugly occasionally,—that public balls are to be sedulously avoided, and that at the masked balls of the Opera in particular, the freshness is factitious, the masks deceitful, the wit contraband, and the corsets padded. The last observation has, it seems, been verified by the Dey of Algiers, who is quoted as complaining that when he buys what Miss Pardoe calls "an Odalique" in Paris he gets nothing but a bundle of clothes.

The American work is more than usually copious upon the subject of balls, and, with the exception of an occasional borrowing from the French, apparently original. The following paragraph, for example, is evidently addressed to a trading nation, for in no other would there exist so decided a wish to keep clear of the shop.

"The advantage of limiting the issue of cards to a week in advance of the appointed evening is, that you are thus unable to avoid the introduction of a numeral date, the appearance of which, in any of the communications of the society gives a mercantile air to it, which is mighty offensive. To be sure, you may avoid this, when the period is longer, by designating the intended evening as such an evening of next week; but the form is unusual. I have seen cards by which persons were invited to a dance, and the day fixed by the appalling phrase, 'Monday, the 10th inst.' One felt tempted to take up a foolscap sheet and reply, 'Madam, yours of the 1st inst. duly came to hand, &c.'"

It seems that balls are much earlier at Philadelphia than might have been supposed from a passage formerly quoted as to the dinner hour.

"According to the hours now in fashion here, ten o'clock is quite early enough to *render yourself* at a dance. You will even then find many coming after you. As a young man, however, on his first entrance into society, should resolve to throw himself into the most trying circumstances at once, he had better make a point of going to dances early, that is, between half-past eight and nine o'clock, when there will be but few persons in the rooms. He should enter alone, and present himself to the mistress of the house with ease and calmness, not carrying a hat in his hand for the first winter, as he would feel embarrassed subse-

quently if he were to leave it accidentally behind him. Indeed, no man should suffer himself to carry a hat, until he feels himself thoroughly at ease without it."

There is much admirable delicacy in the following maxims:—

"When a woman is standing in a quadrille, though not engaged in dancing, a man not acquainted with her partner should not converse with her. As this prevents the other from talking to her himself, it is extremely indelicate, and obliges the other to feel unpleasantly, and such an one would not be censurable, if he were to interrupt the conversation, if it were long continued, and to turn his back upon the intruder. Where this third person is known to both parties, to join for a short time in colloquy with both is obvious to no objection.

"A young man, when he goes to balls, should make a point of dancing frequently: if he does not, he will not be very welcome. You may be sure you were not invited there merely to lean against the wall, and 'wait for supper.' When you have retired from a quadrille, you should remain with the woman you danced with until she is provided with another partner. She will probably desire you not to remain, but to dance with another; but, of course, you prefer to converse with her.

"If you ask a woman to dance with you, and she is engaged, do not prefer a request for her hand at the next set after that, because she may be engaged for that also, and for many more; and you would have to run through a long list of interrogatories, which would be absurd and awkward. If she declines for the next set, simply beg to name the earliest dance for which she is not engaged, and *render yourself* very punctually to fulfil your engagement."

We recommend no one to follow this advice who is not quite sure of his ground. The best rebuff to an interrogator of the above description was given by a pretty London *débütante* of last season: "I can put you down for the thirteenth, but I shall only dance four more."

The Philadelphian continues:—

"When that long and anxiously desiderated hour, the hour of supper, has arrived, you select some lady, and request leave to hand her up, or down, to the supper-table. You remain with her while she is at the table, seeing that she has all she desires, and then conduct her back to the dancing-rooms. There are usually two or three dances after supper. When you have *reposed* her safely, you return."

Innumerable are the topics yet remaining—letters, appointments, presents, concerts, *dejeuners*, suppers, duels, marriages, christenings, funerals, &c. &c. &c., but we have hardly space remaining to glance at one, perhaps the most comprehensive it is well possible to discuss; namely, conversation, including flattery and compliments, which, in the Italian and French works, have each sub-sections devoted to them. If the art of pleasing by talking were teachable by rules, M. Gioja would long ago have taught it to his countrymen, for never was subject more elaborately discussed; but the utmost rules ever did, or ever can do, for the student of an art, is to point out the faults he is most likely to commit, and enable him to fix the true standard of excellence upon which his thoughts must unceasingly be bent. For conversation, above all things, a host of natural qualifications are requisite, fancy, memory, impressibility, quickness of perception, clearness of thought, fluency of expression, manner, voice, tact—and though each of these is improvable by study, not one amongst them can be con-

* Miss Berry (*England and France*, part ii. p. 144) says that great assemblies, crowded balls, and dinners of forty people, came in with the Restoration, and that a reaction was beginning when she wrote. Since that period (1831) the tide has turned again.

ferred or created by it. Jekyll and Conversation Sharpe are said to have kept day-books in which, at the most active period of their lives, they made regular entries of the good things they had heard or related during the day; yet we incline to think that the would-be humourist or anecdote-monger who should attempt to rival either of them by journalising would find himself exceedingly mistaken in the end. Sheridan, again, according to Mr. Moore, was accustomed sedulously to think over and polish the *bon-mots* which were to electrify the House of Commons or the dinner-table: but no inference can be more unfair or illogical than that his brilliant sallies were all the result of labour—a sort of firework exhibition prepared beforehand and let off at the fitting moment for the display. The truth is, most men of genius spend half their time in day-dreaming about the art or subject in which they are interested or excel. The painter is peopling space with the forms that are to breathe on his canvass; the poet is murmuring the words that are to burn along his lines: if you meet a crack parliamentary debater in the street, it is three to one that you catch *I repeat, Mr. Speaker, or, I am free to confess, Sir, as you pass; and the gay diner-out, the sparkling conversationalist, “the man of wit and pleasure about town,”* has the look of being engaged in colloquies as unreal as the supper of the Barmecide, and no doubt provides himself with rich materials for society by thus exciting his fancy and then following its flow. If he happened to be also a dramatic writer, he would simply be pursuing his vocation by setting down what Tom Paine (who adopted the same practice) used to call his “bolting thoughts” as they arose. It would seem, then, that Mr. Moore has mistaken a trick or habit common to a class, for a peculiarity characteristic of the man; and some of the authors before us, improving on his mistake and misapplying his authority, would fain lead their readers to believe that they may go and do likewise (*i. e.* like Sheridan or Jekyll) if they would. It is this doctrine we are most anxious to protest against. There may be no great harm in encouraging young ladies to kiss their hands from balconies or young gentlemen to eat gooseberry pie with a spoon, and we apprehend little danger from the threatened inroad of silver forks and napkins into regions hitherto unconscious of them; but we deprecate all attempts to extend the breed of village Jekylls or convert our mute inglorious Sheridans into talking ones.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

CALAIS.

MY ADVENTURES, PLEASURES, AND EMBARRASMENTS—
THITHER, THERE, AND BACK.*

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

London, Sept., 1837.

DEAR CHRISTOPHER,—Conceiving that at that particular time of the year, and juncture of public affairs,

* We are assured by our quaint correspondent—and we believe him—that nothing is set down in his paper, even to the minutest details, that did not actually occur to him in his brief trip to Calais. It were to be wished that our numberless tourists were equally faithful—and observant.
—C. N.

London would not miss me for a fortnight or so, I slipped quietly away to Dover, with my wife and little son, and his attendant, on the 10th of August last. On the ensuing Sunday afternoon, about two o'clock, you might have seen me perched upon the summit of Shakspeare's Cliff, gazing from that silent, celebrated eminence, through the clear air, at the outline of the French coast, dim in the distance. Never had I seen it before, and many things did the sight of it suggest to me. Upwards of thirty years had I lived in the world, without having seen more of it—I am almost ashamed to write it down—than England, Wales (where I was born), and Scotland. Never had I been so near France—our ancient professed enemy, our present equivocal friend—and shall I lose this opportunity, thought I, as I discerned the Calais packet like a little hissing tea-kettle making its way for Dover, of placing my foot upon Monsieur's territory—and that, too, at ancient Calais; of hearing foreign people speaking a foreign language in a foreign place—even if it be for but a day—of seeing, in short, how they carry on the war!—Hem!—To Calais will I verily go on the morrow by the eight o'clock boat, if I am alive and well,—and my wife will part with me, without fearing that her Majesty would have born another loyal subject, during our brief absence, on my account;—nay, peradventure my wife would choose to accompany me; and if she does, I am sure my little son sha'n't be left behind—and then his maid must go—whew! here was a regular *affair* upon my hands all at once! *Diis sic visum.* My wife (I shame to say it), was the only one of the four that could speak French—bah! that was bad, certainly; then there were the usual train of *désagremens*—searching, and registering, and so forth:—but my mind was made up, and could not easily be turned from this greater enterprise.

Monday the 14th August opened calmly and beautifully. The sea seemed smooth as a polished mirror—a sight that not a little comforted me on account of my companions, as we passed along the shingly shore a little after seven o'clock, on our way to the harbour, where, lo! two steamers were making sputtering and smoking preparations for starting—one an English boat, the other the French mail-packet.

“Sare,” said, in a low tone, the captain or steward of the latter, stepping up to us as we approached—“if you shall go with me—bien!—we shall take you for five shilling—the oter charge you ten shilling—and, certainement!—we shall be there one half hour first—Sare! we carry the maille!” he added, with an important air.

“No—I—I think,” said I, hesitating—“I think I—”

“Beautiful boat, sare! mi ladi, ver fine boat—”

We passed on to make inquiries into the real state of the question as to fares; and I soon found that the Frenchman had taken the great liberty to tell me a greater lie; for the English boat charged only five shillings instead of ten shillings; and her Captain seemed such a hearty thorough-going Englishman, that forthwith we stepped down the accommodation-ladder—and were soon on our way, having the start of the Frenchman, who did not follow for several minutes. Our Captain was wroth enough when I informed him of the attempted imposition of his rival. “Oh, sir,” said he, “if you'll believe me, those Frenchmen are the biggest liars ever made! Many

and many's the passenger they've done me out of in that way."

"And—hem!—how many have you, Captain, done them out of?—Eh! you understand!"

"None, sir—never!—honour bright!" he answered with a serious air—and I believed him. At length we beheld Monsieur coming out of the harbour; and I began to feel a little curious to see which was the better sailer—union-jack, or tri-colour.

"Which is the quicker boat?" I asked the Captain, as we both stood looking over the stern at our companion.

"Why—much about the same; perhaps—if there is any difference, certainly—why, sometimes one has it, and sometimes the other, you see!"

"Which will get to Calais first to-day, d'ye think?"

"Why, we shall—not a doubt of it. Monsieur won't fetch up *this* start, any how—let him puff and blow as hard as he likes!"

"His is a very good-looking boat, eh?"

"Ay, ay—no doubt; all outside, though—like all the French! Our inside and engines are five times the strength of his. His boat is just fit for this sort of thing; but I'd go round the world in mine!"

For about twelve miles the two boats preserved the same relative distance; and I felt a kind of school-boy's interest in standing and watching our competitor—whom, by and by, I regretted to see certainly beginning to gain upon us. By the time that we were about two-thirds on our way, the fellow had positively got up to us.

"Ah, Captain—'tis no use; we're overmatched; I'm afraid the tri-colour is rather too much for the union-jack——"

"Tri-colour a match for the union-jack! Not it! and none knows it better than she, or she's had a mighty lot of licking without learning her lesson!" he added with a disdainful air.

"But still I'm afraid that on *this* occasion——"

"If she does get in first it's because *we* don't try it on with her. I don't care a button which gets into harbour first. What does it signify? I never took the trouble to race with her!"

This might be; but shortly afterwards he sauntered carelessly forwards, and in passing, evidently whispered something to the engine-man below—and we certainly a little increased our speed. By and by I observed the Captain looking occasionally with affected indifference at his rival—somewhat stimulated, nevertheless, by the interest his passengers appeared to take in what looked uncommonly like a race between the two boats. But 'twas of no use—Monsieur gradually passed us! His triumph, however, was of short duration; for as soon as ever the mist, which had come over us suddenly, and completely hid the French coast from sight, began to clear away, lo! Monsieur was seen to have run himself a-ground, having mistaken his course in the mist, and, it might be in the eagerness of the race, omitted to sound as he went on; through the which negligence we also were within a hair's breadth of incurring the like mishap:—but a vigorous effort—the helm ported—the lead in the water every half minute, got us out of our danger—and we left our friend to enjoy his novel and interesting position at his leisure. So that, after all, we got first into harbour, our Captain carelessly hinting something about superior sailing.

The mist melted away suddenly—and then we

found ourselves making direct for Calais harbour, running along, at about a quarter of a mile's distance, a low sandy shore, with no signs of human existence. Calais lies low and far in; it has rather a pretty appearance from the sea. The pier, which is narrow, and of wood, comes out about a mile, making an excellent entrance to the harbour. There were two or three well-dressed men standing at its extremity, one of whom shot a gull as we passed, which fell into the water within a few feet of me.

After paying our fare to the steward (L. 1 for all of us), I obtained from him a little French silver—some five-franc pieces, francs, and half-francs, as ammunition with which to open the campaign.

"May I ask, sir, where you're going to put up at Calais," said he, "as you've never been in France before?"

"Ah, by the way, that *is* a question. Why, really, what would you advise me to do! I've made no arrangements whatever! What hotel?"

"Why, sir, there are plenty of hotels; there's the Hotel Bourbon, and Dessein's, and Meurice's, and Quilliacq's, and Roberts' English Hotel—all good ones."

"I should prefer a French one, as I want to see as much of the French style of doing things as I can in a few hours."

"Then Quilliacq's is a very genteel, comfortable family hotel, sir,—quite first rate;" and upon it I decided. "And now, sir, you'll see a great hubbub when we land," he continued. "I suppose, in course, you speak French?"

"Why—not, perhaps, exactly—that is, not *fluently*, you understand—hem!" The fact was that I could not speak twenty words in French.

"Well, well, sir, it don't much signify, for they, most of them, speak English—but see, we're coming to. What luggage have you on board, sir?"

"Only that carpet-bag with our night-things—I brought as little as possible."

"That's right, sir. You must leave it on deck, sir, and the Commissioner will fetch it for you in about an hour's time. When you're going ashore, and a lot of people are shouting out and jabbering to you, only call out, '*Quilliacq!*' and you'll not be troubled any more. You'll see a man in a blue smock, who'll come and lead you away—he is M. Quilliacq's servant."

By this time we had got alongside; an accommodation ladder was thrust down; forthwith, a military-looking personage with a brisk, important air, leaped upon deck, spoke rapidly in French to the Captain, and remained at the foot of the ladder where we ascended. Sure enough we did encounter a strange clamour—not a word could I understand; so, following the steward's advice, I called out with an imperative air, "*Quilliacq!*" It was just as he had said. A man in a blue smock came instantly forward, touched his hat, exclaiming, as my wife told me, "*I am from M. Quilliacq, sir—follow, if you please!*" and in a twinkling we all stood upon French ground. Following our guide, and flanked by a personage in military costume,—a glazed, sugar-loaf shaped black cap, green dress, with a belt and small sword—who kept his eye constantly upon us, we marched—I, my wife, child, and servant, to the passport-office, about thirty yards' distance from the spot on which we had landed. I fancied myself under arrest, as, in point of

fact, we were for the time being. Into the "bureau" we entered forthwith, and were arranged before three gentlemen with great books opened before them.

"Vous êtes Anglais?" inquired one of them.

"Oui, Monsieur," I answered, confidently enough.

"Votre nom et designation?"

I gave my Christian name and surname, which he wrote down.

"Quel âge avez vous?"

I told him—down it went.

"Votre profession, Monsieur?"

Observing me hesitate as to the proper answer, he added, in English, "Sare, what are you?"

My wife gave me the word, and he noted it down with rather a more courteous air than he had before exhibited.

"Votre femme," pointing to them severally, "enfant, domestique, Monsieur?"

"Oui, oui!"

"Sare, your passport, if you pliz?"

I told him that we neither had nor required one; on which he bowed politely, motioned us to the door, and we sallied forth, once more at our liberty, attended only by M. Quilliac's emissary, who walked before us in silence. It was now about eleven o'clock, and the day was bright and cheering. I felt in an entirely new scene—nothing English or English-like about us. The curious antique entrance-gate, celebrated by Hogarth,—the appearance of the houses—the narrow streets, with no flags—the strange aspect of the shops, with inscriptions and sign-boards all in French—the rapid unintelligible pronunciation of the same language on all sides of us—the women without any bonnets, but all in snowy prim-looking caps, and little blue cloaks; then a swarthy soldier of the line in green jacket and red trousers. Yes, here we were in Calais—old Calais; it sounded big, but we were unquestionably now in a foreign country (!) And it was just as I had been remarking the rolls of bread a yard and a half long, or so, in a baker's shop, that it occurred to me, for the first time, to enquire into the state of our financial affairs. Certainly I had managed them with signal prudence; for L.3, 10s. was positively all we had about us. My wife was in consternation; I rather nonplussed. Εὐρυπύρηνδρα.*

"Really, Mr. —, this is excessively provoking! But it's just like you! It's always so! You're fit for nothing but to sit poring over your stupid books—what's to become of us! I'll never—no, never! trust money matters to you any more," &c. &c. &c. I felt that I deserved it all; so I suffered in silence. I might certainly as easily as not have put a L.5 or L.10 note into my pocket before quitting Dover; but as my wife said, I had not wit enough to think of it! So I walked by her side with a penitent foolish air.

We neither of us could guess on what scale our expenses were likely to be; and I felt rather flustered as we were ushered into the large old-fashioned "Hotel Quilliac," where we were instantly attended by Monsieur and Madame, and one or two of their household. We were shown at once into a suit of apartments on such an extensive and handsome scale as made me instinctively thrust my hands into my pocket, to ascertain that even my precious little store

was safe. Moved by what I was there reminded of I contrived to find some objection (!) to the rooms, that were being exhibited to us, and we were shown up to others, certainly somewhat inferior, but still exceedingly comfortable, and rather elegantly furnished—a sitting-room and two bed-rooms, *en suite*. These we chose.

"Madame ne desire-t-elle rien?" inquired the waiter, obsequiously, as we sat down. My wife told me the nature of his inquiries, and at my request, informed him, that as we had just come off the sea, a little cogniac, some water, and a few biscuits would satisfy our present necessities. "And vat vill you dine, sare,—and when vill you have, sare?" he inquired—for, observing me incapable of addressing him in his own language, he began to murder mine. But I was delighted, and inquired, "What have you?" He presently produced a bill of fare, and after due consideration, we determined on having, first, a sole, with a very fine long name; secondly, a fricandeau; thirdly, a roast fowl; fourthly, a sweet omelette; a pint of vin ordinaire (*i. e.* weak red ink), and a bottle of Champagne—Sillery—all to be ready by five o'clock. Thus charged, he withdrew; and I took the opportunity again to count my store, and curse my folly. There it was—L. 3, 10s. 6d.—but we intended to return at eight on the ensuing morning; yet there was the fare back to pay out of it, which would leave us about L. 2, 7s. to meet all contingencies! It *might* be enough; but how did we know the rate at which we should be charged—the imposition that might be attempted?

"What is to be done, Mr. —?" inquired my wife.

"Why," I replied, after a puzzled pause, "do you think we could ascertain *beforehand* what they charge for the rooms and dinner?"

"Nonsense! nonsense! It would be beggarly to a degree."

"Well, then, why not tell them our real situation—the oversight I have committed?"

"Poh! They would think us—impostors! especially, by the way, when they see the immense quantity of luggage we have brought—a carpet-bag not a third filled!"

Certainly that was a clincher; but nevertheless, after looking for a few moments in my wife's anxious face, I could not help bursting out a-laughing.

"Indeed, Mr. —, it's no laughing matter, I can tell you."

At that moment, after a tap at the door, entered the Commissionaire, a gentlemanly-looking person, who, with a polite bow, came up to me and said, "Sare, if you plizz, your key."

"Eh! *my key!* Pardonnez—my key? Why? What key?" I inquired, infinitely surprised.

"Oh, sare," he replied, smiling, "it is the key of your luggage, at the bureau—to be search—"

"Oh—bien! I understand," I answered, much relieved—surrendered the key, and he withdrew. To return to my money, or rather *my want* of money. I would at that moment have paid fifty per cent. interest for the loan of a L. 5 note till that time on the next day. Suddenly it occurred to me, that if I could find out the Captain of the steamboat he might be inclined to assist me in this—to me not laughable—emergency; for though he had never seen me till that morning, I could take him, immediately on my return

* Eurip. Phœnix.

to Dover, to my lodgings, and repay him with interest whatever sum he might choose to advance us. Forth I sallied on the errand, and after some difficulty found my way to the steam-boat, on which, however, there was only an old man scouring the deck; and he informed me that he knew neither where the Captain was, nor when he would return. That was gratifying!

I had nothing for it but to return to the hotel, and trust that something would turn up in our favour. Let the worst come of it—'twas but stopping at Calais till I could receive a remittance from London; for though we had sufficient funds at Dover, they were accessible to none but ourselves; but then, again, there were reasons why I did not think it prudent to delay our return to England. Thus situated, however, I began to feel as if I had no right to be at Calais! as if I could not pay my way!! How infinitely vexatious!—the first time I had ever been on the continent(!)—with so many novel and interesting objects and feelings without and within—so much to observe,—to see, hear, and think of; at CALAIS—old Calais, so fraught with historic recollections and associations to an Englishman, moreover, with only a few hours at his command, and to be thus crippled in the sinews of war—but, positively, there is my redoubtable *FEUDAL*! Welcome, thou bluff Englishman in this quaint strange land!

"Ah, Captain, how d'y'e do again?" I exclaimed, approaching him, as he stepped out of a dusky liqueur shop.

"Well, sir, what d'y'e think of Calais! Rum town, an't it, sir?"

"Very—very! But—a—a—Captain," I added, lowering my voice, "do you know I've been down to the steam-boat on purpose to see you; I'm very unpleasantly situated."

"Eh, sir! what! In trouble already sir? why, what's the matter, sir?"

"Simply this—I'm almost ashamed to tell you, Captain—but I was fool enough not to bring sufficient money with me." He burst out a-laughing.

"Lord, sir, is that all! Never you mind, sir; I'll take care of you, never fear it! I'll be — if a fellow countryman shall get into trouble out of old England for the want of a pound or two—what d'y'e want, sir? I've plenty!"

I brought forward my budget in no time—would our Chancellor of the Exchequer were equally prompt, simple, and faithful!

"Oh Lord, sir, you needn't fear, you'll have quite enough—how can you spend what you have betwixt this and eight o'clock to-morrow morning, unless to be sure you're a-going to live like a Lord, and buy jim-cracks and that sort of thing! It can't be, nohow. But, how's ever—whatever you're short of, I'll let you have—with pleasure! I'll be with you in the morning a quarter before eight—at Quilliacq's—and set you all smooth and straight, if you want it—depend on't, sir!"

"Thank you, Captain! I'll remember your kindness—that you shall find. Whatever you lend me, you can be repaid within ten minutes of our landing at Dover. I have — Cottage, and you can go or send a man with me."

"Pshaw, sir, I an't afraid to trust a gentleman. Hello, my hearty," addressing a man who approached, "how are you all?" and hastily taking leave of me, we went different ways. I felt "myself again."

With a loud "hem!" I looked every one I met in the face, and with a sort of an *air*, scrutinised all the shops. I re-entered Quilliacq's with far more confidence than I had originally entered it. It was a large hotel with an immense number of windows, each having heavy shutters, painted a faded green colour. It stood between two small and rather inferior streets, into both of which it had an entrance—but not such an entrance as such an hotel would have had in England. You would have thought yourself going by the back-door into a kind of wharf or warehouse-yard. On entering, you found yourself in a kind of square, each side of which consisted of the hotel offices.

Having taken a little "cogniac" and water, and a biscuit, we issued forth to explore the town. The Commissionaire whom we met at the door, advised us to go first to the church; and he politely mystified us, in very broken English, with directions to go first to the right—then to the left—then again to the right, and so forth, till, lo!—l'église! Of course we immediately lost our way; but my wife's inquiries set us right. Then wrong again—again recourse to my wife;—once more at fault;—but now, a little nettled at having to depend so absolutely upon her superior powers, I resolved to try my own resources.

"Mademoiselle," said I, to a cheerful-looking decent young woman whom we met, in our extremity, "s'il vous plait—hem!—montrez-moi—the way to the—the church—église!"

"Ah—bien! bien! Je comprends! Il faut," &c. &c. "Monsieur—a la main gauche—droite—les Ramparts—voilà—l'église!"

"Ma fille, je vous remerciez," I stammered, not having caught above a word or two; and turning with an air of vexation to my wife, I told her she might ask the remainder of our way about Calais herself. I seemed to have become suddenly tongue-tied—I, too, who find no lack of words at home—hem! For the thousandth time I deplored the folly that had led me always to disregard the study of the French language!

At length, however, we reached the church. Its exterior has nothing worth notice, or unlike a similar structure in England. Men and women were busily scouring one side of the church (there is no gallery); while, at the upper extremity, on plain rush-bottomed chairs, were a number of men and women—principally the former, and of the inferior sort—kneeling, their hands with prayer-books resting on the backs of the chairs, their faces directed towards the altar and the shrines of particular saints—in silent prayer. A tall feeble old man, in a cocked hat and long threadbare blue greatcoat, over which was thrown a belt, with a sword, and with a walking-stick, approached us soon after our entrance, and began, in a low tone, to point out to us the various objects—shrines, images, pictures, &c. Before the first shrine was a small triangular table, with a number of spikes, on which were stuck wax candles, of different sizes, burning—some burnt out—and which, I found, were offerings to the grim-looking saint before whom they were placed. God forbid that I should feel disposed to turn any one's religious observances into ridicule, especially where one's curiosity had been so civilly and freely gratified, but really I cannot help intimating how painfully absurd many things appeared, especially the tawdry tinsel and trumpery with which each saint's niche—and even the altar—was apparelled! Madame

Tassaud's exhibition, though of a somewhat similar *matériel*, contained nothing half so paltry. They infinitely amused my little son, however, who accompanied us, and—he was only two years old—was so struck with the queer objects about him, that, while in the midst of the kneeling devotees, he exclaimed irreverently enough, "Oh! look, papa! mamma! look!" Every eye was instantly directed, for a moment, towards the heretic little Englishman.—As we passed one quarter of the church, we saw a fat woman quitting the confessional, the priest, tall and stately, presently following her, in canonicals. He passed us with a solemn air, and on reaching the front of the high altar, opposite which was placed a chair, he deliberately kneeled on it for a moment or two, looked earnestly at the figure of the Virgin, crossed himself, and withdrew.

The church is worth seeing; not so much, however, on account of the intrinsic value or interest of any of the objects it contains, as for the illustration it supplies of the genius, the spirit, and character of the Roman Catholic religion. Our ancient guide had whispered to us, in French and broken English, explanations of what he pointed out, none of which I had understood. The objects had explained themselves. On quitting the church I gave him a franc, and he was abundantly satisfied. We then bent our steps towards the Ramparts, and a very pleasant promenade they afforded. They are a kind of slope, containing three parallel walks of nearly a mile in length, each about three feet higher than the other, and separated by garden hedges, with numerous plots of flowers, and benches. They commanded an extensive view of the sea and surrounding country, which, however, was rather flat and uninteresting. After remaining there a short time, we returned to the hotel; and foreseeing that the time would hang rather heavily on our hands—as there is really scarcely any thing at Calais to feed the curiosity of professed sight-seers—we ordered dinner to be ready at four, instead of five o'clock. This done, we walked to the harbour, where we passed garrulous groups of fish-women, all in spruce white caps, and with long heavy gold, or gold-looking ear-rings, and presently beheld a knot of French sailors quarrelling with those on board of a Dutch vessel. Such a strange nasal and guttural hubbub!

We then walked along the pier, which is of wood, and very narrow. As we sauntered along it, enjoying the brisk sea-breeze, we were rather surprised to see about twenty boys and men bathing, and swimming to and fro, directly in sight of every one that passed along the pier. On reaching the extremity of it, we found about a dozen people sitting round it. Soon after I had taken a vacant place, a stupendous German—as he proved to be—well dressed, opened his closed eyes upon me with a drowsy air, and then slightly leaning against me (!) with a sort of stupid nonchalance, crossed his hands over his corpulent paunch, and presently began to snore aloud! I looked at my wife in wonder. A young and elegant French girl, who had watched the performance of the German, looked at us, and burst out a-laughing, in which I heartily joined, and shifted my position. The man-mountain, meantime, seemed surprised that his support was gone, but soon closed his sluggish eyes again, and fell a-snoring. Immediately opposite sat an elderly gentleman, evidently suffering from gout—

his feet in large list shoes—his countenance wearing a languid and not over-good-natured expression. Before he had opened his lips, I felt certain that he was a fellow-countryman; and I was not mistaken, for he presently exclaimed to a gentleman near him,—“Well! the Whigs have caught it prettily in the counties—eh! Ah! you don't half like it, I see. Ha, ha, ha!” with a grim leer. He soon satisfied me that he was an arrant Tory; and being myself somewhat that way inclined, I contrived to get into conversation with him, and told him all the latest election news, at which he was greatly delighted. We agreed in every topic we touched. Before I left, he had got into a great debate with a fierce, raffish-looking semi-militaire—a Frenchman—concerning the relative advantages of republicanism and monarchy, which latter the Frenchman, with an excited air, pronounced to be utterly unsuited for the genius of the French, as I gathered from the Englishman's answer, and from my wife, who was, as usual, my interpreter. On returning to our hotel, just as we entered the street in which it was, my wife's foot unfortunately dislodged a stone, and her stocking was instantly covered with muddy water. Here was a dilemma! These were the only stockings she had brought with her; and, low as were our funds, it was evidently necessary that I should get her another pair. I was forthwith despatched upon that errand. After peering about for a suitable shop, I found one in the market square. A prettyish girl, about eighteen or twenty, sat behind the counter sewing. Imagine my awkwardness, for I did not know the French for stocking.

“Mademoiselle,” I commenced, calmly enough,—“S'il vous plait—je besoin—humph!—a pair of—of voila!” poking with my stick a pair of stockings that hung in the window. She took them down, and said something that I could not understand.

“Oui—oui,” I replied, at a venture,—“petite! pour une dame, ma femme!”

“Je vous remercie, Monsieur, je comprends bien;” and she forthwith opened several packets containing ladies' stockings, silk, cotton, plain, and worked.

“How much?” I inquired, pointing at once to my purse, and a pair of silk stockings.

“Neuf francs, Monsieur!” I could only grin, for I did not know what she said. Spreading some silver on the counter, I motioned her to count out the requisite sum—to my alarm, seven shillings and sixpence! I shook my head. She smiled good-naturedly, and got me a pair of common cotton stockings, counting out, at the same time, two shillings. But that was as much under the mark. I foresaw that my wife would never have put on such coarse things. Again I shook my head and put aside the articles.

“Ah!” she exclaimed, good-naturedly, “Vous êtes Anglais! Sare, I speak non ver bad Anglais. Vil you avez, Monsieur, some scoshtrid!”

“Eh, ma fille! *scoshtrid*, what is that?”

“Scoshtrid, voila!” unfolding another packet.

“Ah, bien!” I sighed, adding, in despair, “Ma fille, je suis, à l'hôtel Quilliaeq. Will you come avec moi, and la dame will choose pour herself!”

“S'il vous plait, Monsieur,” she replied, after a little hesitation; and beckoning to an old woman to come from within and take her place, she threw a very shabby old green cloak over her shoulders, put

her packages of stockings under her arm, and whether I would or not, though I once or twice quickened my pace to throw her into the rear, walked cheek by jowl with me all the way to my hotel, endeavouring, at the same time, to converse with me. She skipped nimbly up stairs after me, and in a twinkling had her merchandises spread before my wife, who soon selected a pair of the mysterious "seoshtrid,"—i. e. Scotch-thread stockings,—and so repaired her disaster. As she was tired, she lay down on the sofa, and I went out again to look about me. I sauntered through every street in Calais. What a blessing is speech to man! How often did I long to chat with the good-natured looking people I met; but, alas! "*vox faucibus hæsit*," indeed. Watching my opportunity when no observers were near, I stopped at an open window, where a tidy, cheerful old woman was sitting selling fruit, and meditated attempting to enter into something like conversation with her. But 'twas in vain, and with a silly smile I stole off ridiculously. Almost every third or fourth shop bore the inscription, "M. D. Epicerie;" and after great consideration, I satisfied myself that it meant dealer (Marchand) in groceries, a title, however, which was frequently not in the least warranted by the appearance or contents of the shop. The better translation of the latter word would be "Things in general." But of all the extraordinary sounds it has ever been my fate to hear from men or animals, save me from the cry of the French fishwomen! While I was quietly endeavouring to comprehend the meaning of some placards stuck on the wall, I almost started off my feet, for there burst upon me, from a woman close at my elbow, in a blue dress, with cap, ear-rings, and a great basket on her shoulders, such a shrill scream as I fancied could have issued only from a mad macaw. Positively, I followed the eloquent speaker down a couple of streets, to note her astounding cries. Addison, in one his Spectators, has some humorous observations on some English street cries; but what I heard must have utterly stunned that sensitive and delicate personage!

After strolling about for some quarter of an hour longer, I observed, opposite a house in the Rue—, a little crowd. I went up and beheld a dozen people, chiefly old women, sitting demurely round a large dresser, or table, by the open window of a house, surrounded by about fifty or sixty by-standers. A man sat at the head of it, with a book open before him and pen and ink, exclaiming in a quiet low tone, what I presently made out to be, "*Trois cents, quatre cents, cinq cents, sept cents, franc, franc et demi*," &c. Evidently an auction was going on. Wondering whether it was the sale of a poor tenant's effects for rent, or what it might be,—"*S'il vous plait*," said I to a decent man beside me, "*Qu'est ce que c'est!*" he replied briskly and rapidly. I bowed when he had done, as if I had understood him, but I had not caught one intelligible word. Presently I bethought myself of a word that might produce a short answer. I again bespoke him,—"*Pourquoi, Monsieur!*" he answered rather sharply, doubtless surprised that I could ask such a question after hearing what he had told me, but this time I caught the words, "*Une femme morte!*" At length a dispute arose 'bout a crazy kettle that had been put up, and such a hubbub! in the midst of which I walked off, and turning the corner of the street, found myself an-

expectedly on the Ramparts again. It was now about half-past three o'clock, the sun shining clearly, and I began to feel rather jaded, and hungry to boot. I determined to walk homeward by the way of the Ramparts. At a little distance I beheld a tall, dark figure slowly approaching me, dressed in clerical costume, a large three-cornered hat, black crape bands with white borders, a long black coat reaching down almost to the ankles, black stockings, and great buckles on the shoes. His hands were joined behind his back, and he appeared in meditation. He was tall and well-proportioned, about the middle age, with a sallow, melancholy, and rather intellectual countenance. He eyed me steadily, but not offensively, in passing; and I recognised in him the priest whom I had seen quitting the confessional that morning at the church. We passed and repassed one another several times in that long shadowy walk. Once we both stopped within a few yards of one another, to watch the motions of a party of soldiers, who at a few hundred yards' distance were practising firing with muskets. Just then I had half made up my mind to attempt entering into conversation with him; for I thought it not impossible that he might speak a little English, or that, at all events, we might be able to make one another understood in Latin. All I had heard and read of foreign ecclesiastics came across my mind—he might be a bigot, and hate a heretic like me; so, on the whole—While thus occupied, a merry voice broke in upon me suddenly, "*Pa—pa! My Pa—pa! dear Papa!*" it was my little son, who at the same time clasped his arms round my leg, having with his nurse approached me unexpectedly from the adjoining walk. Never were his little prattle and pranks so dear and welcome to me as at that moment, when I had for some hours felt myself to be a kind of *solitaire*, cut off from my wonted intercourse with my fellow-men, between whom and me there was no communion of speech, lost in a reverie of novel and chilling thoughts and speculations. After despatching him, I walked on towards the further end of the Ramparts, and seated myself on a bench which commanded a very pretty view of the town of Calais. As I gazed at it, my thoughts insensibly travelled to those passages in English history which made such memorable mention of it. Nearly five hundred years ago had our victorious Edward III. made Calais his own! Flushed with the glories of Cressy, methought I saw him watching the progress, and considering the effect of his formidable lines of circumvallation, round which his galled and baffled rival Philip hovered in vain. Then, lo! a dismal sight,—the six burgesses, death-doomed, bearing their halters, dressed in their shrouds, and bringing the keys of the city to its furious conqueror; then his tender and merciful queen, melting his cruel purpose concerning them. I was deep in these recollections, my arms folded, when the church clock near me struck four; and looking suddenly up, my eye lit upon the dark figure of the priest, who, from above the hedge of the adjoining walk, was standing and gazing at me. On observing my motion, he slowly turned away and walked on, I also stepped down into the town and hurrying to my hotel. I could not help noticing, as I passed along, the chime of the church-bells, and gradually recognised the air of an old French waltz!

"Depuis long temps j'amaïs Annete."

"They do certainly manage these matters queerly in France! Their church-bells hourly sounding forth—a waltz!

But dinner! dinner! how hungry I was! How glad to see the fitting preparations completed, and in cleanly and comfortable style! My toilet did not occupy me long, and down we sat, ready to do ample justice to Monsieur's purveyance. Expect not, however, dear Sir Christopher, any curious criticisms on the art gastronomic, such as lately astonished the quiet readers of the Quarterly. I have neither the knowledge nor the experience, and am mindful of an old friend's caution—

"Nec sibi canarum quisvis temere arroget artem,
Non prius exacta tenui ratione saporum!"

I have as keen a relish as any one of her Majesty's subjects for good things, but care little about the art of producing them: that I leave in better hands—Lord Sefton's and his cook's. But to return. The vin ordinaire was soon ordered off the table—it was filthy, and set our teeth on edge. Its place was supplied by Champagne only. The fish and fricandeau were very fair—both, however, somewhat too acrid, the latter being utterly smothered in sorrel sauce. As for the fowl—*oh, that fowl!* it grieved me to behold it! It must have died of the pip! Such skinny legs and wings—such a meagre trunk—we dismembered and mangled it, only in charity to our successors; a thing, in similar circumstances, that I do invariably. We had, however, an omelette in reserve, and it was excellent. A little Gruyère, and the ordinary et ceteras, especially a thimbleful of eau de vie de Danzig, wound up our brief and modest repast. I had some cause to feel elated, for my wife had left me all the Champagne to discuss, except about two glasses and a-half. For a while I felt less lonely than I had been during the day.

Dinner done, I sat at the open window, to see what was going on in the street. Presently came the sound of a horn, accompanied by the rattling of heavy wheels, and lo! the Paris Diligence!—a great lumbering vehicle drawn by three horses, and two horses abreast, crammed with passengers and luggage—there was evidently an Englishman peeping out of the banquette! How vastly inferior the whole affair looked to *our* light, compact, and even graceful public vehicles! A few minutes after this the waiter came in and told us that the voiture was at our service, if we were disposed to take a drive through the suburbs of Calais. This was an excellent idea; in a trice my wife, the child, and servant got into the voiture, a capacious old-fashioned looking glass-coach, drawn by two excellent horses. Understanding from the waiter that the driver could speak English, I got on the box beside him. Passing beneath the covered gates, and over the draw-bridges, somewhat reminded me of Portsmouth and Chatham. A good many soldiers were sauntering about, and the towns-folk were abroad in considerable force, enjoying the delightful cool of the evening.

"Which way are you going?" said I to the driver, as we approached a part of the road that branched off into two.

"Non, Monsieur!" he replied, with a stupid air, quietly smacking his well-fed horses.

* Hor. Sat. Lib. II. Sat. iv.

"Why—ne parlez vous pas Anglais?" I inquired, rather sharply.

"Non, Monsieur," he grunted.

"The deuce take the fellow——"

"Oui, oui, Monsieur," he replied, with a matter-of-fact air.

I burst out a-laughing. He modestly smiled.

I felt so annoyed at this that I was almost resolved to get inside; still, however, the air was pleasant, and I could see infinitely more than if I were within, so I endeavoured to reconcile myself to my hard fate. The driver now and then spoke to me in French—I dare say he considered me queer and taciturn enough, for I seldom answered him, and could not make him understand distinctly that I spoke French no more than he spoke English. Our road was open and cheerful—a very broad highway, with houses and shops on each side—something resembling Ratcliffe high-road, or Whitechapel road, but not so crowded, or with such mean-looking houses. About a mile and a-half from Calais, on the left-hand side, stood a church. The driver pointed to it, and said, in his usual dull phlegmatic manner, as I understood him—

"Ne verrez-vous pas l'église, Monsieur?"

"Oui," I answered; and presently our voiture drew up at the gate of the churchyard, where we all got out. Heavens, what a marvellous appearance had that churchyard on first entering it! It was crammed with large wooden crosses, painted black and white, with inscriptions on them—so totally different in aspect and character from *our* white grave-stones—looking, in the fading daylight, like a crowd of ghosts, all with outstretched arms! They struck a kind of awe into my soul, as I passed through them! We entered the church, unattended by any one. I found about thirty or forty women, chiefly elderly and of humble station, kneeling on chairs, in silent prayer—nevertheless curiously eyeing us as we stepped past them, looking at the same mournfully foolish objects, as I considered them, that had presented themselves to me at the Calais church. One thing pleased me—the perfect equality in point of place and position—whoever came to the church must sit in one place, and on the same description of seat, a rush-bottomed chair: so different from *our* inclosed luxurious pews, and free seats! Altogether, there was something very striking in the scene in which we were placed: the strange unearthly aspect of the churchyard; not a living figure visible; not a sound audible; the mellow declining sunlight; the calm summer's evening; the humble-looking antique church; the simplicity and silence within; the motionless figures of the devotees; two large tapers, recently lighted, burning faintly before the dusky altar-piece; one or two grotesque-looking shrines;—I watched all this with deep interest and presently quitted it with a subdued and lonely feeling. We re-entered our vehicle, and drove off after a little colloquy between me and the driver, in which we in vain endeavoured to understand one another's wishes and meaning. Observing the country to look very pleasant towards the right, I pointed in that direction, and he presently turned down a by-road, on the right; and drove beside a narrow but rapid stream, on the borders of which stood, as I thought, a paper-mill. We met a kind of Irish jaunting car, a queer, but very neat turn out; and the driver and his groom, who sat back to back, were palpably fellow-countrymen of

mine—that is to say, fellow-Britons—for they were evidently Irish, and I Welsh! By-and-by the door of a very small, mean-looking cottage opened, and there issued forth a middle-aged woman, very neatly dressed in cap and shawl, accompanied by apparently her daughter, a girl about six years old, dressed as elegantly as a young lady of some station, in England, attired for a ball! They were evidently going to a little ball, or evening party. Indeed, a little further on, from several small houses on the right, issued the sound of music, and through the open doors I saw the figures of young men and women dancing. Soon, however, we left these houses behind, and found ourselves fairly in the country, only a distant farm-house visible here and there, with a windmill or two; labourers and farmers “homeward wending their weary way,” with sickles, rakes, &c.; and laden teams jogging slowly along towards the town. Our road lay between a kind of heath, bordered by corn-fields, but the whole surrounding scenery seemed rather flat and cheerless. There was nothing here to remind us that we were not in England. As it was getting chilly, and the shades of evening descending fast upon us, and my little boy had had a long and wearisome day of it, I directed the driver to return, and by about half-past seven we were safely housed again at our hotel. I gave the man a franc, with which he seemed quite satisfied, and we were charged in the bill only three francs for the voiture.

It was now getting rather dusky, and my wife was tired with her day's peregrinations. My curiosity, however, was not yet sated, and I had only three old stale numbers of *Galignani's Messenger* wherewith to occupy the time; so after our *café au lait*, once more I sallied forth alone to view the humours of the town. I bent my steps towards the harbour. About twenty or thirty soldiers of the line were clustered about the great gate. They seemed a swarthy, stunted set of fellows, with nothing like the air and *physique* of our own soldiers; nevertheless, as Lord Brougham would say, “though rum uns to look at,” doubtless they would prove “good uns to go” when the occasion required. On reaching the fish-market place, there seemed to have recently arrived a cargo of oysters; and I joined a group of fishwomen, who were surrounding four small heaps of large coarse-looking oysters, which were evidently being sold by auction, the auctioneer being a gray-headed fishwoman, who, with her arms akimbo, with a serious matter-of-fact air, and in a quiet authoritative tone, scarce above a whisper, was saying, “deux francs—trois francs et demi—quatre francs—cinq—six—sept francs,” &c. &c. A buxom good-looking young fishwoman just before me, with huge ear-rings, and very neatly dressed, was declared to be the purchaser, and the little cluster of by-standers dispersed. She instantly whipped out a large clasp-knife,—took up an oyster in her hand, struck it heavily with the back of her knife,—the point of which she then forced into the fracture,—and forthwith opened the oyster, to the manifest peril, as I fancied, of her left hand; gulped down the astonished native, and then, in like manner, opened several more, which she distributed at a trifling price to one or two of the people standing by. With a good-humoured smile she offered me one of the finest that came to hand. I motioned, however, that I had no money.

“Sacre!” she exclaimed, proudly, still extending

the open oyster to me, which it would have sickened me to put to my lips, for “the full stomach loathes a feast”—“Il faut donner au gentilhomme!” But I excused myself, notwithstanding, as civilly as I knew how, and she desisted, whispering to a companion something like—“Gentement! c'est un Anglais!”

I now retraced my steps towards the town, and sauntered slowly about, peering into the various shops, in which lights were beginning to make their appearance. In a bookseller's window I beheld—shall I be foolish enough to mention it!—a French edition of a certain little work of mine own, and the first volume of Mr. Hallam's late work on the literature of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—selling, each of them for four or five francs, if I recollect rightly. Seeing the owner of the shop, as I fancied, standing at the door, a civil-looking well-dressed young man, I ventured, in a sneaking kind of way, to point him to my book, and say “Je vous prie, hem! Do you sell—a—a—plusieurs—de—de—ce livre!”

“Oui—assez bien—passablement!”

It served me right. He then took up Mr. Hallam's book, and showing it to me addressed me very volubly, doubtless eulogistically, concerning that able and very learned performance; but scarce a word of his panegyric could I understand. What an odd mode, by the way, they have of suddenly raising the pitch of their voice at the end of a clause or sentence, running the word off into a kind of—“euh!” And then they talk with such rapidity! But to return. Wishing to appear capable of saying something that should appear fine, I answered a long harangue of his by gravely observing, in a very calm and confident tone, “Barbara celarent Darii ferio baralipon!!”

“Précisément, Monsieur!” he replied blandly; adding, however, after a moment's pause—“Mais—je ne parle pas l'Italien!”

“Bon soir!” we both exclaimed, with a bow, and separated. A little way on I beheld a dog, apparently of the terrier-breed; and being something of a naturalist, felt a great desire to ascertain whether it would bark with a French accent, or not. For this purpose I followed it in its little peregrinations, and presently had the good fortune to hear it utter a short sharp bark precisely after the manner of an English dog. This I carefully noted, and will maintain against all gainsayers. I likewise saw a cat; but though I tried to make it mew, I did not succeed. I now sauntered about the market-place, a very large open square, where little parties of decent townsfolk were promenading to and fro. A good-looking middle-aged man, dressed in a blue sortout and white trousers, suddenly stopped near me, and placing on the ground a small box he had carried under his arm, he opened it, and displayed small packages apparently of corn-plaster. One of them he took in his hand; then he removed his hat, which he placed on the ground beside him—displaying a bald head and excellent forehead—placed himself in the attitude of a public speaker (!) and, addressing me and a little boy, began—“Messieurs” (!!)—the rest I could not understand. He went on with great energy and fluency, evidently commenting on the virtues of the article he held in his hand. In about three minutes' time he had collected an attentive little auditory of about thirty or forty people, whom he harangued with infinite emphasis and gesticulation for about ten minutes, without, however, having persuaded any one to purchase any

thing. So he presently, with a graceful air, but some slight chagrin in his features, shut up his box, replaced his hat on his head, politely bowed in doing so—and his late hearers instantly dispersed.

I was standing near the Place d'Armes, where several soldiers were sauntering about. Six drums were lying on the ground; and as the clock struck eight, they were instantly seized and buckled in front of six drummers, who stood before a drum-major. He waved his *canne* formally, and they began to beat the drum,—such an admirable *roll* I never heard. I never heard such drumming in England—such precision, and even *expression*—the drums seemed to speak!—and all done with the utmost ease and *sang-froid*. They remained thus engaged for about five minutes—I was infinitely struck with the startling effect that such a stern martial alarm was calculated to produce in the peaceful town, at dusk—and then the drum-major gave the word of command—they faced about, and, he leading the way, they marched off, still beating the *retraite*.* I, and a straggling crowd of children, following in their rear. The hour—the place—the deepening shades of evening—the feelings and associations excited by the military music—I a foreigner—these considerations took such a hold on my fancy, that I followed the music down two streets, and then stopped to listen to the sound, growing gradually fainter (they perambulate the town thus every evening,) till in the distance it was only an indistinct “rap tap—tap, tap, tap; ra—ra—rap, rap—tap, tap, tap!” and I bent my steps towards the hotel, for there was nothing else to be seen—no theatre or place of public amusement, and I was getting rather fatigued. I found a couple of tall wax-lights standing guard over my wife, who was asleep on the sofa; so I sate myself down in an ample arm-chair, thinking over what I had seen during the day. I had not been disappointed. What I had seen, and heard, and felt, was quite different from any thing I had before seen, or heard, or felt. I had witnessed French manners in a complete French town. The inhabitants seemed generally gay and active, the place cleanly and orderly; I felt a difficulty in pitching on any town in England similarly situated, and of similar pretensions. Still I could not have spent a second day at Calais: I felt that I had exhausted it. A little noise I made in moving my chair at length awoke my wife from her nap; and she prudently suggested that as we should have but little time to spare in the morning, having to start at half-past seven, we should settle with M. Quilliacq, overnight. I ordered the bill, therefore, to be brought, and it was presented to us in a few minutes' time. The sight of it not a little comforted us. Here it is:—

“Août 14.

	fr.	et.
Diner (2)	8	
1 Champagne Sillery,	8	
à Vin (ordinaire),	1	
Eau de vie de Dantzic,	1	
Café (1)	1	50
Soda, Sucre, Cogniac,	2	50
Bougies,	2	
Logement,	10	50
Promenade en Voiture,	3	

* The *Retreat*—to summon all the soldiers that may be about the town to their barracks.

Domestique.†

Diner, and $\frac{1}{2}$ de vin,	2	25
Thé,	1	
	40	75

Seven francs we gave to the servants; and having taken a glass of brandy and water (whether my wife took any of it, in a wine glass, is a matter entirely between her and me, and the reader has no concern with it), and talked over a few of our little adventures, we betook ourselves to our bedroom about ten o'clock, passing through that in which our little son, with his dear ruddy cheeks and curly hair, and his arms fancifully disposed over the pillow, was lying, the image of blessed innocence, his thoughts, perhaps, who can tell whether children dream! Dear little boy, thought I, as I bent over him for the first time in a foreign land—my first-born, and only son—Pshaw! perhaps the reader is not a parent,—but you *are*, Sir Christopher! We had a double-bedded room, so we took a bed a-piece, for they were very small. I lay awake for several hours. How tired I was of the eternal “Depuis long temps” chimes of the neighbouring church! Towards two o'clock we both began to get drowsy; when a dog, as if determined to put an end to my scepticism for ever, commenced such a continued barking and howling, as dispelled sleep indefinitely!

“E——!” I exclaimed, in a low tone, to my wife, “are you asleep?”

“Asleep! How can you ask me! when that abominable dog!”

[Bow, wow! wow! wow! who—o—o—o! Who—o—o! Bow, wow, wow—wow!]

“Perhaps it's an English dog that is *bothered* here, and cannot agree with his French companions!”

“Stuff, Mr. ——! I'm really too vexed to laugh. So tired as one is with a long——However, the noise ceased for a time. I began to forget where I was; then my half-opened eye would settle for a moment drowsily on the alabaster vases and mirror, dim glistening in the rush-light lustre over the mantel-piece; a delicious feeling of fast retreating consciousness came over me—when such a long lamentable howl burst upon my startled ear, as satisfied me that the devil owed me some particular grudge.

“Mr. ——! Mr. ——! what *is* that dreadful sound!” exclaimed my wife, starting up. “Where are we! Oh ——” I also got up, almost in a cold sweat. “Depuis long temps—J'aimais Annette,” said, or rather sung the church—and out went, at that particular juncture, our rush-light. . . . Black—dark—pitch-dark—silent!—“*not a mouse stirring!*”

* * I recollect nothing more, till my wife came to rouse me, exclaiming, “Pray, Mr. ——, do you know that it has struck seven o'clock, and we must be on board by eight!”

Having brought with me nothing but tooth and hair brushes, and a comb, I felt it necessary to “seek a shaver;” and quitting the hotel, I found, in the adjoin-

† Madame Q. took quite a fancy to my little boy; which must have been the only reason why the following item—

“Diner de l'enfant, 1 fr. 50.”

was erased from the bill!

ing street, the place I wanted—a small neat barber's shop, the shutters of which had just been removed. "S'il vous plait—rasez-moi!" I exclaimed to a genteel young man who was standing within, twirling about and combing his hair. He proved to be the owner of the premises; and seemed about twenty-five, very good-looking, but rather effeminate, with his hair plastered down into a large curl over each ear; he seemed to have neither heard nor whiskers; and rings on each little finger, and in his ears—why had he none in his nose? You would have laughed to see me surrender myself into his hands, having in vain endeavoured to make him understand how precious my time was! Before he began, he put a little *eau de Cologne* over his fingers, which were soft and delicate; and when he had finished, he brought a basin of water, into which he freely poured some *eau de Cologne*, and fragrantly cleansed my cheeks and chin. Short as was my time, a sudden whim seized me of having my hair cut, which was not at all necessary, by the way! All I could signify of my wishes was, by running my hand, scissor-like, through my hair. Before commencing he made me an earnest speech, which I could not understand; but at length I ascertained that he was asking me whether I would have my hair cut in French or English fashion. I pointed to his own hair, and shook my head, exclaiming, "à l'Anglaise—*Anglaise*—"

"Oui, oui, oui! Oui, Monsieur; je comprends bien!" he replied, and began. As we could not talk to one another, I fell into a brown study by the time that he had done. How he had twisted and plastered my poor hair! I could not help laughter, as I looked at myself in a glass which he held for me, and observed the confident air with which he was regarding his handiwork. Not wishing to hurt his feelings by altering the entire disposition of my hair, I clapped my hat on, gave him a shilling, with which he seemed abundantly satisfied, sneaked across the street, and, once got into my room, soon brought my hair back into something like its usual disposition. My long absence had, I found, somewhat alarmed my wife, who fancied that I had got into "some queer adventure or other," and lost myself, or "made no note of time." Having fastened up the carpet-bag, I gave it to the waiter, who followed us down to the quay. On reaching the steam-boat, the Commissaire of M. Quilliacq presented himself, and with a polite air, said, "Monsieur —, you shall give me, if you plizz, four shilling, for your expense." Taking it for granted that his demand was one of course, I immediately paid it; and, wishing us a pleasant passage, he withdrew, and we got on board. The morning was cool and pleasant; but there was evidently a brisk breeze stirring, of which we should know more when we got out to sea, and of which the people on board proposed taking advantage, as the sails were all ready to be hauled up at a moment's notice. There were about twenty passengers, all respectable people, with the exception of some three or four old French-women, that looked arant smugglers! As we passed up the harbour and got sight of the sea, I saw how matters were likely to be—the water was evidently very rough, and the wind blowing rather hard. As we rounded the jetty, up went the sails, and presently, whew!—pitch—pitch—heave—up and down, lurch went the vessel, with that thrilling, quivering accompaniment always present to a steam-boat.

In less than a minute four ladies had laid themselves down upon the deck in all the direful agonies of seasickness; which in about five minutes' time attacked and overthrew my wife, the child, his attendant; as for me, I have passed too frequently between Leith and London, and been too much on the water at the sea-side, to suffer easily; and I escaped—to observe my fellow-passengers! There was a tall pale gentleman, apparently about thirty-five, very philosophical, with spectacles on, and who had caused it to be understood that he had found out a method of preventing sea-sickness. Well, amid all the horrid pitching, and rolling, and quivering of the vessel, he sat, leaning forward, resting his face on his hands, his fingers compressing his eyes—in this posture he continued motionless for upwards of an hour and a-half, during which time the vessel pitched about much more than I could have thought a steamboat could—so much so, that it required some care in moving about, to prevent being jerked off one's feet, and falling overboard. But to return to the philosopher and his experiment—yes, there he continued motionless—evidently in a desperate humour, adhering to his system. Ah, me! that dismal lurch—alas, my philosopher, are you the first whose theory has failed! * * *

Near where I generally stood sat a rather stout French gentleman, of middle age,—wearing a fur travelling cap, with a gold band round it, and wrapped a roquelaiere, smoking a cigar. He could speak a little English—and I had asked him, soon after starting, whether he expected to be sick.

"Non, sare, I will not be sick. De sea and, I, sare, are ver better friends than for fall out with each oter—I am ver well!" and he puffed his cigar vigorously.

"Ah, but do you think, sir, you will keep well in this shocking motion?"

"I believe, sare!" he replied, somewhat drily—and I left him;—but I kept a sheep's eye on him!—For an hour or so he held up bravely—latterly, however, looking somewhat keenly at me as I passed and repassed him—he fancied I was maliciously watching! At length he laid aside his cigar, and folded his arms; then I fancied he had lost a little colour:—by and by a queerish expression came into his eye—it was languid and unsteady.

"That was a plunge, wa'nt it, sir?" said the Captain to him, as we were almost both of us pitched several feet forward by the shock. The Frenchman attempted no reply, but suddenly rose from his seat—exclaimed faintly, "Sacra! oh, mi!"—rushed, with the Captain's assistance, to the lee side of the vessel with a desperate air * * * *

There was a lively genteel-looking lad, about sixteen years of age, who was as merry as a bird for about half an hour, here, there, and every where—blithely whistling and humming, and amusing his mother with his antics. She was a very agreeable person, and we chatted a good deal together. Neither of us was sick at all, or approaching to it. But her son—"oh, how he liked the motion! He hated smooth sailing—this was exactly the sort of thing he liked. It was *such* fun!—Mother, only look—see what a height we are out of the water—then down again—how I wish Tom were here!"

"Don't be too confident—you may be a sufferer yet," said the mother, with a smile.

"I! never trouble yourself! I like it of all things—it's as good as any swing!" Very probably; but about ten minutes afterwards, happening to cast my eye in the direction of the larboard-side of the vessel, which was crowded with invalids, I saw a lad's face directed towards us for a moment, pale as a sheet—then his back suddenly turned. I neither saw nor heard any more of him.

My wife and child suffered very severely. I began to be seriously alarmed for the former—but happily all ultimately passed off well. For my part, the passage home was delightful,—marred, a little, it is true, by the painful spectacles of desperate indisposition around me. I hate steam-boats, both great and small; I am always nervous when on board them,—and involuntarily shudder at the idea of an explosion. This is weak—but I cannot help it. For my taste, give me a taught vessel, wind-impelled by belying canvass. See her, glorious creature—

"Forth to the breeze she unbosoms her sail,
And her pennon streams onward like Hope in the gale!"

bounding bravely over the heaving and roaring waters—however they may fashion themselves!—Instead of a black smoky fabric, obstinately grunt—grunt—grunt—grunting with hideous noises, steam and smoke—the old Leith smacks for ever!—

"Ah, pereat quicunque steam-bota paravit,
Primus et invito gurgite fecit iter."*

* Propertius—with a variation.

We entered Dover harbour about twelve o'clock, the wind still blowing freshly, but the sun shining brightly. A host of inquisitive people peered down at us from the pier-head as we passed. We looked, with figures still prostrate on the deck—something like a ship just coming out of action!—Mr. Theodore Hook has a smart sketch of such a scene, in his "Jack Brag." After paying the fare, and one or two minor etceteras, I found I had not one farthing left in my purse; and my trip has cost me exactly L. 4, 2s. 6d. As, however, I shall get fifty guineas from you, generous Christopher! for this description of it, I don't care. If this letter shall have amused an idle hour, I shall be delighted; but if you shall really consider it worth inserting in *Maga*—

"Sublimi feriam sidera vertice!"

I am, dear Christopher, with great respect and remembrances to your secret and faithful conclave, most affectionately yours,

W.

From *Johnstone's Magazine*.

FALKIRK TRYSTS.

THERE is, we hope, no man, woman, or child, in the island, who has not remotely or immediately, some kind of interest in these great cattle markets, the first of which was held lately. They may not care much for the Fairs by themselves, but Scotch beef, and Highland mutton, mightily concern many of the city inhabitants of England, and they may tolerate, and even enjoy, the following sketch:—

There are three trysts held every year; the first in August, the second in September, and the last and largest in October. The cattle stand in a field in the parish of Larbert, at a distance of nearly three miles from Falkirk, at a place called Stonehouse Muir. The field on which they assemble contains above two hundred acres, level, well fenced, and every way adapted for the purpose. The scene seen from horseback, from a cart, or some erection, is particularly imposing. All is animation, business, bustle, and activity. Servants running about shouting to the cattle, keeping them together in their particular lots, and ever and anon cudgels are at work upon the horns and rumps of the restless animals that attempt to wander in search of grass or water. The cattle dealers of all descriptions, chiefly on horseback, are scouring the field in search of the lots they require. The Scottish drovers are, for the most part, mounted on small, shaggy, spirited ponies, that are obviously quite at home among the cattle; and they carry their riders through the throndest groups with astonishing celerity. The English dealers have in general large and stout horses, and they pace the ground with more caution, surveying every lot carefully as they go along. When they have discovered the cattle they want, they inquire their price. A good deal of haggling takes place; and, when the parties come to an agreement, the purchaser claps a penny of arles into the hand of the stockholder, observing at the same time "It's a bargain." Tar dishes are then got, and the purchaser's mark being put upon the cattle, they are driven from the field. Besides numbers of shows, from 60 to 70 tents are erected along the field, for selling spirits and provisions. The owners of these portable taverns pay 2s. 6d. for the ground they occupy on the first Tryst, and 4s. for each of the other two. In one of these tents a few gentlemen attend from the Falkirk Bank to accommodate the dealers with the money they require. Many kindle fires at the end of their tents, over which cooking is briskly carried on. Broth is made in considerable quantities, and meets a ready sale. As most of the purchasers are paid in these tents they are constantly filled and surrounded with a mixed multitude of cattle dealers, fishers, drovers, auctioneers, pedlars, jugglers, gamblers, itinerant fruit merchants, ballad singers and beggars. What an indescribable clamour prevails in most of these party-coloured abodes! Far in the afternoon, when frequent calls have elevated the spirits and stimulated the colloquial powers of the visitors, a person hears the uncouth Cumberland jargon, and the prevailing Gaelic, along with the innumerable provincial dialects, in their genuine purity, mingled in one astounding roar. All seem inclined to speak; and raising their voices to command attention, the whole of the orators are consequently obliged to bellow as loud as they can possibly roar. When the cattle dealers are in the way of their business, their conversation is full of animation, and their technical phrases are generally appropriate and highly amusing. During a heavy shower on Wednesday, a drover from the north was seated beside another from Gallowayshire; and, after discussing the value and qualities of some large stots, they went on as follows:—"Tak' them, or want them, ye'll not get them for less; ye'll sen wi' them brawly at what I say; and I'll no faik ye a farthing, though a farthing would buy them. They are just as guid beasts o' their age, as e'er ga'ed afore their

ain tails: ye ne'er had sic runts in your aught." "Hoot, ye're le'ing," was the reply of the Galwegian. "Le'ein!" retorted the Norlan: "diel nor ye had worried wi' the word; come, come, buy the stots if ye want them, and nane o' your ill-faur'd names, or faik I'll claw your crown wi' my theek." Suiting the action to the word, he raised a large hazel cudgel, which he doubtlessly carried for the double purpose of aiding him in walking, and thrashing his "runts," and shook it in the face of his opponent. Undaunted and equally alert, his antagonist raised a handsome sloe-thorn sprig, and replied, "Try't if ye daur, I'll tak and gie a daud wi' a' my heart; faik there fo'k in the fair fearter for their hides, if ye kent it." Some good humoured lounges were then exchanged by the parties, when a man about sixty years of age, who afterwards left the tent with the belligerents, interfered. "Come, come," said he, "haud, haud, ca' canny and break uae graith: ye're baith as kittle as a cow wi' ae horn. Doon wi' yure rice ye fools, do ye see ye ha'e coupet the whisky wi' yure capers." This remonstrance, aided by seizing the Norlan by the arm, had the desired effect. The men laid down their sticks, got another gill, and separated good friends, without at the time concluding a bargain. Brawls frequently ensue, particularly among the servants of the drovers, during the night, when the rustic belligerents occasionally use the formidable sapplings they bear about with them for belabouring their rebellious stots.

THE SAILOR'S SICK CHILD.

"O, MOTHER, when will morning come?"

A weeping creature said;
As on a woe-worn, wither'd breast
It laid its little head,

"And when it does, I hope 'twill be
All pleasant, warm and bright,
And pay me for the many pangs
I've felt this weary night.

"O mother, would you not, if rich,
Like the rector, or the squire,
Burn a bright candle all the night,
And make a nice warm fire?
O I should be so glad to see
Their kind and cheerful glow!
O then I should not feel the night
So very long I know.

"'Tis true you fold me to your heart,
And kiss me when I cry—
And lift the cup unto my lip
When I complain I'm dry.
Across my shoulder your dear arm
All tenderly is press'd,
And often I am lull'd to sleep
By the throbbing of your breast.

"But 'twould be comfort, would it not,

For you as well as me,
To have a light—to have a fire—
Perhaps—a cup of tea!
I often think I should be well
If these things were but so—
For mother, I remember, once
We had them—long ago.

"But you were not a widow then,
I not an orphan boy;
When father, (long ago) came home
I us'd to jump with joy.
I us'd to climb upon his knee,
And cling about his neck,
And listen while he told us tales
Of battle and of wreck.

"O had we not a bright fire then!
And such a many friends!
Where are they all gone, mother dear,
For no one to us sends!
I think if some of them would come
We might know comfort now
Though of them all, not one could be
Like him I will allow.

"But he was sick, and then his wounds
Would often give him pain,
So that I cannot bear to wish
Him with us once again,
You say that we shall go to him
In such a happy place—
I wish it was this very night,
That I might see his face!"

The little murmurer's wish was heard,
Before the morning broke,
He slept the long and silent sleep,
From which he never woke;
Above the little pain-worn thing
The sailor's widow wept,
And wonder'd how her lonely heart
In vital pulses kept!

But she liv'd on, though all bereft,
A toil-worn, heart-rung slave:
And oft she came to weep upon
Her young boy's little grave;
A corner of the poor-house ground
Contains his mould'ring clay,
And there the mourning mother wept
A sabbath's hour away.

And as she felt the dull decay
Through all her pulses creep,
She cry'd, "By his unconscious dust
I'll soon be laid to sleep:
Then valour, patience, innocence,
Like visions will have passed,
And the sailor, and his wife and child,
Will have found relief at last."